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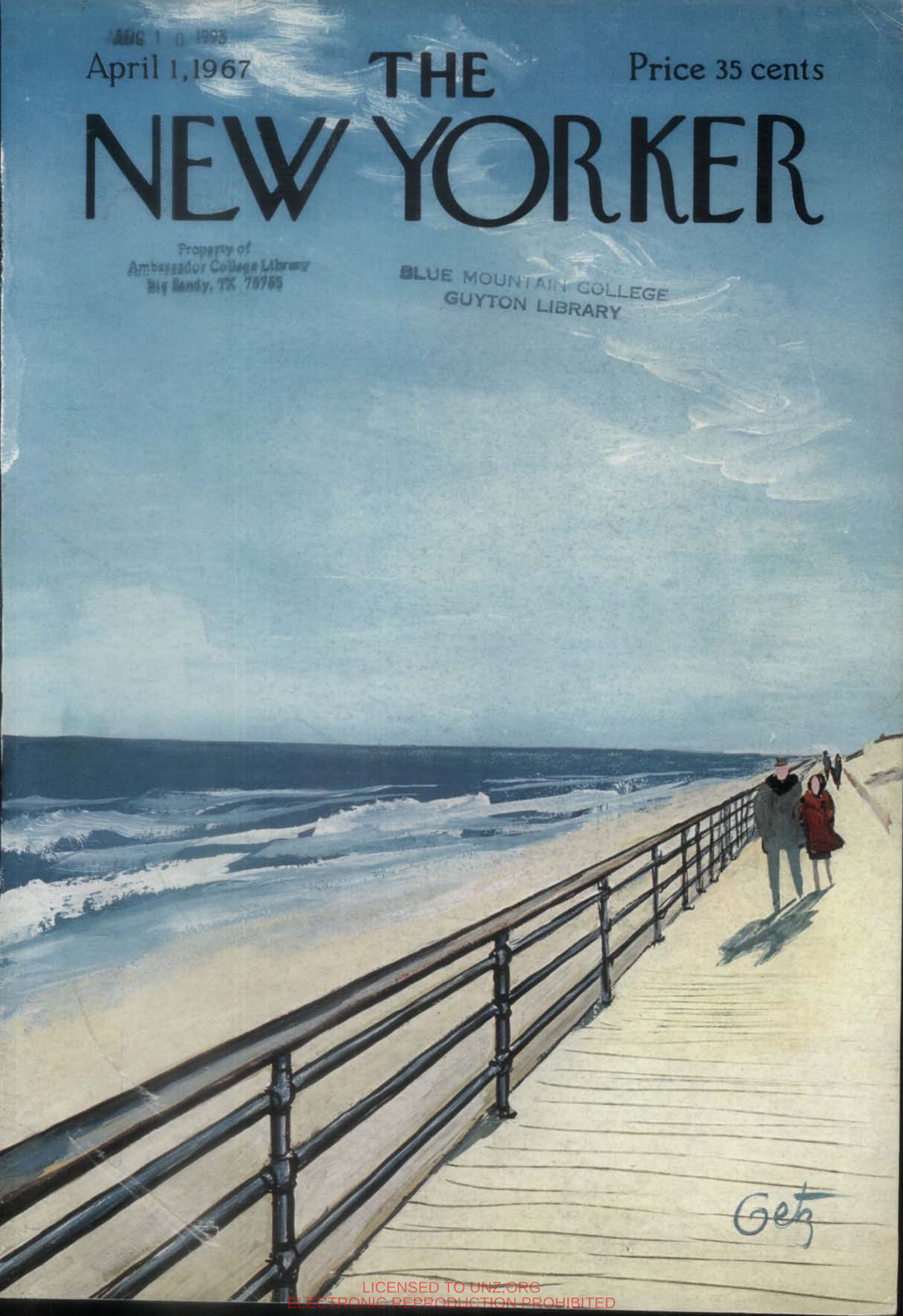

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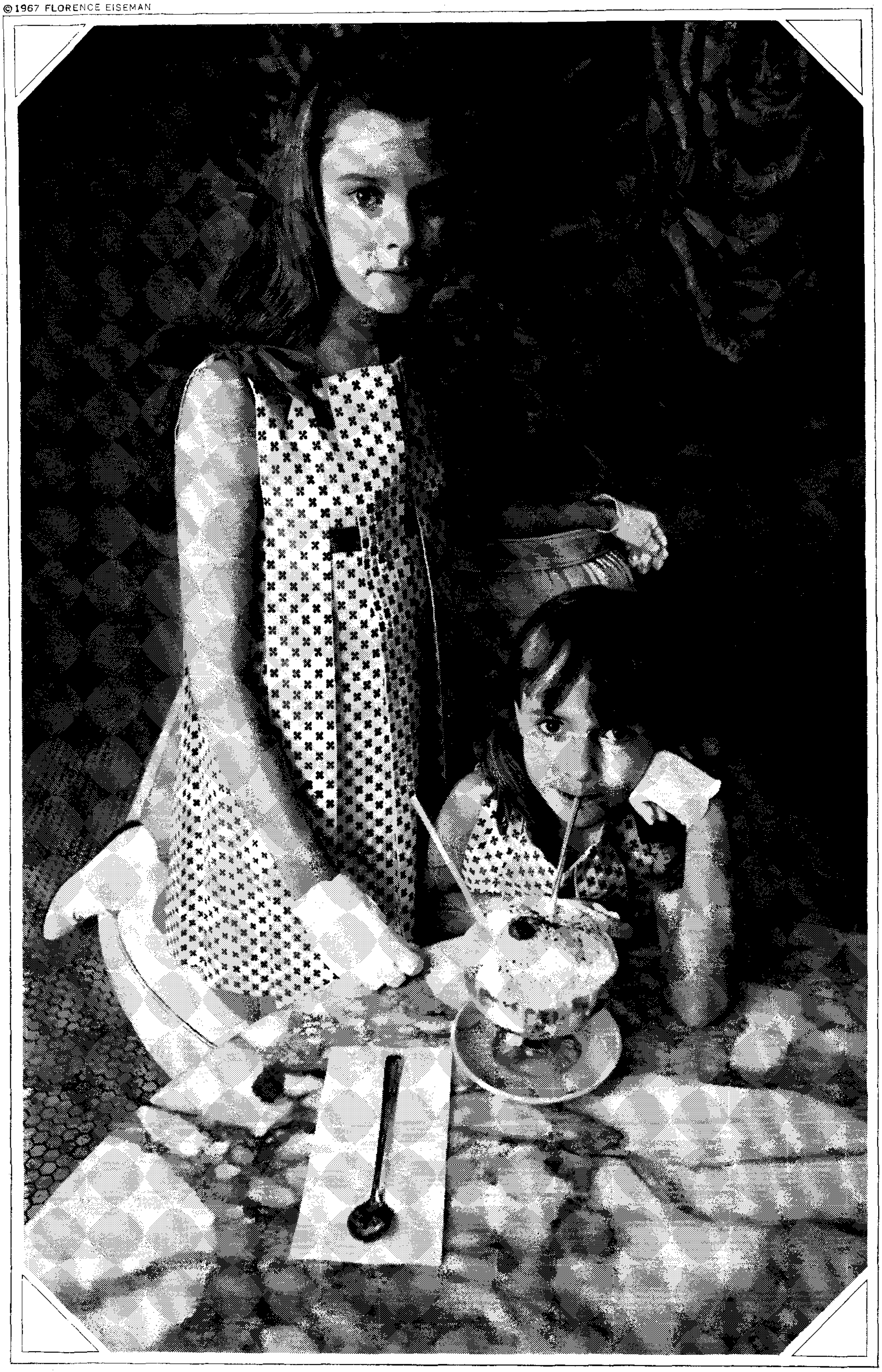
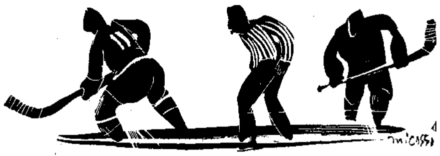


Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Tolstoy's **war and peace**: Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, and Monday and Tuesday, April 3-4, all at 8:30; Wednesday, April 5, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ibsen's **the wild duck**: Saturday, April 1, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Sheridan's **the school for scandal**: Saturday, April 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Pirandello's **right you are**: Friday, April 7, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St. E. JU 2-3877.)

Black Comedy—A droll business created by Peter Shaffer and having to do with some difficulties that occur in a South Kensington apartment when the lights go out. John Dexter has manipulated the worthy cast very cleverly, but Mr. Shaffer's "White Lies," which serves as a curtain-raiser to "Black Comedy," is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are among those pleasantly employed in this farce by Woody Allen. It concerns a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain and gets into trouble there. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, who perform in it, are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Killing of Sister George—An English importation that deals witlessly with Lesbianism and B.B.C. soap-opera characters. Beryl Reid plays the lead. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 1.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens are all young and enthusiastic in this comedy by Neil Simon about a protest publisher, a writing genius, and a folk singer in San Francisco, but the end result is pretty dreary. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park**: A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matineés Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cactus flower**: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the impossible years**: Sam Levene plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the odd couple**: Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an entertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Barbara Harris is delightful as the principal performer, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden support her valiantly. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. Hal Holbrook will fill in for Mr. Alda for several months starting Thursday, April 6. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

At the Drop of Another Hat—Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, the lighthearted team from England, are just as good as they were in their last visit, or maybe better. Mr. Flanders' monologues are always to the comic point, and Mr. Swann's piano music has a rare originality. Their voices when raised in song are often contrapuntally amazing. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Closes with a special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 9.)

Cabaret—An adaptation, by Joe Masteroff, of the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which, in turn, was based on Christopher Isherwood's stories about Germany just before the Nazis took control. Never as effective as its source material, but the production numbers are spectacular. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Walking Happy—A humdrum adaptation, by Roger O. Hirson and Ketti Frings, of "Hobson's Choice," having to do with life in the Midlands of England in the eighteen-eighties. James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn wrote the music and lyrics, which are not outstanding, and Danny Daniels supervised the choreography, which is heavy-footed. Norman Wisdom and George Rose head the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 16.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof**: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **funny girl**: Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!**: Martha Raye now has the role of Emma Hamilton. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mame**: A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **sweet charity**: A tale about a dancehall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Gwen Verdon is the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wait a minim!**: A musical entertainment from South Africa that has a cast of eight, who dance, sing assorted folk songs from all over the world, and make merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Sherry!—A musical version of Kaufman and Hart's "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with book and lyrics by James Lipton, music by Laurence Rosenthal, and a cast that includes Clive Revill, Dolores Gray, and Elizabeth Allen. Staged by Joe Layton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify *them before starting out.)*

A Warm Body—Dina Merrill and Kevin McCarthy in a play by Lonnie Coleman, directed by Porter Van Zandt. Previews through Monday, April 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 4. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night

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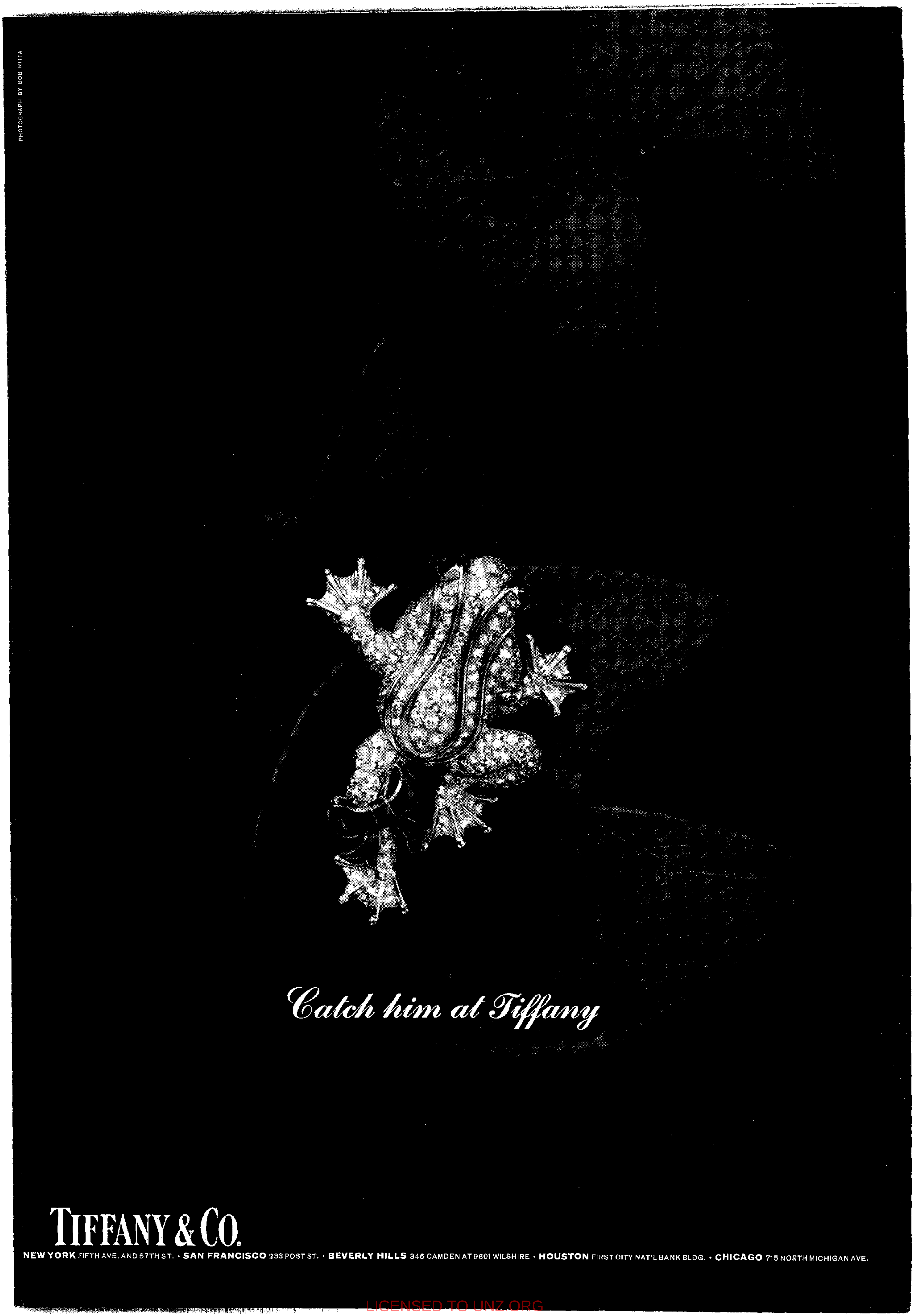
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Nancy Dussault and Frank McHugh in **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** The first in a series of three musicals by the company. Preview Tuesday, April 4, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 5, and will run through Sunday, April 23. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Philip Bosco, Michael Gorrin, Marketa Kimbrell, Aline MacMahon, Estelle Parsons, Robert Symonds, and George Voskovec in **THE EAST WIND**, a comedy by Leo Lehman. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 1.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **LA BOHÈME.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Harold Arlen Songbook—A potpourri of seventy Arlen songs by a cast of five singers. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

By Jupiter—A bright and sprightly revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical about a skirmish in the war between the sexes, when Hippolyta commanded the Amazons and Theseus commanded the Greeks. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 765-5580. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Carricknabauna—Martyn Green in a play by Padraic Colum and Basil Burwell. Opens Thursday, March 30. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its comic moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—"Believe," "favor," "help," "please," "trust," "command," "obey," "pardon," "resist," "serve," and "spare" all take the dative. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

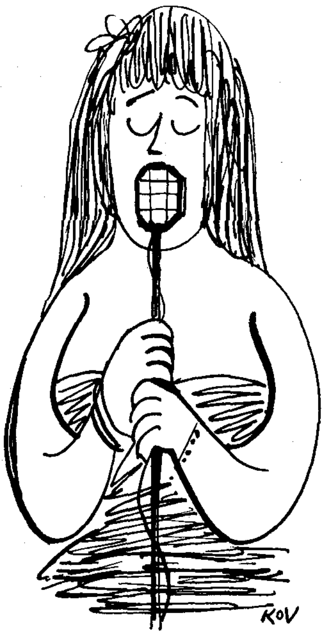
The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—John Cullum plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 4:30; special matinées Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, March 30, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, March 30, at 2.)



La Turista—A play by Sam Shepard. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 1.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, March 30, at 8:15: "Con Amore," "Variations," "Tarantella," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday, March 31, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 2:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Con Amore," "La Guirlande de Campra," and "Irish Fantasy." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Episodes," "Tarantella," and "Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 2, at 1:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Piège de Lumière," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 2, at 7:15: "Swan Lake," "Bugaku," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 4, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Episodes," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 5, at 8:15: "Piège de Lumière," "Pas de Deux," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 6, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Three Waltzes" (première), "Meditation," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday, April 7, at 8:15: "Narkissos," "Illuminations," "Ebony Concerto," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 2:15: "Piège de Lumière," "La Guirlande de Campra," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Illuminations," "Ragtime," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 7.)

National Ballet of Washington—Final performances of a one-week engagement. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Danse Brillante," "Bachianas," and "Homage." . . . ¶ Friday, March 31, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Night," "La Peri," and "La Sonnambula." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 2:30: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Tribute," "Pas de Quatre," and "Othello." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 2, at 2:30: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 2, at 8:30: "Four Temperaments," "Through the Edge," "La Peri," and "Night." (City Center, 131 W 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—"Field Dances," "Collage III," "Place," and "Variations V." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," "Surf Zone," "Giselle Peasant Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Norman Walker—With his company, in a program of modern dance. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Bhaskar—With assisting artists, in dances of India. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 1, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-0654, from 1:30 to 5:30.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "A Hit and a Myth," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, April 1, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-4600.)

The Circus—The first sign of spring on Eighth Avenue. Opens with a benefit performance (for tickets, call CO 5-7460) on Tuesday,

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April 4, and will be around through Sunday, May 14. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 3 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam about among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

HELLO, SOLLY!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. Opens Tuesday, April 4. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The orchestra of Lee Evans carries on with grace and glee all evening in the Royal Box, and Caterina Valente, who knows how to make an aria sound its best, is onstage at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The old, familiar cityscape of which old, familiar Billy Reed is *padrone*. The dance tunes run from nine until two, except Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—It's generally the night before Christmas in the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from George Anaya's clutch of bandsmen, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music happens Mondays through Fridays from seven to one, and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Mirror, mirror, on the wall. Two unending bands play music to look to. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The table talk in the Café Pierre, a small lap of luxury, is more hum than dinger; so is the deportment on the dance floor; so are the ministrations of Ben Cutler's cheery little orchestra, which is supplemented, between sets, by earnest Andalusian guitar. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Heroic proportions are the dimensions of the songs done by Sergio Franchi, a tenor handsomely constructed along those lines himself. His good deeds occur in the Persian Room during dinner and supper; the rest of the time, Burt Farber's big band and Mark Monte's outriders turn out music by the ton. On Wednesday, April 5, Mr. Franchi will be succeeded by Lainie Kazan, whose soprano may remind you of one or two others. On her first night, Miss K. will sing only at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, then seven to nine (all but Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. The prance music, principally by the band of José Melis, commences as early as seven, and goes on until almost two. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The Glenn Miller orchestra, held steady on its course by Buddy De Franco, is on the largest deck of this enterprise from eight until two every night but Sunday, and filling it with the pleasantest of memories.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette (a fine state of affairs, and a fine affair of state), the quick-fire band of George Cort and the waltz-king band run by Quintero pause only for a half hour during dinner and supper, so that Milva, a *dolce-vita* sort of soprano from Rome, can burn with a bright-blue flame. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a quiet glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Janì Sarkozi on the violin from six until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

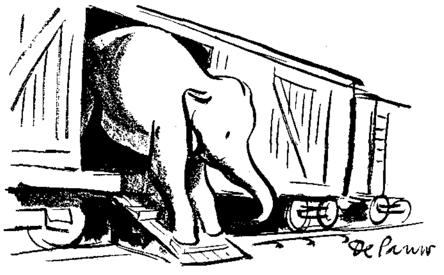
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The upholstery applied by Rosemary Clooney to her cantatas is never overstuffed; plain, comfortable, easy on the eye and ear is her method. She appears at dinner and supper during the week, only at dinner on Sundays. She, the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, and the Empire Room have their time-outs on Mondays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Ray Hartley's skillfully carved piano works out from four to ten Monday through Friday every week. Sonny Kendis's small group plays for dancing Tuesday through Thursday every week from eight to one, and on Friday and Saturday from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—There's always room for one million more on the floor, and no harm can come to anyone, for the Killer-Diller and related exercises are barred. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "I Happen to Like New York" is the theme song, and the people who feel that way arrive for dinner and stay for supper. So do the combinations and permutations of Goldie Hawkins, Wayne Sanders, and Sam Hamilton, who keep one or another piano (or both of them) in a state of euphoria that is just about constant. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Pagan rout is the setting; the compensation is Bobby Short, whose songs and piano remind one of the time when tender was the night along the Riviera. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): At times, everybody who knows the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis gets to his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Ram Ramirez's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **JANSSEN'S,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The voice of Aldo Bruschi flourishes like the green bay tree as it wends its way through the Italian book of words and music; his piano, oboe, and concertina help along his brace of fellow-carollers. This takes place between Wednesday and Saturday. There is dance music, too, on the same timetable. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It's-all-in-the-family is how Rita Dimitri looks upon the song recital she does in the middle of her well-upholstered kitchen, and 'tis folly to judge her otherwise. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. The dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court favorites. Every night but Monday. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Himalayan landscape, but from eight to one you can hear the dance music quite clearly. It's worth your while mainly on Mondays, when Billy Rubenstein's superlative trio is at work. Closed Sundays.



NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee let it be one of these: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): It takes more than a pair of jacks to open this game; a confirmed reservation is a better notion. The game is to see who can cut the finest figure eight or eighteen without losing sight of his partner. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): An operation of, by, and for the Stage and its inmates. The Stage coach is Tanya Everett, one of those "Fiddler on the Roof" daughters earlier in the evening. The sound is compounded of strange devices and real people; the food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Almost a secret meeting place, where one should make oneself known beforehand. It is beneath the street-level café at this address, and it must have been a Roman villa before archeologists dug it up. The job of restoration is perfect, and the life it leads is sociable and social. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidely French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The piano in this greenroom is kept trigger-happy by its tuner (and that's a novelty in this town), and kept even happier by its owner, Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the best of its townhouse days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a vigorous guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does his homework, though, on Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the desultory piano of George Feyer, whose urban base of action this place is from eight-thirty until maybe two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The whippoorwills who sing a couple of times a night in the walled Florentine garden are mostly opera buffs, but they are not unmindful of what arias blossom in the genus American musical comedy. There is plenty of piano during the evening, and a calm trio for dancing arrives each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E. who dwells at UN 1-9494): The piano music in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the courtly Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano discourses with authority and clarity, though without ever raising its voice, from six-thirty until midnight. He stays away Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Neatness and dispatch are the ingredients of Bobby Darin's song recitals; the attending humorist, though, never would be missed. On Thursday, April 6, Edie Adams, who is adept enough at the on-with-the-show technique, begins talking and singing in their stead. Perennially on hand: the Copa ballerinas, each one a choreographer in her own right. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No clothes for the little empresses—that is the sad story of the regal and pretty young ladies who bravely cavort in the long and heartening extravaganza. Their leader is Susan Clemm, a sort of climax of American girlhood; the visiting eminence is Dominique, a member of the light-fingered gentry, who will completely pick the pockets of all who volunteer to face him (no fear, though, for many are the happy returns of his pickings). Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): All rites, including the Scandinavian, belong to the Great God Pan, none of whose subjects can be out of their twenties, though possibly out of their minds. Two incoherent bands keep pushing panic buttons for the dancers; the clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. Silence on Mondays. No dining. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Saturday, April 1, is closing night for Vic Damone and his balladry and for Bobby Hackett and his horn of distinction and his foursome.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The dizzy spells on the stage of Julius Monk's *premier-cru* pavilion happen to Freddie Weber, a with-honors graduate of the Monk school of the theatre and a girl with a mind of her own and millions of things she wants to do with it. She is assisted by the team of Hendra and Ullett, who apply the *reductio-ad-absurdum* treatment to all political thinking, and by Jamie Ross, another Monk graduate, with a winning way of speaking and singing. Mr. Monk presides; Robert Colston and Otis Clements supply the very best double piano. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles and his covey of balletomanes are fun-loving Rover Boys and Girls as they swarm over the stage in the back room; the tenor of the occasion is Andy Russell, just back from a ten-year hiatus in Latin America and Spain. They show up at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers tread the floor in measures light and fantastic. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The manner, the milieu, even the materials of which "Mixed Doubles" is constructed sometimes recall the antics of several earlier miniature revues, but there is enough good (and sometimes original) humor to satisfy any mid-evening thirst. Judy Graubart, an innocent minx from the late Second City troupe, leads the ring. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The conversation here, always at a high pitch, is by Joan Rivers, who is really speaking not for herself but for her analyst. No earlier than ten, ever, and never on Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

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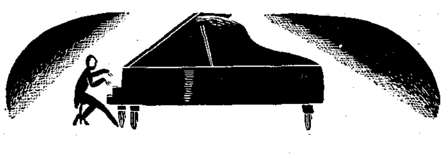
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The scattered thoughts of Thelonious Monk's piano and quartet are the amusement. They begin at nine-thirty weekdays, at five Sunday. On Tuesday, April 4, Freddie Hubbard's quintet will inherit the job, and on Thursday, April 6, Jeremy Steig's brilliant fivesome will join up. Mondays, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones band opens up with plenty of bandsmen and without let or hindrance. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Oliver Jones' quartet is the showpiece, but the dance music itself is untouched by human hands. A worthy menu is offered. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): On this saints-and-sinners boulevard, little is worth noting aside from this bar-and-grill. Charles De Forest sings the moment-of-truth songs that are the rightful due of everyone who is willing to make the effort to stay up all night; the trio of Marian McPartland plays jazz that is comprehensible and cheering. The trio goes off duty Sundays, Mr. De Forest goes off duty Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The ground-floor level of the duplex comes to life around ten with Blossom Dearie's piano, songs, and trio. There isn't anything else quite like the Dearie heat-lightning yet deadpan humor, and more's the pity. These characters remain at home Mondays, though, when Daphne Hellman and harp, a picturesque pairing, commune with her two sidemen in the interests of a music that is more chamber than jazz. . . . ¶ For the lower deck, these are the current claims: Friday and Saturday, March 31-April 1, the darkling ballads of Morgana King, plus Maynard Ferguson's big band and Chico Hamilton's tumultuous musicians; every Monday, a vivid band that represents the Deep South (below the equator). . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Max Roach's quintet, which has the floor now, departs on Sunday, April 2, and on Tuesday, April 4, the pizza shop reopens to house another congress of jazzmen. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. On Monday, April 3, Don Coates replaces Mr. Jackson. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) and the clatter know no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band puts the establishment in an uproar; then the washboarders take over. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Plain as an old board fence, but the music is more intricate. It comes now from Jackie McLean's quartet. On Tuesday, April 4, there'll be a change. On Mondays, Sun Ra's ten-man squadron goes New Thought. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the singing (Ruth Crews) is hit-them-again, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The Elvin Jones quintet, upon which the hopes of many advanced thinkers are pinned, is in residence. Sundays, its day of rest, the Jazz Interactions do the sounding off, starting as early as five. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Jake Holmes, a folk man who knows what he is doing, is the principal character in this reliable coffeehouse. His last night is Monday, April 3. On Friday, April 7, Leon Bibb will start lending a handsomely endowed voice to the cause.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANNE ARNOLD—Mostly figurative sculptures in wood; through April 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HUGO ASBACH AND STANLEY BATE—Two abstract painters, one German-born, one American, in a joint show; through Saturday, April 1. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Acrylic abstractions; through Friday, April 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALTHUS—Paintings and drawings by the celebrated French psychological-realist; through April 22. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PATRICIA BARTON—Primitive paintings of rural scenes; through Saturday, April 8. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCELO BONEVARDI—Painted wood reliefs with private symbols; through Saturday, April 1. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

JOHN BRATBY—Expressionist figure paintings and interiors; through Saturday, April 1. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

VICTOR BRAUNER—Fantastic paintings by the recently deceased Surrealist; through April 15. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN BUTTON—Cityscapes and landscapes; through April 20. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAFAEL CANOGAR—Paintings of smeared, but outlined, figures in suggested settings; through Saturday, April 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT CARROLL—Figures in interiors; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, April 8. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD CHAET—Paintings and drawings of cows; through April 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS—Drawings of far-out experiences—LSD, Marat/Sade, and so on—by a well-known Mexican artist; through April 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HISAO DOMOTO—Abstract paintings made of parallel slabs of paint interlaid with geometric forms; through Saturday, April 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Watercolors and pastels by the pioneer American abstractionist; through Saturday, April 8. (Downtown,

my Sin

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All its wicked, wicked charms in extract,
Veil of My Sin, Natural Spray™ dispenser,
Toilet Water and Dusting Powder.

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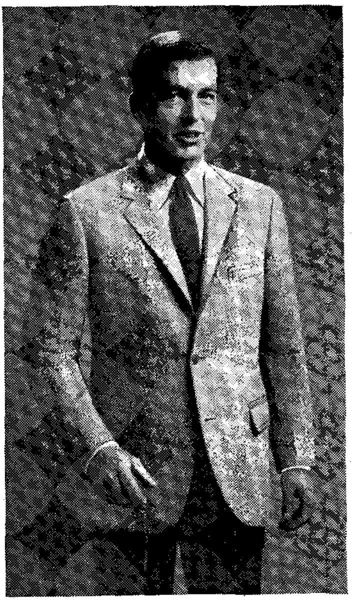
"I got this thing for herringbone jackets. But please—can't somebody make a light one?"



Everything should be roses and winners from here on in, Mr. Mullin. The world has conquered the herringbone. Figured how to make it herringbone and light—both in one breath. Something about a new blend—51% silk and 49% wool, has been perfected. Lighter colors. Lighter weight. Feels great on your back. Herringbone pattern. Tailored lean and young. Bermuda blue, Jamaica green, Acapulco tan. $95.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Assemblages, gouaches, drawings, and oils, 1947 to the present; through April 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Engel—Geometric paintings and drawings, wood and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, April 1. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Paul England—Paintings, collage-screens, and sculptures; through Saturday, April 8. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St.)

Wojciech Fangor—Paintings and architectural models that exploit out-of-focus images and blurring; through April 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Louis Forain (1852-1931)—A retrospective of paintings of Paris scenes and types; through Saturday, April 1. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Richard Gaffney—Mainly figurative drawings with references to youth, family, and manhood; through Saturday, April 8. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St.)

Edwin Gamble—Birds, birds, and more birds in sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, April 1. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Chaim Gross—Gay sculptures in bronze, some more than life-size, of animated figures of acrobats, ballerinas, and mothers and children; through April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman—Metal, leather, and wood constructions, and drawings; through April 15. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon Hartl—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes by the seventy-eight-year-old lyricist; through Saturday, April 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Hélion—A group of oils from this French artist's early abstract period; through April 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Hill—Figurative drawings and watercolors; through Saturday, April 8. (Martin, 43 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hockney—Acrylics that combine landscape and figure painting; through Saturday, April 8. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Krushenick—Emblematic abstractions with heavy contours and Pop colors; through April 11. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julio LeParc—Kinetic sculptures by the Grand Prix winner of the 1966 Venice Biennale; through Saturday, April 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Large abstract welded-steel sculptures made from abandoned industrial equipment; through April 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Moro—Landscapes, interiors, and shipboard scenes by a Post-Impressionist who died in 1953; through Saturday, April 8. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seong Moy—Collage-like abstractions related to landscape; through Saturday, April 8. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Robert Natkin—Abstract paintings in complex divisions of colored areas; through Saturday, April 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenzo Okada—Semi-abstractions in delicate tonalities; through Saturday, April 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Panels studded with his familiar range of found bits: bones, marbles, glass eyes, shells; through Saturday, April 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Henry V. Poor—Landscapes and still-lifes in soft shades; through Saturday, April 1. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscape paintings, many of Italy; through April 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster casts of figures in scenes from daily life; through April 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Maxine Shattuck—Simplified dramatic landscapes; through Saturday, April 1. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Figure paintings achieved through abstract dynamic shapes; through April 15. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Cheou-kang Sie—Bamboo paintings, one of China's classical mediums; through April 15. (Asian Gallery, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Sylvia Stone—Big two- and three-tone Plexiglas cutouts in the form of partial, overlapping triangles or squares; through Thursday, April 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kumi Sugaï—Abstract shapes in dynamic relation painted in hard bright hues; through April 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Tooker—Paintings of figures with strong emotional overtones; through April 22. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Assemblages using colored Plexiglas; through Saturday, April 1. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Eugene Waddell—Swerving run-together streams of color; through Saturday, April 8. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Erika Weihs—Figurative paintings and drawings in a delicate, dreamy vein; through April 12. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Weinrib—Abstract see-through sculptures in softly colored plastic, most of them a pale lavender; through April 19. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. Westermann—Bronzes and objects in glass boxes by this explorer of irrational combinations; through Saturday, April 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

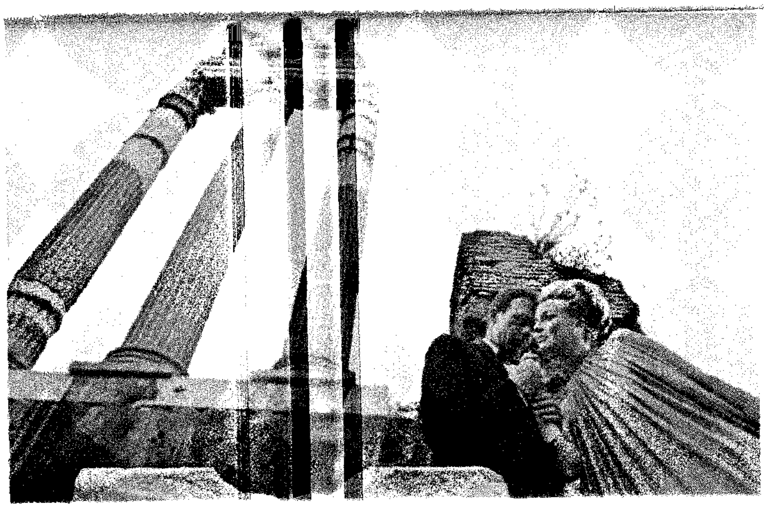
Treasures from the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore—A benefit show of French, Italian, and Flemish paintings; ancient Egyptian bronzes; Armenian, German, and Mughal manuscripts; ivories, enamels, and goldsmiths' work of the Middle Ages; and ceramics and metalwork from Persia and the Near East; through April 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Society of American Graphic Artists—Their forty-eighth annual print exhibition; through Saturday, April 1. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Sculptures; Group Shows—At the **PIETRANTONIO**, 26 E. 84th St.: Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through April 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Pieces in different mediums by Biro, Greenly, Leon, Rocklin, Schanker, and Weiss; through Friday, March 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by Max Bill, Jean Tinguely, Chryssa, and other Americans and Europeans; through Saturday, April 8. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **EAST HAMPTON GALLERY**, 22 W. 56th St.: "The Visionaries," twenty-five artists doing environments, mystical paintings, assemblages, strobe-light images, multi-mediums, LSD visions, and so on; through Saturday, April 8.... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: One large painting each by Franz Kline, Barnett Newman, Morris Louis, and Alfred Leslie; through April 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: A survey exhibition of drawings and paintings by Copley, Vanderlyn, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through April 28.... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Arthur B. Davies, W. L. Metcalf, and Oscar Bluemner (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 8.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: "100 Years of Fantastic Drawings," Redon to Rosenquist; through Friday, April 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: "Psychedelic Art," comprising paintings and "light machines," by eight artists who have been working in New York; through Saturday, April 1.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Calder, Léger, Picasso, and other leading moderns; through April 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Thirty portraits, ranging from Raphael to de Kooning; through Saturday, April 8. (Closed Mondays.)... **WIENER**, 963 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Flower paintings by twenty-



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six artists, including Jean Dufy and David Burliuk; through Monday, April 3.

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings by Mondrian, Kandinsky, Picasso, Klee, and others; through Thursday, April 6. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Israelis; Group Show—An exhibition of tapestries, handwoven in Nazareth from designs by Israeli and European painters (among them Reuven Rubin, Karel Appel, and Hans Hartung); through Friday, March 31. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Peruvians; Group Show—Abstract paintings and sculptures by eleven contemporaries; through April 15. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two new permanent installations: "The Enduring Art of China," consisting of ceramics, sculptures, frescoes, paintings on silk and paper, and furniture; and "A Far Eastern Treasury" of icons, cosmetic boxes, buckles, and jewelry, all shaped from inlaid metals. . . . ¶ Seventeenth-century Italian prints by Reni, Rosa, and Castiglione (to name a few); through April 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Whimsical pieces by Alexander Calder, presented to the Museum by the artist and including a whale, a snow flurry, a spider, an elephant chair, a cat lamp, wire portraits, and jewelry; through Wednesday, April 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of nearly two hundred oils, watercolors, gouaches, mixed mediums, drawings, prints, and works on glass by Paul Klee; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A huge retrospective of two hundred and twenty-three paintings and drawings by the celebrated photo-realist painter Andrew Wyeth; through April 9. . . . ¶ The first retrospective (1933 to the present) of sculptures and assemblages by Louise Nevelson, also drawings and prints; through April 30. . . . ¶ Life-size drawings with themes based on Nazi brutality and the suffering it caused, by Mauricio Lasansky, well-known printmaker; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Thirty-two bronzes and thirty drawings by Henry Moore, on loan from the artist and his family; through Sunday, April 2. . . . ¶ The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents for each show goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 70th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works of thirty-two American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through Sunday, April 2. . . . ¶ "Land and Sea," a show of etchings, drawings, and paintings from the Academy's collection, by (for instance) Winslow Homer, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibition of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Etchings, paintings, and drawings by Giovanni Castiglione, the seventeenth-century Genoese virtuoso; through Friday, March 31. . . . ¶ Collages with preliminary studies by Rauschenberg, Ortman, Rivers, and others, plus models and drawings for Oldenburg's "The Toilet" (with a photograph of the finished work); through April 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred paintings, from Jan Bruegel the Elder and Rembrandt to Hans Hofmann and Sam Francis, lent by the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts; through April 30. . . . ¶ "Aubrey Beardsley and His Era," consisting mainly of his illustrations for books and magazines; through April 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A Purim exhibition of ceremonial objects, including megillots (parchment scrolls), their decorated containers, silver and wooden noisemakers, ornamented plates, and prints and posters by contemporary artists; through April 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Six centuries of prints (all on the theme of music-makers) from many different countries; through April 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Seventeenth Century in Italy" composed of drawings (by such artists as Annibale Carracci, Guercino, and Bernini), illustrated books, correspondence of popes, letters of artists, book bindings, and an envelope on which Galileo made astronomical doodles; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework; namely, memorials, pastorals, quilts, and pincushions; through April 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A survey of four hundred years of North American Indian art, comprising paintings on wood and on copper from the Northwest coast, buffalo-hide robes and shields from the Plains, renderings of murals of prehistoric Pueblo dwellers, and a reproduction of a Navajo sand painting; through May 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

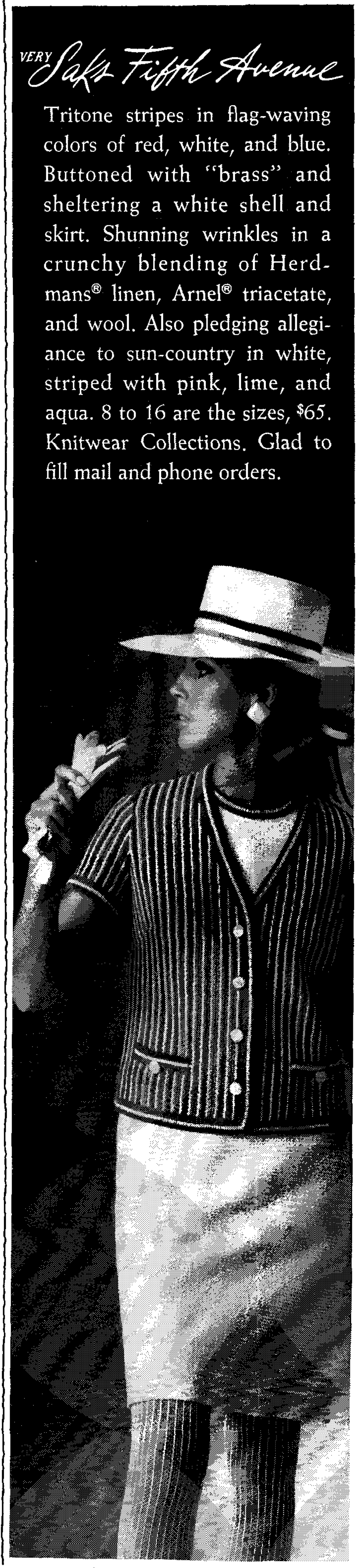
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others; through June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 30: "La Traviata," with Renata Scotto, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 31: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 1: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Sherrill Milnes, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 1: "Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Lucia Popp, Patricia Welting, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, Hermann Prey, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 3: "Otello," with Gabriella Tucci, Nancy Williams, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, and Ermanno Lorenzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 4: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belén Amparán, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Nancy Williams, Bruno Prevedi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 6: "La Traviata," with Renata Scotto, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 7: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Jean Fenn, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Robert Goodloe, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belén Am-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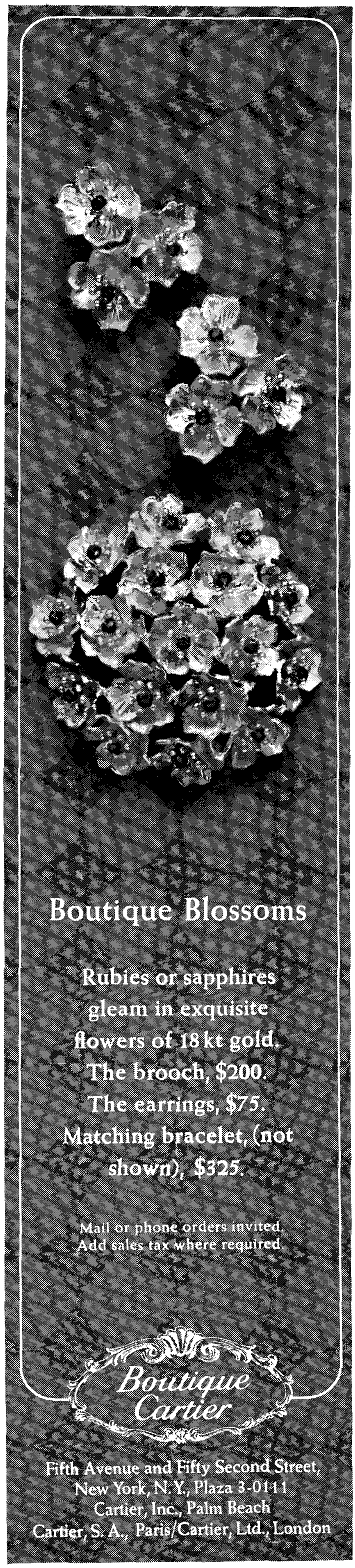
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parán, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 8: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Sherrill Milnes, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"La Bohème." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, March 30, at 8:30; Friday, March 31, at 2:15; Saturday, April 1, at 8:30; and Monday, April 3, at 7:30 (all with Nadja Witkowska, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Lorne Munroe, cello; and the Camerata Singers); and a Beethoven-Bartók program on Thursday, April 6, at 8:30; Friday, April 7, at 2:15; and Monday, April 10, at 7:30 (all with Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano, and Arnold Voketaitis, bass).

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a Stravinsky-Orff program, with the Howard University Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 2, at 4.)

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting a program of new Swiss music, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Janka Brun, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting four all-Vivaldi concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 2, at 8:30; Wednesday, April 5, at 8:30, with the Coro Polifonico of Rome; and Sunday, April 9, at 5:30 and 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Maria Lucia Godoy, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 3, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Jonel Perlea directing performances of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" in concert form, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lucia Popp, and Veronica Tyler, sopranos, and with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. The final concerts of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 4, and Friday, April 7, at 8.)

Orchestral Concert—Julius Rudel directing members of the New York Philharmonic, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and William Masselos, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 4, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Baylor University Choirs—Euell Porter directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn College Chorale—Robert Hickok directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing an all-Monteverdi program, with Eileen Laurence, soprano; Stafford Wing, tenor; William Fleck, bass-baritone; Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; and Harriet Wingreen, organ. The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, April 7, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, in a benefit concert, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Coro Polifonico of Rome—Nino Antonellini directing an all-Monteverdi program. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 11:30.)

RECITALS

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano, in the second of two recitals, this one an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 31, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Stockholm Kyndel Quartet, with Konrad Ragossnig, guitar. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Uta Graf—Soprano, in a Schubert lieder program. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 5:15.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 11. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, with the Juilliard String Quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider's String Quintet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, April 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 462.)

Lark Quintet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 7. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Composers' Showcase—The third in a series of four programs of twentieth-century American music, this one comprising works by Walter Piston, Easley Blackwood, and others. The performers include Yehudi Wyner, piano; Aeolian Chamber Players; and Manhattan Chorale, directed by Edward Murray. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Tuesday, April 4, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Anne Ayer—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Stockholm Kyndel String Quartet—With Konrad Ragossnig, guitar. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 6, at 8.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera Semifinal Auditions—Twenty-two singers chosen from regional auditions and hoping to be numbered among the twelve finalists who will compete in November. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3100, Ext. 301.)

Benefit Concert—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Catell, plus several choruses, directed by Waldemar Link, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call LE 4-0880.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Curtis Cokes vs. Gypsy Joe Harris, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 31. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, April 2, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup Playoffs: Ah, well, it all depends on where the Rangers finish. The newspapers will be your best guide. In any case, no game before Thursday, April 6.

Gladstone Horse Trials—Selection trials for the United States Equestrian Team that will tour Europe this summer. (Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, April 6-9.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 8.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 8.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of

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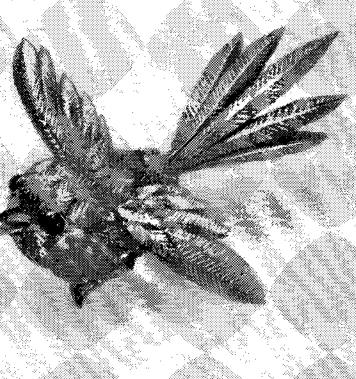

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 1, at 9:30, and Sunday, April 2, at 9:30 and noon.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** "Cinderella," Saturday, April 1, at 11. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, April 8, at 2:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.) . . . **BLUE HILL TROUPE:** A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 1, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-0654, from 1:30 to 5:30.) . . . **WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY:** Howard Mitchell conducting the last in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, April 2, at 2.)

Stage Shows—By **FLORSHEIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Puss in Boots." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 1, and Saturday, April 1, at 3. For tickets, call 565-8853.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Peter Rabbit," Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 12:45 and 2. . . . ¶ "King of the Cowboys," Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Cinderella." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **MARTIN STEVENS PUPPETS:** "The Toymaker." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Canterville Ghost." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 1:15, and Sunday, April 2, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 2:30, and Sunday, April 2, at 3. . . . ¶ "Comedy of Magic," Saturday, April 1, at 2. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Greensleeves," Thursday, March 30, at 1. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Friday, March 31, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: *Tools and Techniques*" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Moon and Its Shadow." (Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—May Swenson and Anthony Hecht reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

International Automobile Show—A nine-day traffic jam, consisting mostly of foreign cars (from England, France, Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, and Japan), but also containing a sampling of our domestic output. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 1, through Sunday, April 9. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

New York Antiques Fair—Goodies from the bygone. Among the more unusual items will be a giraffe from a carousel, Paris street signs, and barber bottles. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, April 3-7, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 8, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 31, at 10:30 and 1:45: Jade vases and figures; Chinese, Siamese, and Tibetan bronzes; Chinese porcelains, furniture, and screens; Chinese and Japanese ivory carvings; and other Oriental art. From several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 10:30: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century engravings, etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts; *from various owners*. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century gold and enamel watches; and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Janet Diantha Coleman and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 5, at 8: Modern sculptures, by such artists as Rodin, Epstein, and Giacometti; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Joseph and others. Exhibition starts Friday, March 31. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 6, at 8: Paintings by Renoir, Monet, Klee, Léger, and other Impressionist and modern artists; from many collections. Exhibition starts Friday, March 31.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—At **SHEA STADIUM:** April 11, April 13, April 20-23, May 2-7, and May 9-11. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** April 14-17, April 25-26, April 28-30, and May 12-14.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Nino Benvenuti, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. April 17.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 22.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Hunter's Island Lagoon, the Bronx. April 29.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 29.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. April 29.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. May 6.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. May 6.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 13.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 22-23.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. May 6-7.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 12-14.)

Hunt Racing—My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 15.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 15 and 22.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 22.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 29.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 6.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 13.)

Racing—At **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: April 22-May 30. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 6.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium: First National

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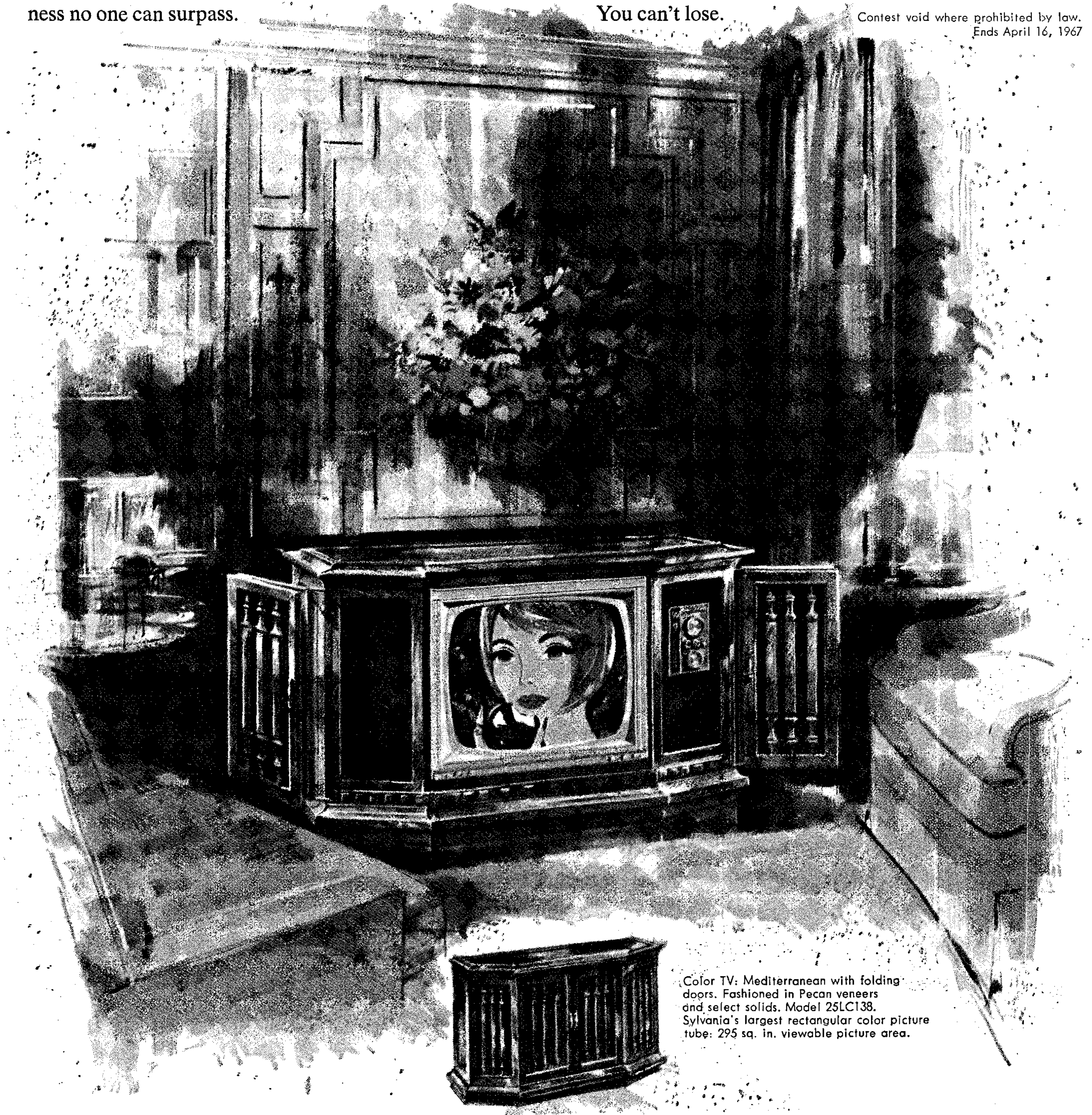

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SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Professional Soccer League games here, April 22 and May 10.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: April 22 and May 13. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: May 6.

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.). . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 28-29.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 13.)

TROTTING—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 13-Nov. 25.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 15. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 20. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, April 11. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 12 and 14. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, April 16. . . . ¶ Washington National "Pops," April 16. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 18. . . . ¶ James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, April 19. . . . ¶ Virgil Fox, organ, April 23. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, April 23. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 25. . . . ¶ George London, bass-baritone, April 26. . . . ¶ Eileen Farrell, soprano, April 28. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, May 2. . . . ¶ Evelyn Lear, soprano, May 3. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, April 9. . . . ¶ Göta Blomberg, mezzo-soprano, April 9. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 15. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 16-17 and May 7-8. . . . ¶ Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, April 16. . . . ¶ Oberlin Orchestra, April 19. . . . ¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, April 27-28. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, April 29. . . . ¶ Jon Vickers, tenor, April 30. . . . ¶ Choral Symphony Society, April 30. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, May 1. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, May 3 and 7. . . . ¶ Vivian Rivkin, piano, May 5. . . . ¶ Ronald Turini, piano, May 10. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Clarion Concert, April 12. . . . ¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 14. . . . ¶ Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya, guitarists, April 15. . . . ¶ New York University Glee Club, April 16. . . . ¶ Sándor Kónya, tenor, April 16. . . . ¶ Colgate University Glee Club, April 22. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 27. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 28. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Henryk Szeryng, violin, April 14. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): Virtuosi di Roma, April 17.

BALLET—The Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, April 18-May 28. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, May 9-June 4.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A musical, "Illya Darling," based on the film "Never on Sunday," starring Melina Mercouri and Orson Bean. Jules Dassin wrote the book, Manos Hadjidakis the music, and Joe Darion the lyrics. . . . ¶ Bertolt Brecht's "Galileo," with Anthony Quayle in the title role, the final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ Barbara Cook, Elliott Gould, and Ruth White in "Little Murders," a comedy by Jules Feiffer. . . . ¶ "Hallelujah, Baby!," a musical with a book by Arthur Laurents, music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and a cast that includes Leslie Uggams, Robert Hooks, and Allen Case. . . . ¶ "The Sound of Music," the second in a series of three musicals by the City Center Light Opera Company; Constance Towers, Bob Wright, and Eleanor Steber are the principals. . . . ¶ A four-week engagement by the National Repertory Theatre, presenting Molière's "The Imaginary Invalid," Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet," and Noël Coward's "Tonight at 8:30."

OTHER DATES—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1966 are due Monday, April 17. . . . ¶ The United Nations General Assembly will reconvene here on April 21. . . . ¶ Expo 67, the Universal and International Exhibition of 1967, in Montreal, April 28-Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 30. . . . ¶ United Nations Economic and Social Council meeting, May 8-June 2.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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2	3	4	5			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 3-4, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—A beautiful, lyrical, but disappointing melodrama about contemporary London, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—Charlie Chaplin has made a sad mess of what was not a very bright comic notion to begin with. The wretched stars are Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660.)

The Endless Summer—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Falstaff—Orson Welles in a classic portrait of the braggardly knight. Also on hand are John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 2-4.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling in an excellent English tragicomedy. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Goal!—One of the two or three best sports documentaries ever made. The subject is soccer. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 4.)

Grand Prix—John Frankenheimer's virtuoso account of what it feels like to be the driver of a tiny car that goes a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Fantastically adroit camerawork and sound recording, and among the cast are Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, and Eva Marie Saint. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is the superb star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Hawaii—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—A successful adaptation of the Broadway musical, with Robert Morse, Rudy Vallée, and Michele Lee. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Kaleidoscope—A thriller about crooked gamblers, Scotland Yard, a kooky girl, and a kinky castle. With Warren Beatty and Susannah York, and directed by Jack Smight. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 5.)

Loves of a Blonde—A charming tale of disorderly young love in Czechoslovakia. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade—Peter Weiss's play, transferred to the screen by Peter Brook and more a director's field day than ever. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

My Sister, My Love—A gifted Swedish director, Vilgot Sjöman, and a cast that includes Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle make this tale of family woe well worth seeing. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Persona—Ingmar Bergman's latest, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. A beautiful, difficult study of how little we are whom we seem to be. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 3-4, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Vie de Château—Jean-Paul Rappeneau is the gifted young director of this charming comedy, which stars Catherine Deneuve, Philippe Noiret, and Pierre Brasseur. In French. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The War Game—A powerful tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. On the same bill is a French movie, "Chickamauga," which is a tract against all wars, past, present, and future. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

You're a Big Boy Now—Francis Ford Coppola's love letter to New York. With Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 2.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 3.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 2.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 4.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 1.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 30.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 4.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

Two Women (1961)—A movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 30.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad study of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 5.)

Yanco (1964)—A picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 4.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 3.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—March 30 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Rags" (1915), with Mary Pickford.... ¶ March 31 at 2 and 5:30: "The Pride of the Clan" (1917), with Mary Pickford.... ¶ April 1 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Rags" (1915), with Mary Pickford.... ¶ April 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Pride of the Clan" (1917), with Mary Pickford.... ¶ April 3 at 2: "David Harum" (1915), with William H. Crane.... ¶ April 4 at 2 and 5:30: "The Raven" (1915), with Henry B. Walthall.... ¶ April 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Film and Reality" (1939), a British film.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salome" (1922), with Nazimova; and W. C. Fields films. (The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311.)... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 4: **MORGAN!**, revival; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival.
From April 5: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (in Ukrainian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
MARAT/SADE.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU (in French).

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 4: **GOAL!**
From April 5: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and "First to Fight," Chad Everett.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 4: "In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.
From April 5: "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 1: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival; and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian), revival.
April 2-4: **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**; and "The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.
From April 5: **KALEIDOSCOPE**; and "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Age of Illusions" (in Hungarian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 4: "Monkeys, Go Home!," Maurice Chevalier, Dean Jones; and "Tarzan and the Valley of Gold," Mike Henry.
From April 5: "Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 4: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and "First to Fight," Chad Everett.
From April 5: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
PERSONA (in Swedish).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
FALSTAFF.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
GEORGY GIRL.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 5 (last showing that day at 2:20): "Masculine Feminine" (in French); and "Before the Revolution" (in Italian), revival, Adriana Asti.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
KALEIDOSCOPE; and "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 30: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival.
March 31: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Moussorgsky" (in Russian), revival.
April 1: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "Kanal" (in Polish), revival.
April 2: **8½** and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (both in Italian and both revivals).
April 3: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** and **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (both in Italian and both revivals).
April 4: **YANCO**, revival, a Mexican film; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
April 5: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and "Miracle in Milan" (in Italian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 4: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From April 5: "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

There is a certain kind of woman who'd rather spend $8 on a phone call than 8¢ on a stamp. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

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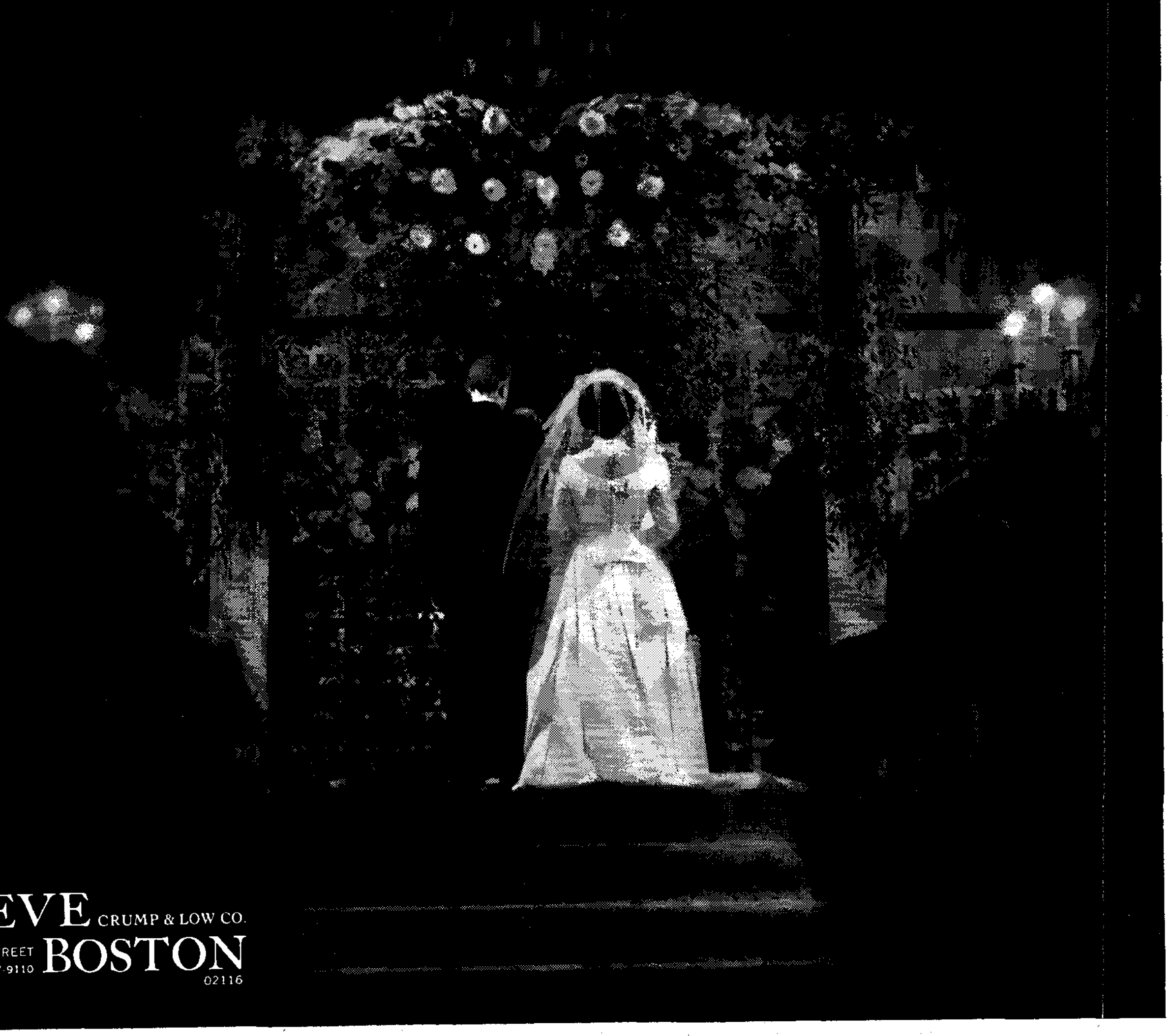

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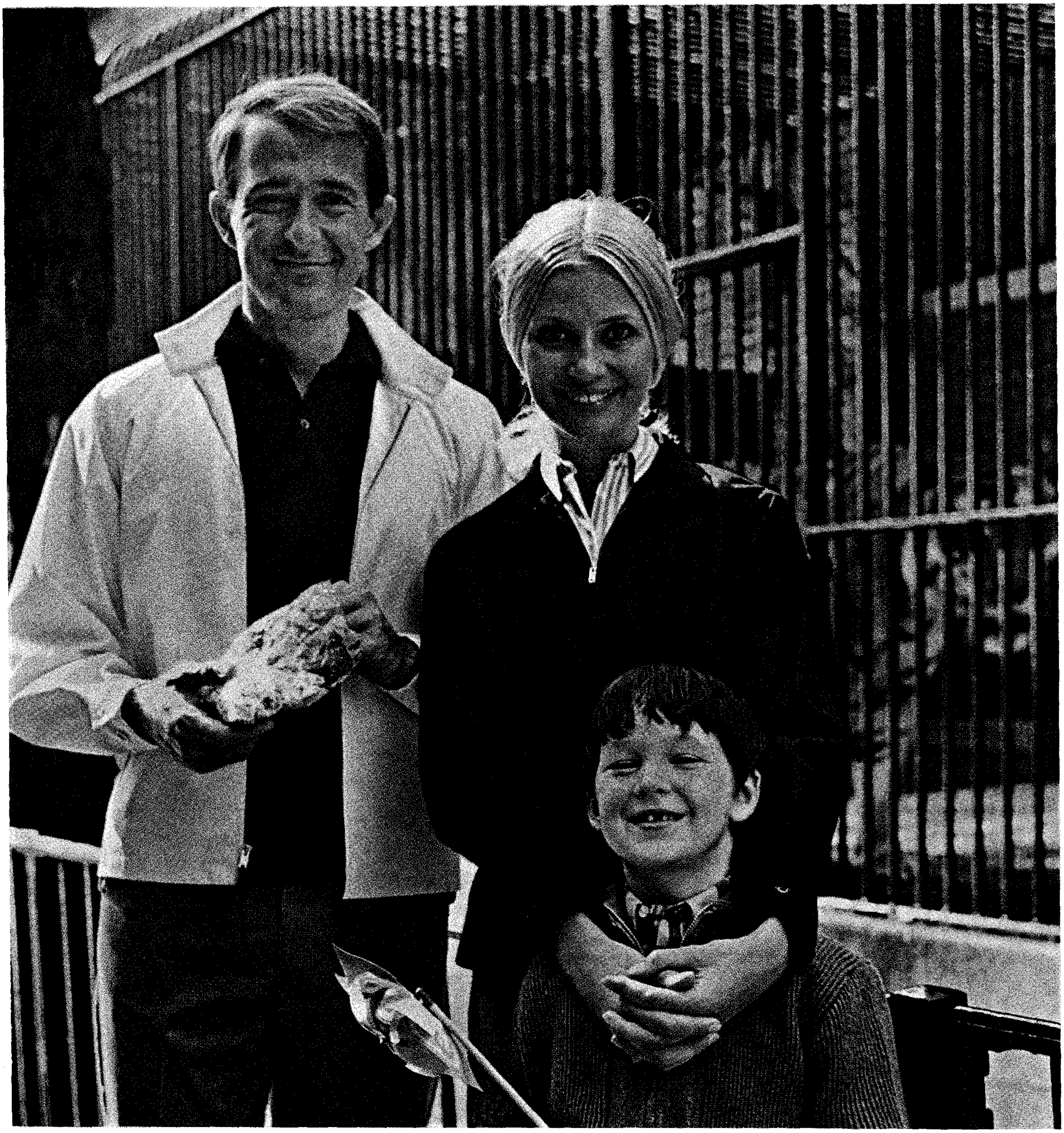

London Fog goes to great lengths for a short coat.

ITEM: Tailoring.

We're talking here about workmanship — the kind of quality that's self-evident in a product the moment you look at it.

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It's the same Calibre Cloth® we use on our longer coats.

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And the double yoke lining.

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A golf jacket is something you wear only when you're out hitting birdies.

But this jacket looks just as good and feels just as comfortable whether you're out hitting birdies or just feeding them popcorn at the zoo.

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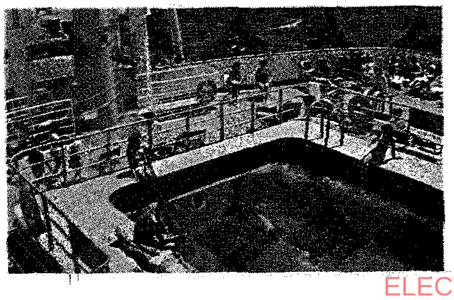

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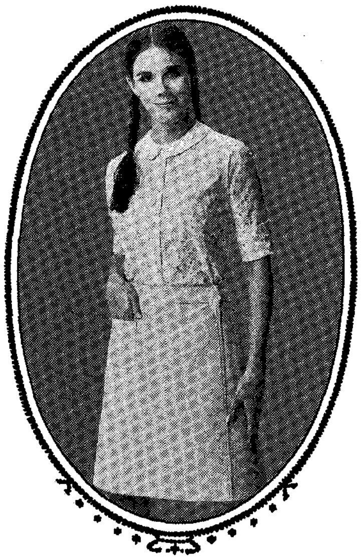

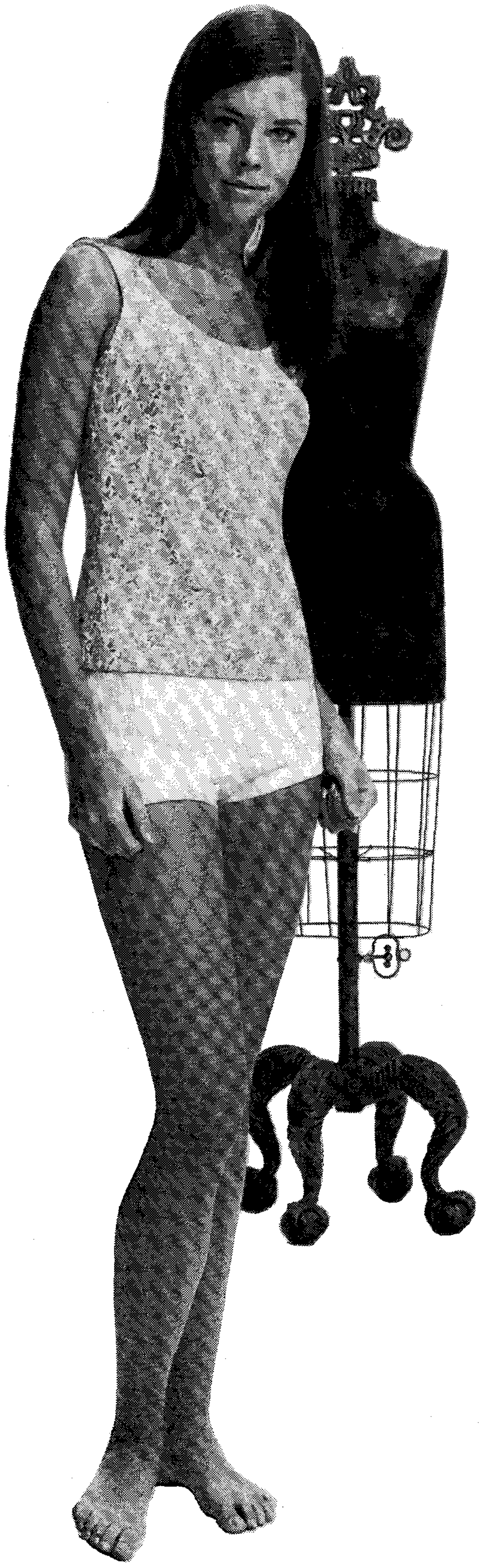

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in which four-leaf clovers
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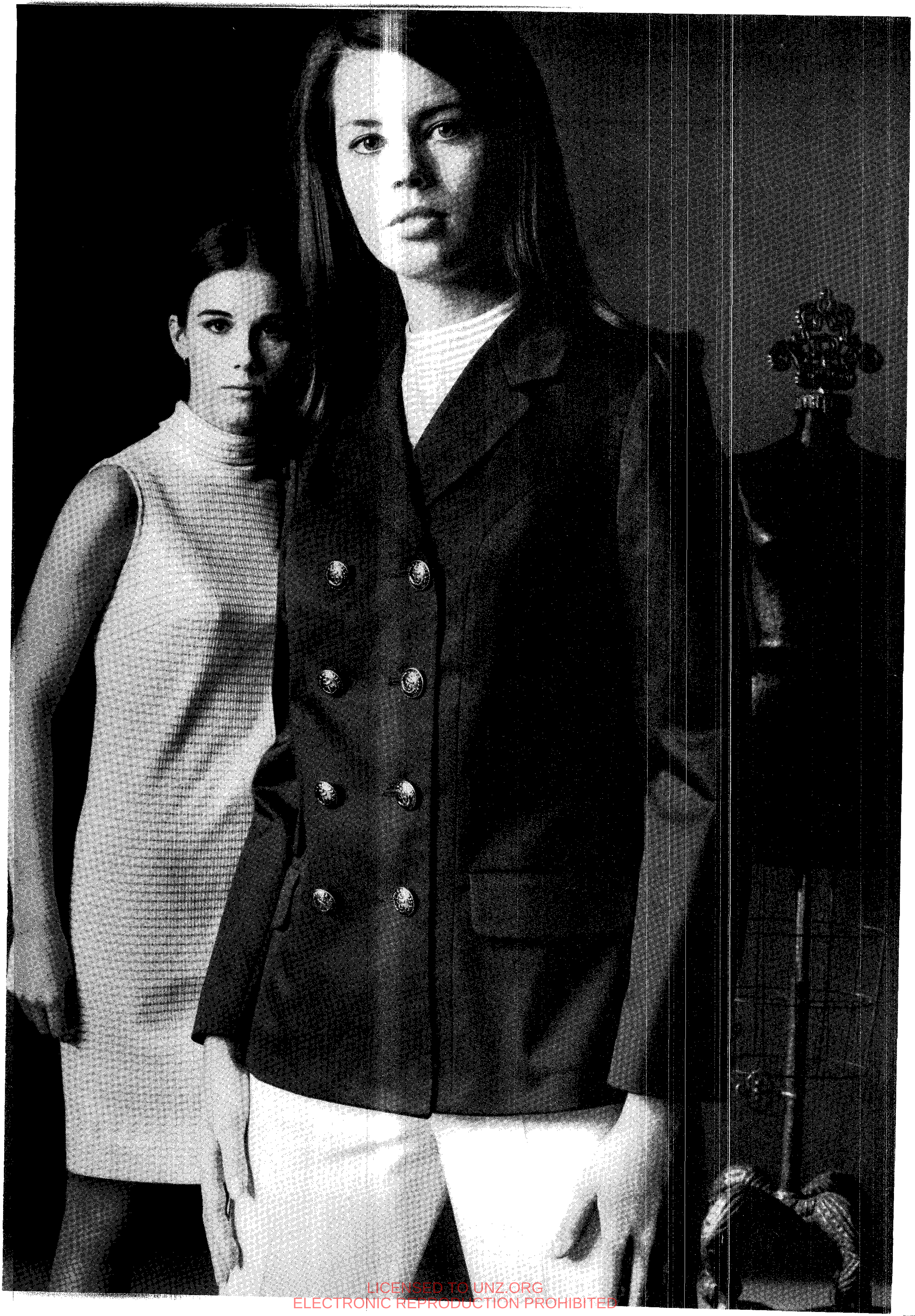

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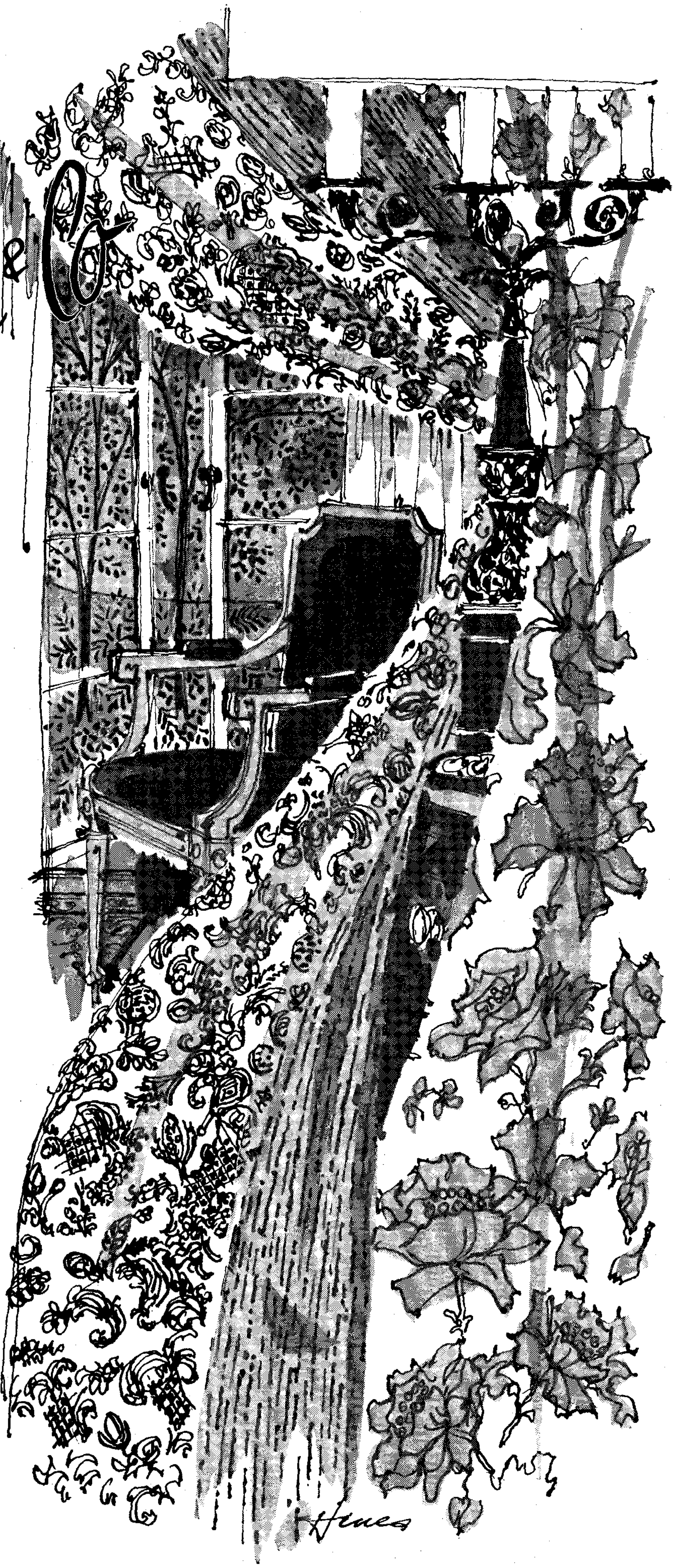

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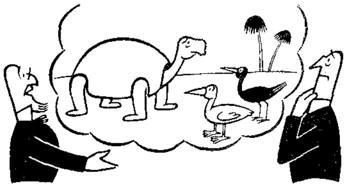
THE NEW YORKER

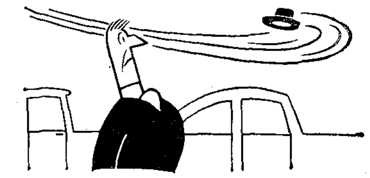
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

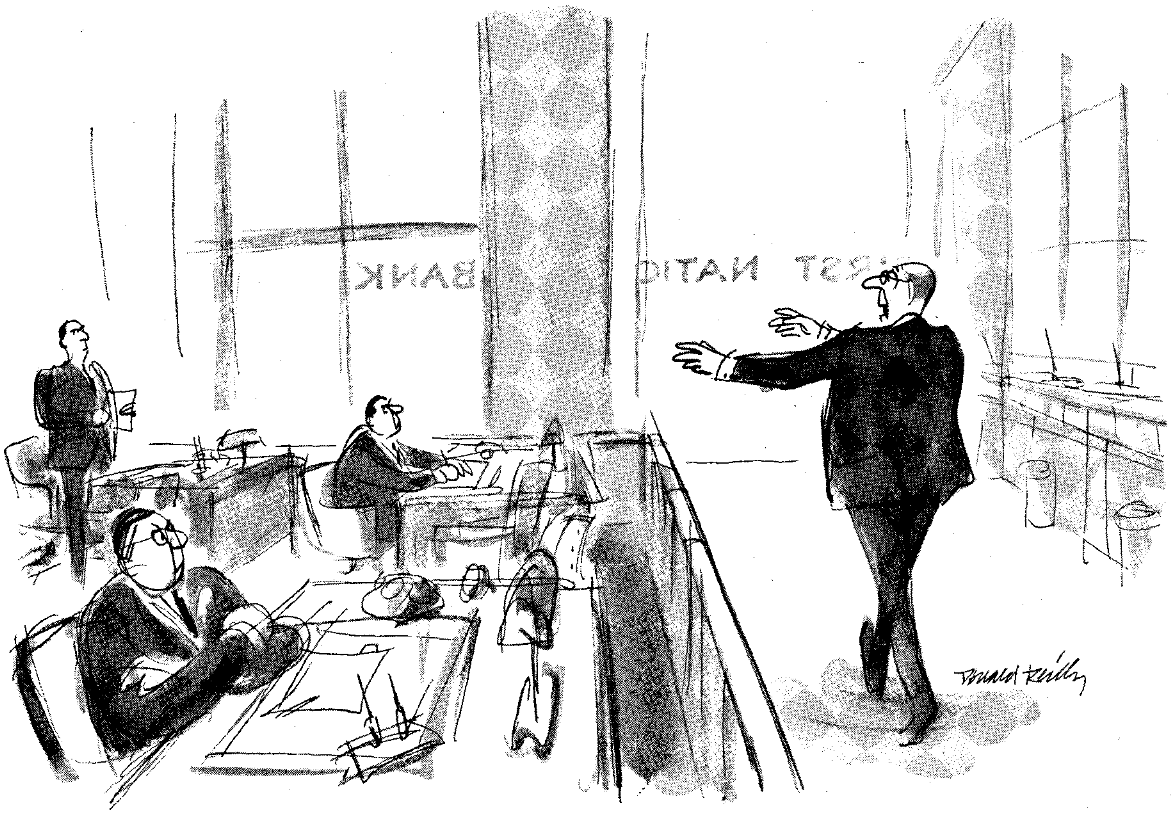
Notes and Comment

NATURALISTS have been sorely harrowed by the news that Great Britain intends to build an airbase on an island of the Aldabra Atoll, in the Indian Ocean. Specialists on evolution, in particular, seem to feel that the consequent annihilation of the island's unique wildlife, which includes giant land tortoises and such birds as the flightless rail and the pink-footed booby, would be a serious loss to everybody. Dr. George Evelyn Hutchinson, a professor of zoology at Yale, has gone as far as to declare that the destruction of Aldabran wildlife would lead to "a permanent gap in our understanding of the living world." For our part, we urge the Professor to cheer up and take a broad view of the matter. The coming decimation of the atoll is itself a splendid specimen of evolution in action, illustrating, as it does, the universal tendency of man's evolving machinery to destroy all forms of life that are less noisy, brutal, and demented than itself. Besides, there may be an easy, modern way to save the wildlife of the atoll. Mr. Oscar Godbout, of the *Times*, in his column "Wood, Field and Stream," recently wrote about another beast in danger of extinction, the grizzly bear, and of the steps that are being taken for its preservation in Colorado. In that state, a sanctuary for the bear has been established in the San Juan Wilderness area. The particular distinction of the Colorado sanctuary is that there are no grizzlies in it. "The last one was killed off long ago, because it conflicted with grazing interests," Mr. Godbout observes. We see no reason New York should lag behind Colorado in the fine, high, witty art of contemporary wildlife management. Since the actual presence of an animal is superfluous to a sanctuary for that animal, the city could easily make a name for itself by declaring the island of Manhattan a refuge for the doomed creatures of Aldabra. The neighborhood of the new Penn Station, for instance, might fittingly be dedicated to the preservation of the flightless rail. The giant land tortoise could be adopted by the Transit Authority, to serve as an inspiration to dispatchers and a check upon any bus drivers who might be tempted toward unseemly haste. And Broadway, of course, is the only logical resort of the pink-footed booby.



AS we reflect upon the winter just past, we are obliged to conclude that weather should not be permitted in the city. Weather is all very well in the country, where there is room for it, but among buildings and pavements it often seems grossly unnatural. A snowstorm, to cite a conspicuous example, completely subverts the urban order of things. The sky of the city is snug, rimmed with masonry, and commonly too modest to contain an entire cloud at a time. Civic disarray begins when, from this trivial patch, a whole grim countryside of snow abruptly descends upon the innocent and astonished streets. Hitherto unregarded manholes signal their whereabouts with jaunty plumes of steam, while motor traffic, the common bully of the town, is utterly put down. The small delivery truck, whose great pleasure in life is to make the slow pedestrian leap for safety at every change of lights, now itself can scarcely budge from the intersection, for all the eager whining of its tires. The most cherished automobiles lose their value as indexes to social standing. One car looks extraordinarily like another when all are glumly creeping about under burdens of snow. In a blizzard, even a gleaming limousine, momentarily fresh from the protection of a garage, looks not impressive but simply out of place, like a butterfly on a snowbank. It is the common bus, fronting the storm with serene, broad brow, that usurps the dignity of the streets. A study of pedestrians reveals a similar inversion. Self-assurance deserts the loveliest of our young ladies as, on fragile shoes, they shrinkingly pick their way through the drifts, for all the world like fastidious kittens crossing a muddy yard. At the same time, an odd new dignity descends upon our sturdy old women. What brings them out into the storm may be nothing more momentous than the need for a new bottle of Mr. Clean, but there is something in their indomitable progress that suggests a search for lost sheep on windswept mountains. Similarly, one observes that it is not the successful executive, the man of substance, who looks most at home on the stormbound sidewalk but, rather, the toddling child who, gripped by the unspeakable optimism of youth, is attacking a continent of snow with a toy shovel. A blizzard takes liberties with gentlemen. At a blustery corner, we saw a gigantic whirlwind snatch the homburg hat from a very stately man. As he looked for it on every side, his independent hat hovered for several seconds some ten feet above his head, and then dashed itself out of shape against a parked car. When last seen, the gentleman was marching away with his ruptured hat in his hand, and the wind in his gray hair gave him the appearance of having just been barbered with a knife and fork. He looked absurd, poor gentleman, but only because his surroundings were alien to him. He was





"All right, fellows, get rid of those sneers. Money is easing."

• •

absurd as a seal is absurd when it plays "Over the Waves" on the horns. To preserve, unspoiled, the accustomed tenor of city life, we ought to allow weather to approach no nearer than the far side of Mamaroneck.

WE city dwellers live in an atmosphere saturated with testimonials. Everywhere we turn, someone is exhorting us to give our approval to this or that object, service, image, or illusion, and often the only reason offered for the superiority of the item in question—whether a brand of processed cheese or a brand of ideology—is that *someone else* has endorsed it already. As an example of how pervasive this kind of thinking can be, we are bombarded each year at this time by a number of editorials in major newspapers and leading journals of opinion which seem to be *endorsing* the advent of spring. We are reminded of such things as vernal equinoxes and the inexorable march of the seasons, and we are exhorted to lift our eyes from the cold slush clogging midtown streets and direct our attention beyond the city limits to where the first crocuses, it is said, are stirring in their mysterious fashion. Speaking just for ourself, we have never really doubted that May and June would follow in all their glory, no matter how nasty March and April might seem. But if testimonials *are* needed to rouse the townsman from hibernation, we can think of nothing more expressive of the power and promise of the season than an article in the March 22nd *Times*. The article described the efforts of a group of teen-agers and post-teen-agers who had kicked various drug habits ("pills, pot, and psychedelics") and were trying to help other young people do the same. One member of the group was quoted as saying that she had recently turned down an invitation from a friend to attend a marijuana party—a gesture of renunciation that she had never before felt strong enough to make. "I can't remember much about last spring, because I was always high on pot or methedrine," she said. "I just decided that I wanted to enjoy spring."

Now—bring on those crocuses!

Vital

A FRIEND of ours had a reservation on a plane for Milwaukee on last week's snowy Wednesday, and, naturally, called the airline to find out whether the flight was on or off. "I will check out this information for you," said a pleasant female voice. A moment later, the voice was back on the line. "Are you travelling with us first-class or economy?" it asked. Our friend was tantalized by the query. Of what possible use was such information, he wanted to know. Did the plane take off and land in separate parts? The voice was not amused. "I cannot possibly answer your question until you have supplied me with the information I have requested," it said, "because until I am provided with such information I do not know which button to push for a reply."

Gronk!

A GIRL dips a potato into a can of blue paint while three young men look on blandly. One of the young men is wearing a crown of tinfoil, another is barefoot, and the hands of the third are covered with wet orange paint. The girl takes the potato out of the blue paint. The young men look at it, shrug, and walk away. Not far off, an Oriental girl in a ski parka approaches a toy horn that is hanging from a string, and blows the horn, producing what sounds like the moo of a soprano cow. We walk past a youth who is tethered to a wall by a piece of gauze, and find our path blocked by a young man who is holding a cup in one hand and a metal staff in the other. His cup is filled with bits of paper, and he stares at us until we pick a scrap of paper from the floor and put it in his cup. He bows and walks off.

It is about four o'clock on a Friday afternoon, and we are standing in the attic of the Journalism Building of Columbia University, witnessing a session of non-verbal communication sponsored by the Social Atmosphere Committee, a student group that has been working for several months to make the campus a more stimulating place. "We're in a big city, where there are plenty of things to do, and, just for that reason, there are very few things to do on campus," a sociology major named Ronald Lane, who is the committee's chairman, explained to us earlier on the telephone. "How is a guy going to meet a girl? There's practically no place on campus where they can meet easily. About all that Columbia and Barnard have are mixers, and they're outdated. At mixers, you go up to a girl and say 'What's your major?' and she says 'History,' and you say 'Mine's sociology' and she says 'Oh,' and you say 'Where are you from?' and she says 'Philadelphia' and you say 'I was in Philadelphia once.' It's all garbage—you're just playing roles. So we thought one thing we could do was get rid of roles altogether. The committee's motto is 'Warmth,' and one way of establishing warmth is through sessions of non-verbal communication. We plan to hold one every few weeks. They're open to all students, and most of those who turn up are strangers to each other. There's only one rule—no talking. And there's no plan; everything is improvised. At the start, it's a little hard to get with it—non-verbal communication is very strange at first—but people are soon caught up in it, and you find yourself doing things you never thought you'd do. I mean, all the normal constraints are off, and everybody becomes a part of what's happening. It's one place where people can enter into each other's fantasy lives. Even if you just sit in a corner, you're part of a shared experience. You begin to see what people are really like."

The attic is about a hundred and twenty feet long and thirty feet wide. Its walls are painted with free-form patterns in reds, blues, and greens. Along one side of the room, the ceiling slopes to meet the floor. Forty or fifty people are wandering about, and though no one speaks, laughter and sounds like "Oooah!" sweep through the room sporadically. Now a girl with long brown hair begins to weave a length of parti-colored cloth among some overhead pipes. We walk past a boy and a girl who are puffing into opposite ends of a cardboard cylinder, and approach a small, closetlike structure with a glass-panelled door. A sign on the door reads "Alienation Booth." Inside the booth stands a young man, looking alienated. On the floor at our feet is a piece of wrapping paper on which someone has scrawled "Non-verbal Communication: Puff! Pffft! Swwp! Gronk!" Just outside the Alienation Booth, a girl in a red turtleneck sweater and a boy in a red checked shirt are swinging an imaginary jump rope. A tousle-haired boy steps forward and begins to jump. The faster they swing, the faster he jumps. A young man walks into the attic carrying an instrument case, sits down near a wall, and takes a trombone from the case. A girl in a black sweater and black trousers gestures toward the trombone. He hands it to her, and she produces some squawks.

We step over a package of dried figs and see that a girl has stuck her head and arms through holes in a piece of plastic foam. Someone is painting designs on her hands. Three more musicians enter, and soon the trombonist, a drummer, an electric-guitar player, and an electric-bass player begin to improvise a kind of Indian raga. A blond girl drapes a piece of green-gold metallic fabric around a slender, dark-haired girl, and the dark-haired girl begins to move in time to the music. A pretty girl in a white dress hands us a stick of burning incense. The girl in the green-gold draperies adjusts them so they will look more like a sari, and a boy paints a red dot in the center of her forehead. She dances more and more sinuously. The young man with the cup and the staff corners us again. This time, his cup contains a round blue object and bears a sign that reads, "Touch the sacred blue egg. Free." We touch the sacred egg, which turns out to be a balloon, and the young man taps our head benevolently with his staff.

The boy in the red checked shirt indicates to the girl in the red turtleneck sweater that she should get into a limp black plastic bass-drum case. She climbs in obediently, and he zips up the case and begins to rock it back and forth. After a few minutes, he unzips the case, and she emerges like a chick from an egg. A crowd applauds.

The boy and the girl walk toward the attic door and step out onto a landing, where verbal communication is permitted. They look at each other, and he says, "How did that feel?"

"Oh, that was great," she says. "That was the best yet."

"Yes," he says. "But I mean how did it *feel*?"

"Well, it felt—it sort of felt—like being in a drum case," she says.

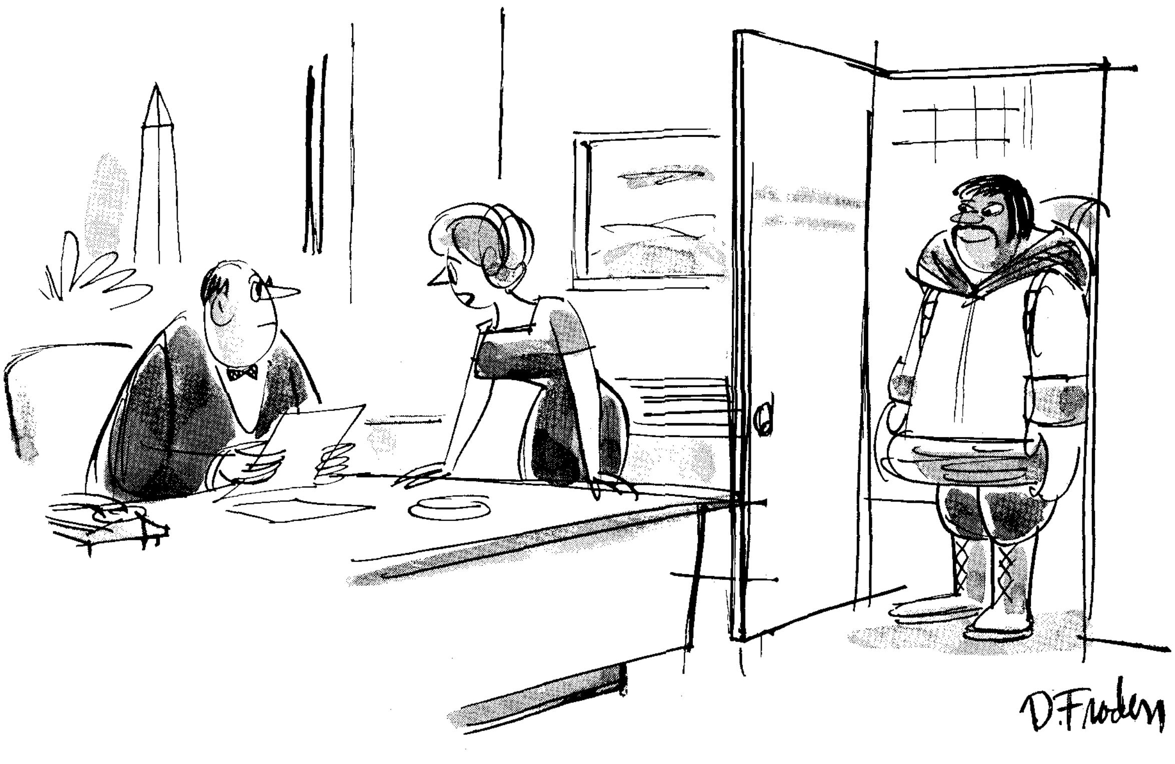
"Oh, by the way," he says, "my name is Bob."

"Mine's Muriel," she says.

He asks, "Would you like to go get some coffee, or something?"

She glances at her wristwatch. "Well, I've got to go soon," she says. "It's getting kind of late."

They return to the attic, where the music has reached a furious tempo. In the center of the room, a boy is being hanged from a rafter by a piece of string. Someone cuts him down. A boy and a girl hold hands stiff-armed to form a simulated pole, and another boy begins to dance the Limbo under the pole. Finally, the dancer falls to the floor. Two boys carry him off, and a mock funeral service begins. The girl in the white dress starts throw-



"He says he brings a peace feeler from Hanoi."

ing Cheerios at us. We catch a few. She laughs. Bob and Muriel pick their coats out of a pile of outer garments near the Alienation Booth and make their way back out to the landing. Bob helps Muriel put her coat on, and they walk down the stairs together, talking.

Assistance

WE are always grateful to the managements of restaurants whose menus helpfully provide English translations of the names of foreign dishes, and we are especially grateful to La Maganette, on Third Avenue, which translates "Saltimbocca alla Romana" as "Roman Salta in Bocca," and to an establishment in Quebec Province that translates "Saumon—sauce Hollandaise" as "Salmon with Dutch gravy."

Representative

JULIAN BOND, the twenty-seven-year-old Negro whom the Georgia legislature twice refused to seat last year, because he supported draft-card burners ("I would not burn my own draft card, but I admire the courage of those who do"), was seated in January by the United States Supreme Court and has just completed the first half of a two-year term of office. When we learned that he was to give a speech at a banquet on behalf of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (S.C.E.F.) at the Roosevelt Hotel the other night, we walked over there to hear what he had to say. We paused in the lobby long enough to pull out our program and read that S.C.E.F. is "the oldest interracial organization at work in the South to end all forms of segregation, discrimination, and injustice," and that it now feels itself challenged by events "to undertake anew the task of changing the mind-set of the white community and organizing at the grass-roots level that coalition of black and white which will have the strength to bring about a truly democratic society." Then we took the stairs to the ballroom, on the mezzanine, where the banquet was being held, and as soon as we entered we spotted the tall young legislator standing in a pool of light and looking handsome and a trifle bored as several men adjusted floodlights for a television news interview. We introduced ourself, and Mr. Bond stepped from behind the lights and told us that this would be his third talk of the day. He said that he had spoken at Cheyney State College, near Philadelphia, and then had appeared on a Philadelphia television program, and that after the S.C.E.F. speech he was going straight to bed, because he had to make a speech in Rhode Island the next day.

"Every weekend has been like this," Mr. Bond said, in a quiet, even voice that had traces of a Southern accent. "My wife, Alice, and our three kids—a girl of four and two boys, one three and the other ten months—haven't been very happy about the trips I've had to take, but I've spoken in cities and towns from Georgia to California."

We asked Mr. Bond if his speeches fell into different categories.

"Two," he answered, with a smile. "That is, I have only two speeches that I give. The one that I give less frequently is about the two movements in this country—civil rights and peace—and how they ought to learn from each other. The other speech is a history of the Movement, which I usually call 'What Next for the Negro?' or 'Civil Rights—1960 to the Present Day,' or something that conveys that general idea."

"What next for the Movement?" we asked.

"The 1965 Civil Rights Bill changed the Movement," Mr. Bond said, without hesitation. "Many people who had previously supported the Movement thought that the passage of that bill meant the job was done. Others did not like the involvement of S.N.C.C., C.O.R.E., S.C.E.F., and S.C.L.C. in the anti-war protests. Then Black Power led to the final falling away. And for the Movement lack of interest is more killing than lack of money."

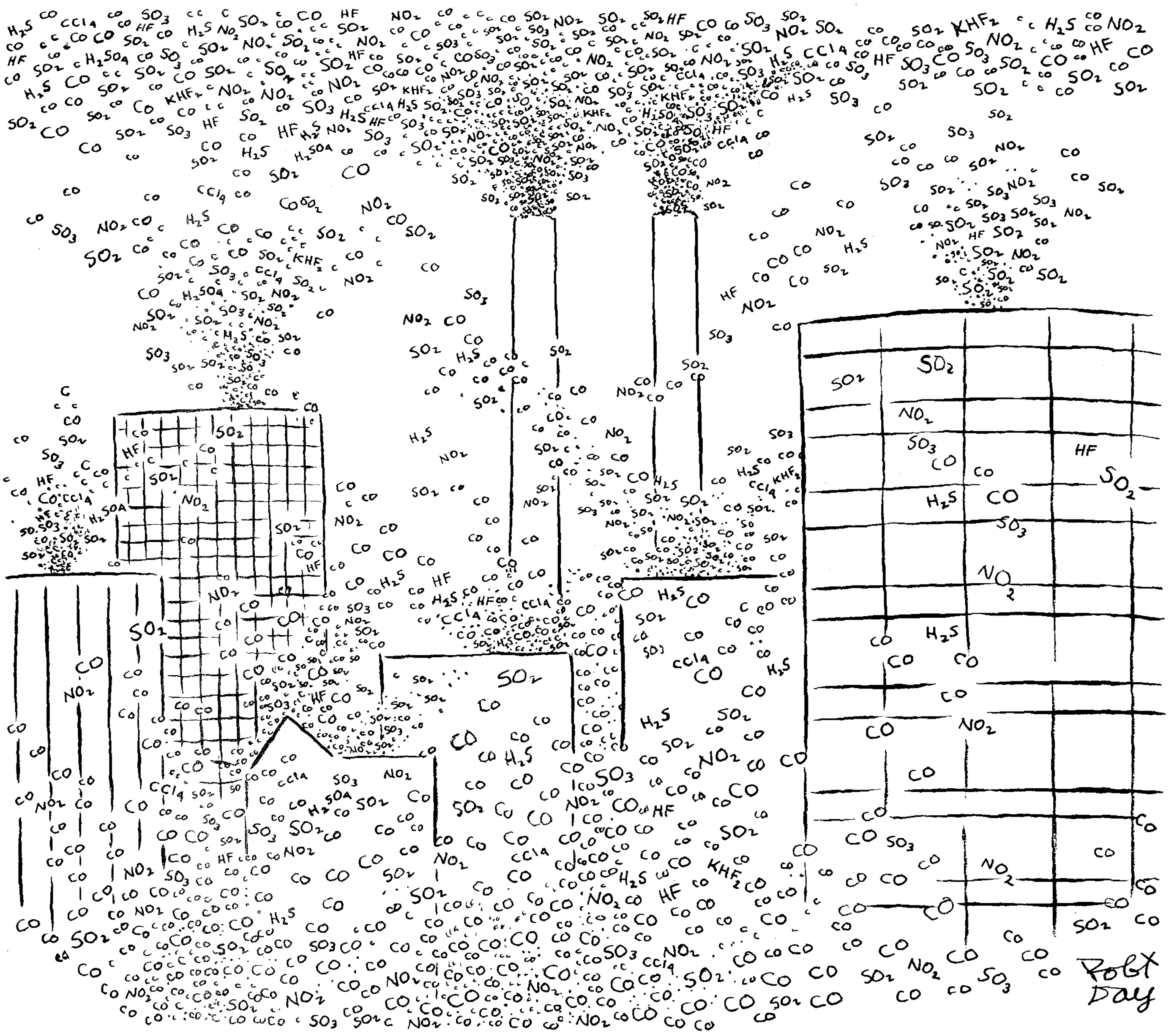
Mr. Bond paused long enough to light a cigarette, and continued, "On the other hand, the Movement people are more interested now in local programs, which don't necessarily make front-page splashes, the way the sit-ins did—things like backing candidates for the Board of Supervisors of Sunflower County, in Mississippi, and getting federal registrars to go there. That's Eastland's county, you know, and there is not one single federal registrar anywhere in it. The Movement used to spend most of its time trying to get federal legislation on housing, voting, and public accommodations. It has come to realize now that laws by themselves are never going to change the face of the country, since even the laws that exist today are not being enforced. That is why the emphasis now is on more local thrust—more contained thrust, if you will."

We asked Mr. Bond about his first session in the Georgia House of Representatives.

"Well, fortunately for me, several of my friends from Fulton County had been seated the year before, and since we are seated according to counties, we were all together," he said. "They kept me filled in. I had campaigned on a promise to introduce a minimum-wage bill for domestic workers, and when I was prevented from taking my seat, Ben Brown, an old friend from the sit-in days, and John Hood, another colleague, introduced it, but it didn't get out of committee. In fact, it barely got into committee. I myself introduced three privileged resolutions, the most radical of which was for official recognition of Negro History Week in Georgia. The others were for recognition of Dr. Benjamin E. Mays on his retirement after twenty-seven years as president of Morehouse College, and for recognition of Morehouse on its hundredth anniversary. My three, along with the hundreds of others for recognition of all kinds of things, passed. One of my biggest problems in the legislature was getting used to the flowery language."

When it was time for Mr. Bond to give his speech at the Roosevelt, we noted an absence of flowery language and a tendency to come straight to the point. He spoke briefly of the National Conference for New Politics and of the need for race consciousness. ("Negroes must not forget race consciousness as long as they are victims of racism," he said.) Then he spoke of the early Negro activists and the heritage of dissent they helped to create in this country. Finally, he made his main point by means of four quotations. The first was from a Negro newspaper of 1842:

> If war be declared, shall we fight with the chains upon our limbs? Will we fight in defense of a government which denies



> us the most precious right of citizenship? . . . We ask these questions. . . . The States in which we dwell have twice availed themselves of our *voluntary services*, and have repaid us with chains and slavery. Shall we a third time kiss the foot that crushes us? . . . No!

Mr. Bond's voice rose, then fell to an even pitch as he introduced his next quotation—from Henry McNeal Turner, one of twenty-seven Negroes who were expelled from the Georgia legislature in 1868:

> The black man cannot protect a country if the country doesn't protect him; and if, tomorrow, a war should arise, I would not raise a musket to defend a country where my manhood is denied. . . . I will say this much to the colored men of Georgia. . . . Never lift a finger nor raise a hand in defense of Georgia, unless Georgia acknowledges *that you are men*, and invests you with the rights pertaining to manhood.

Mr. Bond paused for a moment, then continued with a quotation from a newspaper article by Lewis Douglass, son of Frederick Douglass, written in 1899:

> It is a sorry, though true, fact that wherever this government controls, injustice to dark races prevails. The people of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and Manila know it well, as do the wronged Indian and outraged black man in the United States. . . . The *question will be* asked: How is it that such promises are made to Filipinos thousands of miles away while the action of the administration in protecting dark citizens at home does not even extend to a promise of any attempt to rebuke the outlawry which kills American citizens of African descent for the purpose of gratifying bloodthirstiness and race hatred? . . . It is hypocrisy of the most sickening kind to try to make us believe that the killing of Filipinos is for the purpose of good government and to give protection to life and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Mr. Bond's last quotation was from W. E. B. DuBois, who wrote in 1904:

> I believe in the Prince of Peace. I believe that War is Murder. I believe that armies and navies are at bottom the tinsel and braggadocio of oppression and wrong; and I believe that the wicked conquest of weaker and darker nations by nations white and stronger but foreshadows the death of that strength.

Mr. Bond was quiet for a few seconds, then asked the audience to consider those statements in the light of events today, and sat down.

Identification

A FRIEND of ours, escorting his small son and daughter home from the Central Park Zoo late last Saturday afternoon, called their attention to a distinguished-looking man who was approaching one of the United Nations missions in the neighborhood in full diplomatic fig—silk hat, white tie, and tails. "Golly!" the girl whispered to her brother. "A magician!"

ALICE LONG'S DACHSHUNDS

THE guns clank on the stone, one after the other echoing against the walls outside the chapel, as the men come in for Mass before the shoot. Mamie, whose age is eight years and two months, kneels in the second row from the back, on the right-hand side, near the Virgin, where a warm candle is lit. There is no other warmth. Alice Long is kneeling on a front hassock. Her two brothers from London have come in—tall men in knickerbockers and green wool stockings that stride past Mamie's eyes as she kneels in her place.

Other big men have put their guns against the wall outside the chapel door. The Catholics from the cottages have come in. Everyone except the strangers is praying for more snow and a road blockage to the town, so that poor Alice Long can decently serve roe deer, roe deer, roe deer for all the meals that the London people are going to eat. The woods are cracking alive with roe deer, but meat from the town has got to be paid for with money.

Alice Long is round-shouldered and worried; she is the only daughter of old Sir Martin, and is always addressed, to her face, as Miss Long. Her money is her own, but it goes into the keeping of the House.

Alice Long's two brothers' wives have come into the chapel now. They are the last, because they have to look after their own babies when they get up. Before Mamie's birth, all the babies in the House had nurses. The two wives were differently made from the start, before they became Alice Long's sisters-in-law, and still look so, although their tweed coats were made more alike. One is called Lady Caroline and the other, Mrs. Martin Long, will be Lady Long when old Sir Martin dies and Martin Long comes into the title.

Mamie is watching Lady Caroline through her fingers. Lady Caroline is big and broad, with bobbed black hair under her black lace veil; she doesn't like Alice Long's dogs, and dogs are the only things Alice Long has for herself. Alice Long was made to be kept down by upkeep.

The big clock upstairs chimes seven. The priest comes in and the feet shuffle. Mamie cannot see the altar when everyone is standing. She stares at the candle. The service begins. Will the friends who have come from warm London catch their death of colds?

MAMIE stops in the snow. The ends of the dogs' leashes are wound round her hands in their woollen gloves, three round the right hand and two round the left. She unwinds the leads to give her arms scope, and the dogs take advantage of the few extra inches of freedom, snuffling and wriggling away from Mamie until the leads pull taut. But she works them back, lifting her elbows to cup her hands to her mouth.

"Come out. I can see you."

No reply.

She repeats the words and drops her arms, aching from the weight of straining dogs.

There is a thud of snowfall from the clump of trees. The noise would have been only a little plop had there been any more sound besides that of the snuffling dogs.

She is taking Alice Long's dogs for a walk.

"She'll be glad to, Miss Long," said her mother. "Tomorrow after school. It's a half day."

This morning, her mother said, "Come straight home at two for Alice Long's dogs."

To do so, Mamie has missed her dancing lesson at the convent. She is learning the sword dance. Alice Long had got her into the convent at reduced fees, and even those reduced fees Alice Long pays herself. She likes to keep the Catholic tenants Catholic.

Mamie walks on, satisfied there are no boys behind the trees. She is afraid the boys will find her and tease the dogs, laugh at her, laugh at the little padding, waddling dogs, do them harm before they can be returned to the House.

The snow in the wood is too deep for low-made dogs. Mamie wanders around the edge of the wood, on the crunchy path, with little running steps every now and then as the dogs get the better of her.

"My dachshunds," said Alice Long lovingly.

The country people said to each other, when she was out of sight, "Alice Long has only got her dogs. And all that upkeep."

"Lady Caroline hates dogs."

"No, she only hates dachshunds. German sausages. She likes big dogs for the country."

Alice Long is sitting with her teacup in Mamie's house, which has five rooms plus k.p.b.—standing for kitchen, pantry, and bathroom—and is semi-detached. Next door are Alice Long's Couple. Mamie's father no longer works on the estate but is a foreman in the town at Heppleford and Styles' Linoleum.

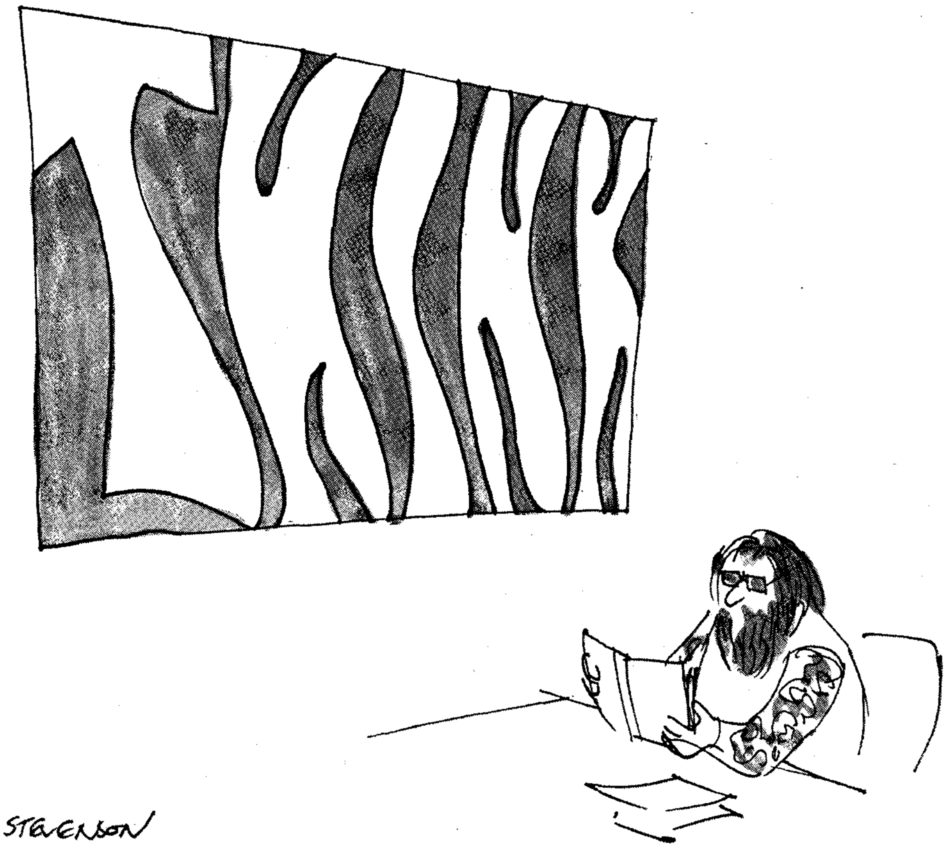
"Lady Caroline can't bear them. They've been locked in the north wing since Friday. I have to keep a fire going. . . ."

"That wing's not heated, of course."

"No. They are freezing and lonely. I keep putting logs on. I get up in the middle of the night to see to the fire."

"They'll be all right, Miss Long."

"They need a good run, that's all. I won't have time for the dogs today. But



the family goes home tomorrow or Wednesday. . . ."

Mamie has taken the dogs out for a run before. She is not allowed to go near the wood but must keep to the inhabited paths that pass the groups of houses on the estate and lead to the shop. Near the shop are usually the children from the village school, throwing snowballs in winter, wheeling bicycles in summer. Mamie has money for toffee and an orange drink. She wanders by the wood.

Her father has been at home for three working days. There is a strike. Alice Long sits downstairs. The father has gone to wait upstairs until she leaves. Then he opens the cupboard door where the television set is placed in a recess formed by the removal of one of the shelves. Alice Long has not seen this television set. The people next door, her Couple, took on a television many years ago, and keep it out in the living room.

Mitzi, Fritzi, Blitzi, Ritzi, and Kitzy.

"*Alice Long's dogs are all she's got to herself.*"

The dogs go about together and sometimes all answer at once when Alice Long calls one of their names. Mamie does not know them apart. They vary slightly in size, fatness, and in the black scars on their brown coats.

The path has become a ridge of frozen earth where the field has been plowed right up to the verge of the wood. The daylight is turning blue with cold while Mamie struggles with the leads. One gum boot digs deep in a furrow and the other stabs to keep its hold on the ridge. The dogs snuffle each other and snort steam. They strain toward the wood, and Hamilton is suddenly there—Alice Long's gamekeeper, coming out of the trees, tall and broad, with his gray mustache and deep-pink face. He looks at Mamie as if to say, "Come here." The dogs fuss round him, cutting into her gloves.

Mamie says, "I've got to go that way," pointing down toward her home across the field.

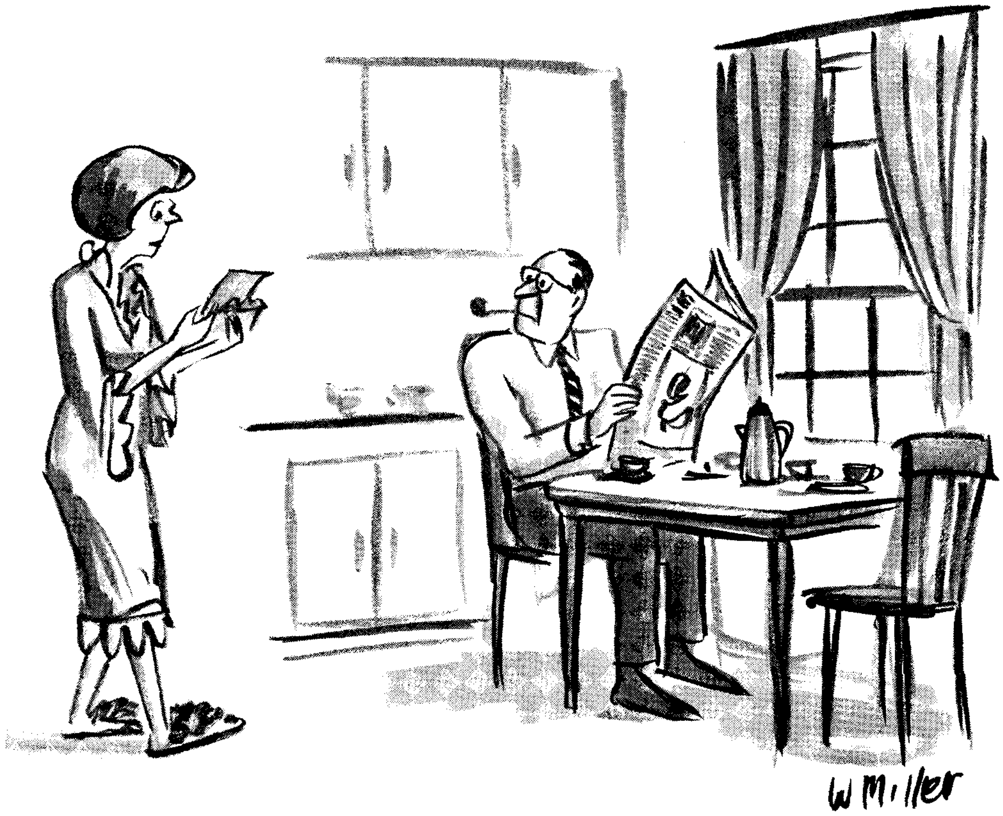
"I'll see you back at the House," he says, and stoops back into the wood, examining the undergrown branches.

Hamilton looks after old Sir Martin when he becomes beyond a woman's strength.

"*I'm afraid my father is not very well anymore.*"

"*I don't know how you do it, Miss Long.*"

Mamie's mother says that anybody else but Alice Long would have put the old man away.



"*Oh dear! It's from your alma mater. The classes from '32 through '36 are being recalled, owing to faculty incompetence during that period.*"

• •

Hamilton sees to the boilers that heat the heated wing. He has too much to do to air the dogs regularly.

"*Without Hamilton, I don't know what we should do. Before your husband left us, we had it easier.*"

Mamie has turned away from the wood. She has taken the path to the houses, looking back all the time to see whether Hamilton is following her with his eyes, those eyes that are two poached eggs grown old, looking at her every time he sees her.

She takes the footpath on the main road. The dogs are trotting now. A car passes, and a delivery van from the grocer's shop in the town. She clutches the leads.

"*Don't let one of them get run over. Alice Long would be up to ninety-nine.*"

She presses, at the sharp bend, into the high white bank which touches again on the wood, while a very big lorry, carrying sacks of coal, creeps fearfully around as if bewaring of the dogs.

BUMP on her shoulder, then bump on her cap come the snowballs. The boys are up there on the bank. She turns and looks quickly and sees parts of children ducking out of sight with short, laughing squeals. There are two girls with the boys; she has seen their hair. One of the girls wears the dark-blue convent cap.

"Connie, come down!"

"It isn't Connie," Gwen's voice answers.

Gwen should be at the dancing class. She is learning to do the sword dance with Mamie.

A snowball falls on the road and bursts open. There is no stone inside it. The dogs are yelping now, pelted with snowballs. They are up to ninety-nine, not used to this.

Mamie drags them round the corner and starts to run. The children scramble down after her and catch up. She recognizes them all. She tries to gather up some snow, but it is impossible to make and throw a ball with the leads around her gloves.

"Where are you going with those dogs?" says a boy.

"To the shop, then up to the House."

"They look dirty."

Gwen says, "Do you like those dogs?"

"Not all of them together."

"Let them run loose," says the other girl. "It's good for them."

"No."

"Come on and play."

She is scrambling up the bank, while

"I wish there was a better way to make a buck."

everyone is trying to pull the dogs up by their leads or push them up by their bottoms.

"Lift them up. You'll throttle them!"

"Let go the leads. We'll take one each."

"No."

Up on the bank, Mamie says, "I'll tie them to that tree." She refuses to let the leads out of her own hands, but she permits two of the boys to make the knots secure, as they have learned to do in the Scout Cubs.

Then it is boys against girls in a snow fight, with such fast pelting and splutters from drenched faces, such loud shrieks that the dogs' coughing and whining can scarcely be heard. When it is time to go, Mamie counts the dogs. Then she starts to untie them. The knots are difficult. She calls after one of the boys to come and untie the knots, but he does not look around. Gwen returns; she stands and looks. Mamie is kneeling in the slush, trying.

"How do you untie these knots?" All the leads are mixed up in a knotted muddle.

"I don't know. What's their names?"

"Mitzi, Fritzi, Blitzi, Ritzi, and Kitzy."

"Do you know one from the other?"

"No."

Mamie bends down with her strong teeth in the leather. She has loosened the first knot. All the knots are coming loose. She gets her woollen gloves on again and starts to wind the leads around her hands. One of them springs from her grasp, and the little dog scuttles away into the wood among the old wet leaves, so that it seems to slither like a snake on its belly with its cord bouncing behind it.

"Mitzi! Kitzy! Blitzi!"

The dog disappears and the four in hand are excited, anxious to be free and warmed up, too.

"Catch him, Gwen! Can you see him? Where is it? Mitzi-mitzi-mitzi! Blitzi-blitzi!"

"I've got to go home," Gwen says. "You shouldn't have stopped to play."

Gwen is Sister Monica's model pupil for punctuality, neatness, and truthfulness. Mamie has no ground to answer Gwen's reproach as the girl starts to clamber down the bank.

The wood is dark and there is no sound of the dog. Mamie squelches with the four dogs among the leaves and snow lumps. "Fritzi-fritzi-fritzi mitzi!" A bark, a yap, behind her. Again a yap-yap. She turns and finds the dog tied once more to a tree. Hamilton? She peers all around her and sees nobody.

She should be hurrying toward the drive, but she is too tired to hurry. The Lodge gates are still open, although the sky looks late. The lights are on in the Lodge, which has been let to new people from Liverpool for their weekends. They are having a long weekend this time. A young woman comes out to her car as Mamie comes in the gateway with the five dogs.

"Goodness, you're wet through!"

"I got in a snowdrift."

"Hurry home then, dear, and get changed."

MAMIE cannot hurry. She is not very well anymore, like old Sir Martin. She is not very real anymore. The color of the afternoon seems strange and the sky is banked with snowdrifts. She runs in little spurts only in obedience to the pull of the dogs. But she draws them as tight as she can and plods in the direction of the House. She turns to the right when she reaches the wide steps and the big front doors. Around to the right and into the yard, where Hamilton's door is. She tries to open his door. It is locked. To pull the bell would require raising her arm, and she is too tired to do so. She tries to knock. The dogs are full of noise and anxiety, are scratching the door to get inside. She looks at them and with difficulty switches those leads in her right hand to her left, winding them round her wrist, since the hand is already full. While she knocks with her free hand at the door, she realizes that she has noticed something. There are only four dogs now. She counts—one, two, three, four. She counts the leads—one, two, three, four. She looks away again and knocks. It has not happened. Nothing has happened. It is not real. She knocks again. Hamilton is coming.

"Their food's in there," Hamilton says, not looking at the dogs but opening the door that leads from his room to another, more cluttered room. He lets the dogs scuttle in to their food without counting them. He does not remove their leads but throws them onto the floor to trail behind them. Finally, he shuts the inner door on them. He sits down in his chair and looks at Mamie as if to say, "Come here."

"I've got to go home."

"You're wet through. Get dry by the fire a minute. I'll get you a lift home."

"No, I'm late."

He pats his knee. "Sit here, dearie, lass." He has a glass and a bottle by him. "I want to give you a drop. Come on. I don't want sex."

She perches on his lap. He has not counted the dogs. Alice Long will be up to ninety-nine, but it's Hamilton's fault from now. Hamilton has taken the dogs.

"Now sip."

She recognizes whiskey.

"Take a good swallow."

He gives her a lemon drop to hide her breath, then gives her a kiss on her mouth while she is still sucking the sweet.

"I'm going now. I hope the dogs are all right."

"Oh, the dogs, they're all right."

He takes her hand and goes to find one of the workmen who are mending the House. Alice Long is not home yet from her meeting, and she will not miss the workman for a few minutes.

Mamie climbs into the foreman's car beside the workman. The seat is covered with white dust, but she does not brush it off the seat before sliding onto it. Her clothes will be spoiled. She feels safe beside the driver. The whiskey has given her back a real afternoon.

"What's the time, please?" she asks.

"About twenty past four."

The man backs and turns. Hamilton has gone into his quarters. The car skirts the House, turning by the large new clearing where, in the summer, the tourists' coaches come.

"You can't get many up here in Northumberland. They all swarm to the old houses in the South. Here, it's out of the way. . . ."

"Well, it's an experience for those who do come, Miss Long. Especially the Catholics."

The House was once turned into a hospital for the wounded English soldiers after the Battle of Flodden, which the English won.

The House was a Mass center at the times of the Catholic Persecution. Outside the armory, there is a chalice in a glass case dating from Elizabethan times. It has been sold to a museum, but the museum allows the family to keep it at the House during Sir Martin's lifetime. Mamie has been inside the priest hole, where the priests were hidden when the House was searched for priests; they would sometimes stay there several days. The hole is a large space behind a panel that comes out of the wall, up among the attics. You can stand in the priest hole and look up at the beams, where, in those days, food was always stored in case of emergency.

The workmen are mending the roof.

"Did you see the priest hole?" Mamie feels talkative.

"What's that?"

"A place where the priests used to hide, up in the roof. It's historic. Haven't you seen it?"

"No, but I seen plenty dry rot up there in that roof."

The gates are closed. The man gets out to open them; then he drives off again.

Is it possible that one of the dogs is lost? Mamie is confused. There must have been five. I found the lost one, tied to the tree. But then she sees herself again counting them outside Hamilton's door. One, two, three, four. Only four. No, no, no, it's not real. Hamilton has taken the dogs. It's for him to count.

The workman says, "Do you like the Beatles?"

"Oh, yes, they're great. Do you like them?"

"So-so. I'd like just one day's earnings that the Beatles get. Just one day. I could retire on it."

Sister Monica has said that there is no harm in the Beatles, and then Mamie felt indignant because it showed Sister Monica did not properly appreciate them. She ought to lump them together with things like whiskey, smoking, and sex; the Beatles are quite good enough to be forbidden.

"I like dancing," Mamie says.

"Rock-'n'-roll stuff?"

"Yes, but at school we only get folk dancing. I'm learning the sword dance. It's historic in the Border country."

ALL the rest of the week, she hurries home from school to see if Alice Long has been to see her mother about the missing dog.

I counted. One, two, three, four. But I had five when I left the wood. I brought five out of the wood, and up the hill. I had five at the Lodge. I must have had. . . .

Alice Long will be up to ninety-nine. She will come to Mamie's house to make inquiries:

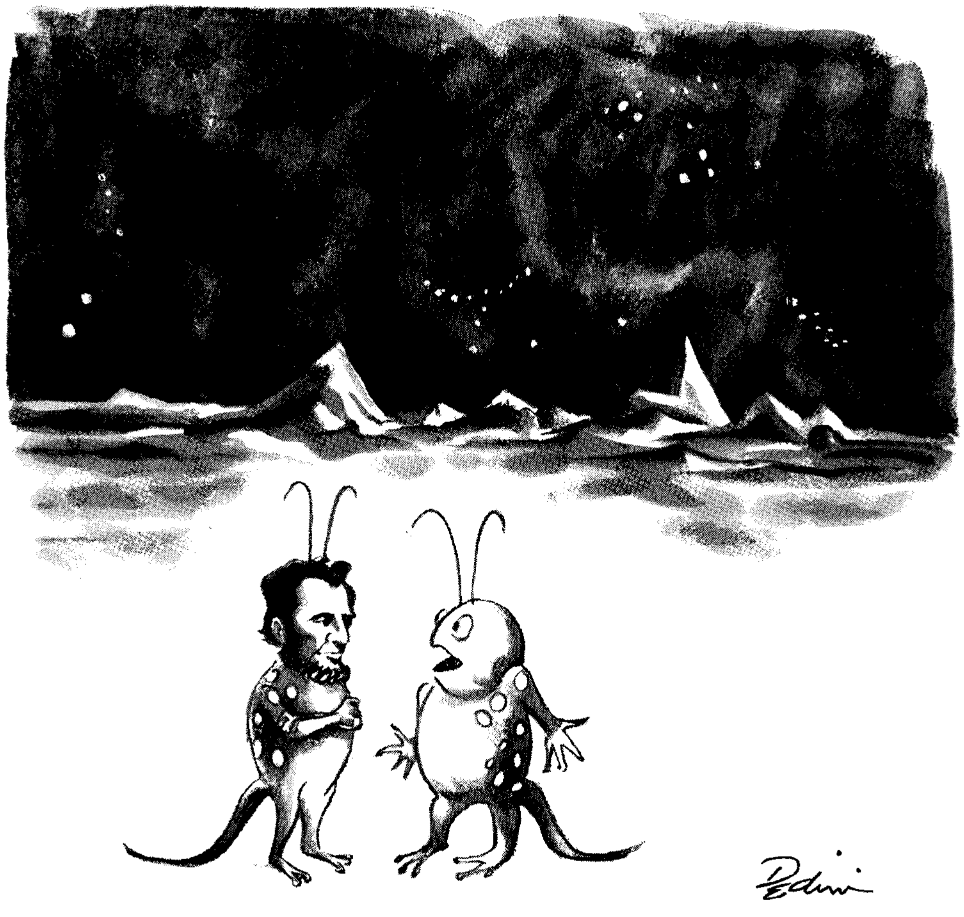
"Hamilton says she only brought four. . . .

"Hamilton says he didn't count them, he just took the leads from her hand. . . .

"Hamilton must have been drinking and let one of them slip out of the door. . . .

"I've only just counted them. One must have been missing since Monday. When Mamie . . ."

By Friday, Alice Long has not come. Mamie's mother says, "Alice



"I don't know. You're just different. I could never be as great a guy as you are."

Long hasn't dropped in. I must take a pie up to the House on Monday and see what's doing."

On Sunday afternoon, Alice Long's car stops at the door. "Come in, Miss Long, come in. Have you no family down this weekend?"

Mamie's father shuts away the television, puts on his coat, says good afternoon, and goes upstairs.

Alice Long sits trembling on the sofa beside Mamie while her mother puts on the tea.

She says, "It's Hamilton."

"The same thing again?"

"No, worse. A tragedy." Alice Long shuts her lips tight and pats Mamie's hair. Her hand is shaking.

"Mamie, go out and play," says her mother.

When Alice Long has driven her car away, Mamie comes in with the ends of her skipping rope twined around her gloves. Her father comes down, takes off his coat, and opens up the television. "Oh, don't turn it on," says her mother, in anguish.

Mamie eats some of the remnants of cake and sandwiches while she listens.

"Hanging in the priest hole—all of them. She looked for them all night. Hamilton's gone, cleared off. It's the drink. The police have got a warrant out. They were found hanged on the beams after Mass this morning. Didn't I say poor Alice Long was looking bad at Mass? I thought it must be her father again. But she'd been up all night looking for the dogs, and at Mass she still didn't know where they were. It was after Mass they found them, herself and Mrs. Huddlestone. Think of the sight! Five of them hanging in a row. Poor little beasts. Hamilton disappeared yesterday. They'll get him, though, just wait."

"He's a bit of a lunatic," Mamie's father says.

"Lunatic! He's vicious. He ought to be hung himself. They were all Alice Long had. But he'll be caught!"

Her father says, "I doubt it. Not Hamilton. Even the roebuck called him Pussyfoot." He laughs at his own joke. Her mother turns away her head.

Mamie says, "How many were hanging in the priest hole?"

"All of them in a row."

"How many?"

"Five. You know she had five. You took them out, didn't you?"

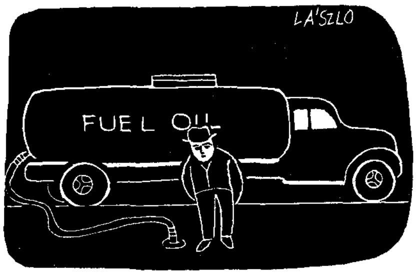
Mamie says, "I was only wondering if there was *room* for five in the priest hole. Did she really say there were five? It wasn't four?"

"She said all five of them. What are you talking about, no room in the priest hole? There's plenty room. He'd have killed six if she'd had six. She was so good to him."

"A shocking affair," says her father.

Mamie feels weightless as daylight. She waves her arms as if they are freed of a huge harness.

"Five of them." I counted wrong. I didn't lose one. There were five.



She skips over to fetch the shining brass pokers from the fender and places them crisscross on the linoleum to practice her sword dance. Then she starts to dance, heel-and-toe, heel-and-toe, over-and-across, one-two-three, one-two-three. Her mother stands amazed and is about to say stop it at once, this is no time to practice, children have no heart, Alice Long pays your school fees and I thought you loved animals. But her father is clapping his hands in time to her dancing—one-two-three, heel-and-toe, hand-on-hip, right-hand, left-hand, cross-and-back. Then her father starts to sing as well, loudly, tara rum-tum-tum, tara rum-tum-tum, clapping his hands while she dances the jig, and there isn't a thing anyone can do about it.

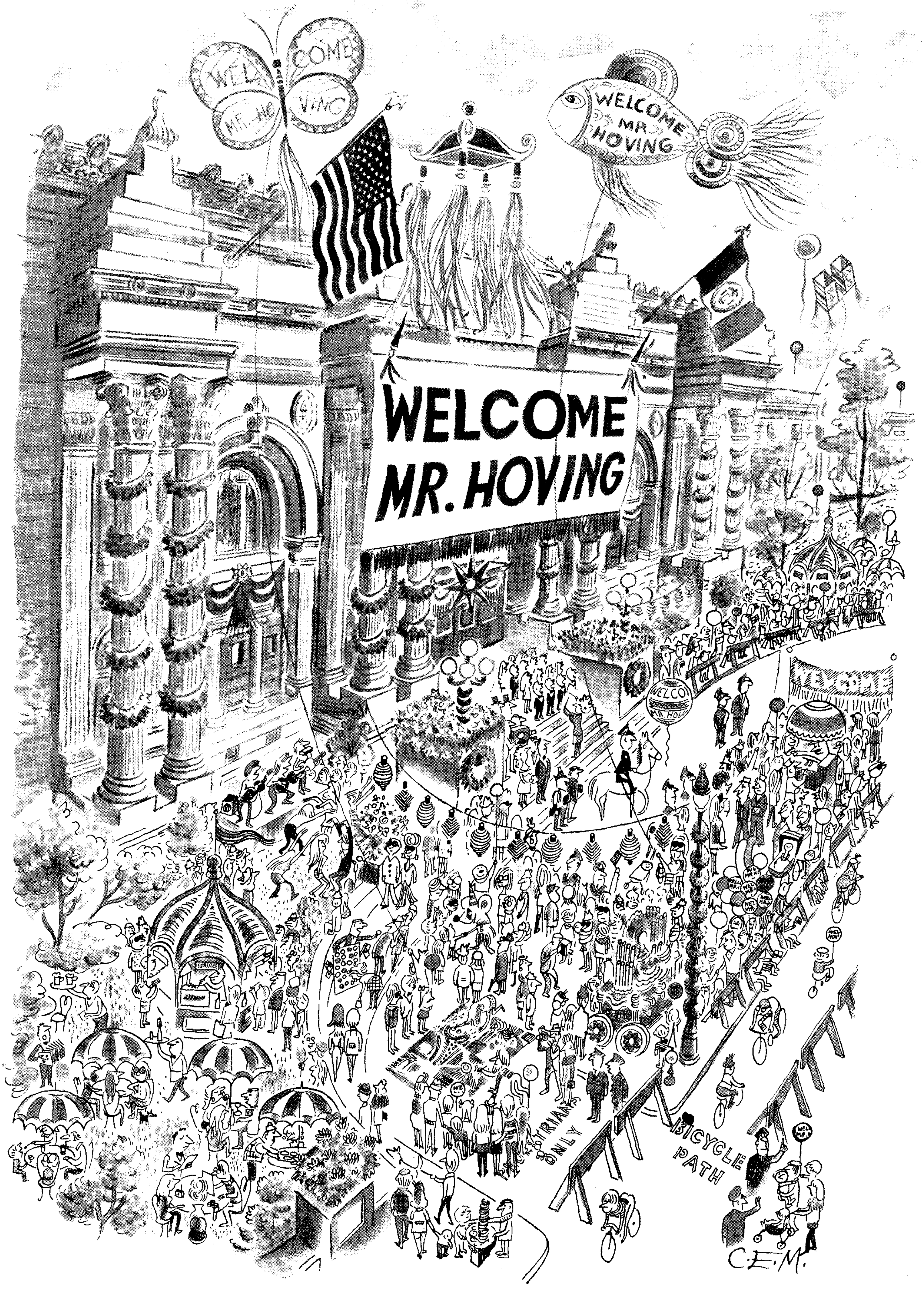
—Muriel Spark

ILL MET BY ZENITH

Like Stephen Vincent Benét, I have fallen in love with American names;
Indeed, I even go so far as to call our own Tems the Thames.
Why, then, am I saddened by the appearance of so many American names on the roster of the Metropolitan Opera?
Well, not because I am as flighty as a butterfly, flutteriest member of the order of Lepidopera.
No, it is because of my affection for the gentle dean of opera commentators, Milton Cross,
Without whose sonorous Saturday synopses my radio during the singing season would be a total loss.
Here is the ultimate interpreter of a libretto,
A man who can get two "r"s and three "t"s into his pronunciation of "Rigoletto,"
A host both knowledgeable and suave,
Impeccable in his differentiation between the Italian "c" and double "c" as in his virtuosity with German "*achs*" and umlauts, and French nasals and accents both *aigus* and *graves*.
He savors each name like a vintage rare and mellow;
I love to taste with him such delectabilities as Loretta Di Franco, Raina Kabaivanska, Gabriella Tucci, Biserka Cvejic, Gabor Carelli, Pekka Nuotio, Arturo Sergi, Anselmo Colzani, Mario Sereni, Tito Gobbi, Elfego Esparza, Cesare Siepi, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello.
I adore with him the exotic bouquet of other labels that the Metropolitan cellars have a prodigious store of,
Such as Ludmila Dvorakova, Lili Chookasian, Ruza Pospinov, Gaetano Bardini, Carlo Bergonzi, Flaviano Labò, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and, of course, Nicola Ghiuselev and Nicolai Ghiaurov.
An easy chair, an open fire, a radio tuned to an opera with a cast of foreign artists, and Maestro Cross in there really giving—
Boy, that's living!
But, O Beverly Bower, O Phyllis Curtin, O Grace Bumbry, Jean Fenn, Laurel Hurley, Shirley Love, Nell Rankin, Nancy Williams, and Evelyn Lear,
I grant that each of you is a delight to hear,
And O James King, Jess Thomas, William Walker, Robert Merrill, Richard Tucker, William Dooley, George London, Jerome Hines, and Norman Scott,
I grant that each of you is an artiste supreme—but names worthy of my idol's talents you have not!
O Rudolf Bing,
When casting, remember one thing:
None does more than Milton can
To justify the Met to man.

—Ogden Nash

• •


WEL COME MR. HO VING
WELCOME MR. HOVING
WELCOME MR. HOVING
WELCO MR. HOV
SERVICE
STRIANS ONLY
BICYCLE PATH
C.E.M.

THE PRACTITIONER

THE Tonk woman was already sitting on the cliff, feeding her dragons, but Ravu did not know that yet. Not specifically. But his senses warned him, with an odd electric tingle, that something was amiss, and as he offered the candy jar to his final patient of the day, a brooding, optimistic old woman in the throes of a hysterical pregnancy, he looked forward to the summons with a mixture of nervousness and exhilaration. The woman said goodbye and left, holding her belly covetously, her mouth full of sherbet bomb. Ravu, the Medical Practitioner on the island of Tofua, locked the dispensary cupboard, which was sometimes burgled for opium, and let himself out into the muted island dusk. This was the hour for legends. As he strolled by the cooking fires and answered the villagers' courteous greetings, he saw men reclining with their heads in their women's laps and heard them composing complex morality tales about their favorite navigators—Vasco da Gama, Captain James Cook, and Eric the Red, who liked to sit around on the poop of their heavenly caravel sipping Panther's Breath and advising the Holy Ghost on naval matters.

Ravu paused at the Orator's clapboard office in the center of the village and put his head in the window. "It's six-thirty," he said. "You coming for a drink?"

"Just you try and stop me," said the Orator, leaving his desk with alacrity and kicking the door shut behind him. "My place or yours?"

"I don't mind," said Ravu. "Mine, then."

Ravu had been back on Tofua for only three months after an absence of five years in Fiji, where he had studied medicine. He and the Orator, drawn together by their youth, their overseas education, and the positions of authority to which they had returned—the Orator as Government Administrator, Ravu as Medical Officer—usually shared a pre-dinner beer.

"Have you been called out tonight?" asked the Orator.

"No," said Ravu. "But I shall be. A woman, I suspect, though I can't be sure."

The Orator glanced at him without surprise, and they walked on through a plantation of young palms. Three nuns from the Australian mission glided from the trees. They wore white habits and carried gaudy towels slung about their shoulders. "Bonza night for a swim," said the leading one as they took the path to the beach.

"Yes indeed," said the Orator. He winked at Ravu and lit a cigarette. The smoke trailed after them, pale and tenuous in the clear evening air. "Know what I spent the whole morning doing?" the Orator said. "Explaining to a bushman what snow was. He'd heard a rumor about it somewhere and tracked all the way in from the South Headland to ask me."

"The *whole* morning?" murmured Ravu, frowning pedantically. The Orator, like most Tofuans, was given to instinctive exaggeration, but Ravu had been taught at the Fiji medical school to respect facts. It had been rough going at first, but by training him to recognize and label symptoms his instructors had finally forced the message home. "I suggest we clarify that a little," he said.

"O.K.," said the Orator, with a mock hunted look. "Ten minutes."

"*I've* never seen snow," said Ravu as they mounted the steps of his bungalow. "But I will one day. I want to study Ear, Nose, and Throat in Sweden. Don't they have it there?"

"Tons of it," said the Orator, groping for a chair in the darkness. He jumped as a small boy emerged from the shadows and knelt shyly.

"I have come for the Practitioner," the boy said. "The radio in his dispensary is talking."

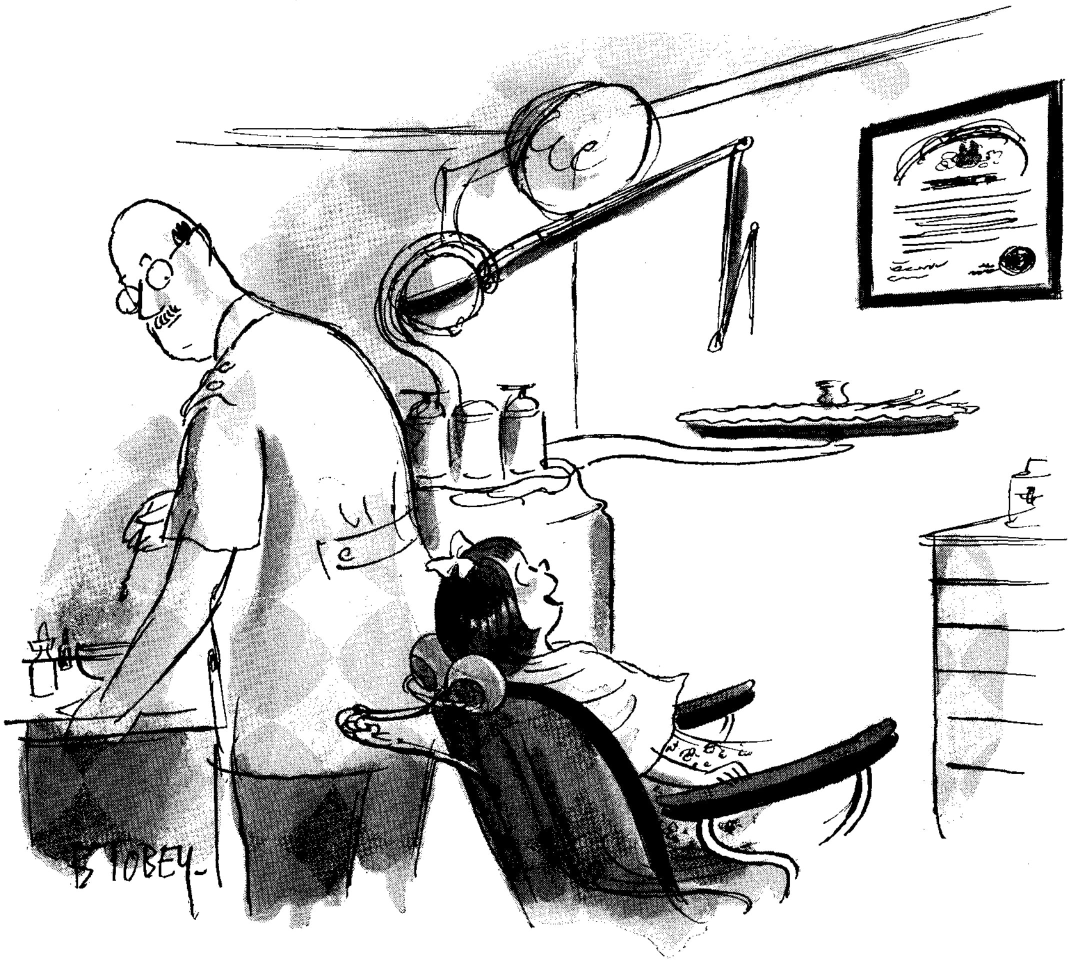
"We're in business," said Ravu, and descended the steps three at a time.

The Orator lit a candle and went to the kitchen to find lemonade for the boy. Awed, he watched the child effortlessly knock back three tumblerfuls, and then Ravu reappeared with his emergency bag. "Joske's Point," he panted, and dispatched the boy to Mozart Bay to alert the government boatman.

"It was a man called Sam Matua," Ravu said in an uneasy voice. "Do you know him?"

"He's a pearl diver," said the Orator. "Lives out on the point, with a Tonkinese woman."

She's the one I have to see," said Ravu. "He said she was about to destroy him. 'Is she



"Do you want to hear me recite your diploma with my eyes closed?"

"Concept . . . generalization . . . articulation . . . conclusion!"

going to shoot you or something?' I asked, but he said, 'No, no, it is worse than that. Come quick and bring your needles.' Maybe you'd better come along, too."

"O.K.," said the Orator. "I'm willing."

Ravu grabbed sweaters for both of them, for the evenings were cool on the water, and they jogged down the path to the sea.

THE government launch was an ex-New Zealand Air Force crash boat, which once had been capable of thirty-five knots but now, owing to the corrosive air of the tropics, could barely hold its own against a canoe under full sail. The boatman, a cynic named Udder, was waiting at the jetty and welcomed them aboard with a grunt. He started the engine and cast off the lines. The Orator said, "I shall steer. I must keep my hand in."

"Do not strike the reef," said Udder, "or I shall lose my pension." He drew a box of matches from his pocket and went forward to light the port and starboard running lights.

Ravu settled himself comfortably in an old wicker armchair in the cockpit and put his feet up on the gunwale. He put the Tonkinese woman from his mind and sighed with pleasure as the launch slipped through the passage and dipped her flared bows into the first of the easy Pacific swells. Looking back at his island, humped against the stars, he gave it a fond and proprietary nod. Ages ago, his Jesuit teacher, interested in this youth who used to nick the veins of sick bulls to check that their blood was still circulating, had sent him to Fiji to take the abbreviated medical course offered to islanders. Ravu had played the maracas in the hospital band, shared digs with a Samoan who secretly believed in acupuncture, and eventually passed his finals without distinction. He sailed for home brooding on the wisdom of having done medicine, but on arrival his self-respect flowered like a bursting bud. Here he was both a Tofuan *and* a doctor, and thus unique. He developed ambition, a steely and uncompromising attitude toward death, and a beautifully lugubrious professional manner, which both he and his patients found eminently satisfying. Now he fell into a light doze as the boat, moving round the east coast of the island, rolled in a beam sea that was as familiar to him as his own bed.

"There's a light on Joske's Point," Udder called at last.

"I see it," said the Orator. Soon he cut the engine and drifted the craft up toward the lee of a high, rocky bluff. Udder jumped down on the minuscule beach, hooked the anchor to a banyan tree, and at once lay down on the sand, wrapping himself in an old blanket.

Sam Matua, bearing a flickering hurricane lantern, appeared from the gloom. "Is it you, Practitioner?" he called.

"Yes," replied Ravu, "and the Orator has come with me."

"You are both welcome aboard," said the pearl diver, who liked to address visitors in the swanky, rather naval manner he had picked up while serving as a prewar mess boy aboard a government tug. He held the lantern up to their faces and stared. They, in turn, saw a small, weatherbeaten man of uncertain age, with eyes that were pink and slightly bulbous from a lifetime in the sea. "I regret there is no time for chitchat, for the moment of doom is almost upon us," he said, and led them briskly up a steep path to a bamboo hut set in a palm grove. "She is over there," he said, nodding into the darkness.

Ravu flashed his torch and saw the Tonkinese woman, in black silk pajamas, sitting cross-legged on the crest of the steep cliff. She was facing seaward, clasping a battered B.O.A.C. flight bag. "Is she going to jump?" he asked with some alarm.

"Oh, possibly," said Matua, impatiently. "But it's the *bag* that concerns me. The damn thing is a quarter full of pearls—my finest unsold specimens from a lifetime's diving. She threatens to take it with her, and the water is very deep just there." He lowered his voice. "I think her mind may be addled. These Tonk ladies have very weak heads, you know."

They stood irresolute. "Well?" said the Orator to Ravu.

The Practitioner shrugged and turned his torch on the patient again. "Perhaps we could rush forward and grab her," he said.

"She is very whippy," warned Matua. "And such an action would doubtless make her jettison the valise."

"What you really need," complained Ravu, "is a cop. I don't know why the hell you called me."

"Because of your good name, sir," said the pearl diver. He picked up the emergency bag and said, "Here. You will need your tools."

"Put that down," snapped Ravu, and set off slowly toward the woman. When he was near her, he said, "I am the Practitioner. May I sit?"

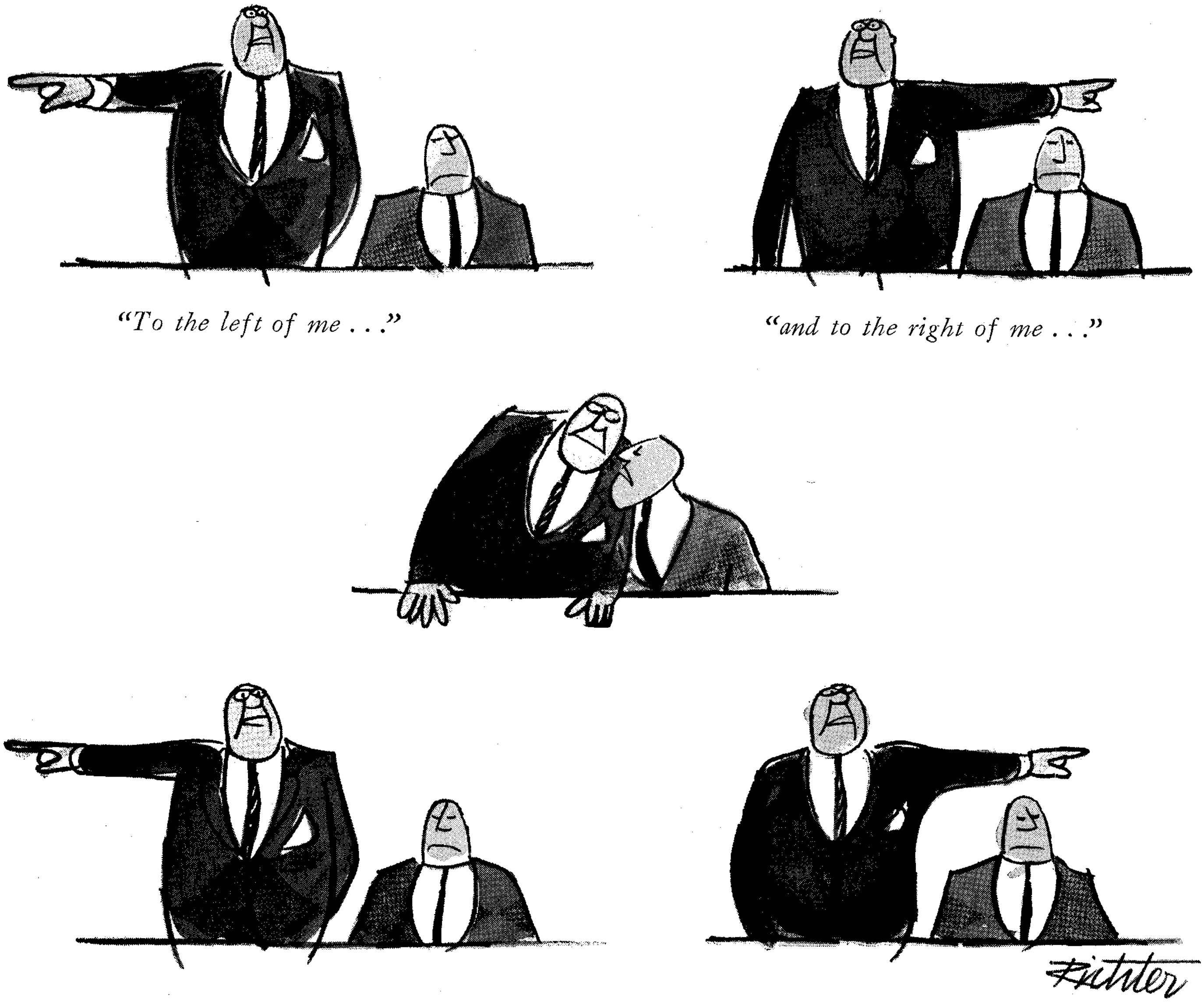
She did not answer. Gingerly he knelt beside her and, shading the glow of the torch, examined her face. It was a pretty standard Tonk face, tired and implacable, the teeth stained black with betel.

She glanced at him without interest and said, "It is a beautiful night for dragons."

"What?"

She gestured vaguely skyward with her chin. "Look. Out there."

"I can't see them," said Ravu, forcing himself not to peer at the skies. Though the classicists of the island dismissed dragons as excesses of fevered Oriental minds, he still had considerable private sympathy for them, just as



"To the left of me . . ."

"and to the right of me . . ."

"To the right of me . . ."

"and to the left of me . . ."

he had for ghost ships and visitors from outer space. "What are they doing?" he asked.

"Playing hockey," said the woman.

Ravu grimaced and chewed at a fingernail, wondering what to say. Though the islands were thick with Tonks, he had never spoken to one before, just as he had never consciously struck up a conversation with a coil of rope or a Wellington boot. The Tonkinese were bleak, functional, and inanimate. They had come to the Pacific years before, on tall-funnelled coolie ships, but they were still as alien as ever, and Ravu hadn't the faintest idea what to say to the woman.

She broke the impasse by drawing a cookie from her sleeve and tossing it over the cliff. She gave the high, clacking call of a woman summoning hens. "See them rush," she murmured. "They must be starving."

Ravu looked at her with approval. This will probably have a therapeutic effect, he thought, watching her face for some sign of relief. "Feeling better?" he asked.

"There is nothing wrong with me," she assured him. With sudden bitterness, she jerked her head toward the hut and said, "He broke my kite. He said I gave him bad toddy and then he put his foot through it. It was the last straw."

"So you're going to teach him a lesson?" said Ravu.

"I might," she said. "He certainly needs it. All he thinks about is putting to sea again. I tell you, I am sick of it. Each night he comes home smelling of salt and seaweed, carrying his pearls in a humbug tin. Sometimes it is like sharing my bed with a cod." She broke off, thinking, for the first time in ages, of her wedding. It had been a happy, pagan affair beneath a new moon, and afterward they had eaten papaws in the forest with the priest, a German heathen named Klaus, who believed passionately in the Polynesian way of life and could read the entrails of a cock albatross better than any man she knew. She wished he were here now, for he could have knocked some sense into Matua's head, but he had returned home for the war and had never come back. She shrugged. "Perhaps I'll just throw the bag over," she said.

"That's illegal," said Ravu. "You could go to clink for doing that."

The Orator, who had sneaked up behind them, said, "How's the patient?"

"Matua busted her kite," said Ravu, climbing to his feet.

"I know," said the Orator. "He told me. I'm making him patch it up right now." He reached deftly for the airline bag, saying, "I think I'd better take this."

Ravu helped the Tonk woman up and led her to the hut. She stood with him at the door, watching her husband moodily licking the scarlet tissue paper and splicing the split bamboo with cotton thread. "My goodness," she said.

Matua spun and looked anxiously at

the Orator. "Where's the valise?" he said.

"Here."

He grabbed it and stared reproachfully at his wife, who struck a wax vesta on her thumbnail and lit the Primus. "Will you all have some tea?" she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she put the kettle on and laid out four tin mugs.

They sat on the pandanus mat, drinking the strong, sweet stuff in silence. Eventually Matua, adopting a clinical expression, said, "Well, Practitioner, can you cure her?"

Ravu put down the mug and cleared his throat. "She is perfectly well," he said carefully. "But you, Matua, if you don't mind my saying so, could help by spending a little more of your time on dry land. I mean here at home, with your, uh, spouse."

Sam Matua stared at him sulkily. If this hotshot young medic was too simple to understand the compulsive excitement of hunting pearls, how come he suddenly knew enough about life to tell him how to live with a crazy Tonk woman? The Tonk—now, *she* knew a man could get bitten by pearl fever. Sam was well aware she hadn't adopted the dragons for nothing. Ever since they had first come galloping out of the east, one hot season when he had been constantly at sea, diving non-stop to repay a poker debt, they had been openly sympathetic to her grievances. She could summon them with a click of her bony fingers, and she could send them hightailing home again—which was what she had just done. The fiery beasts had trumped him again, but at least he still had his pearls and, for what it was worth, his woman. He looked at her. Blandly swinging her teapot, the very model of a humdrum island housewife, she murmured, "Can I top anyone up?"

"I think we'd better be getting along," said the Orator, glancing at his watch.

Ravu frowned. "I'm not sure . . . "

"Listen, Mister," said Matua. "Tomorrow I'll take this woman and her kite up Mount Koro, and we'll fly it in the trade winds."

Well, man, thought the Orator, I just hope they blow for you. He turned to Ravu, who still looked far from satisfied. "Come on," he said. "Udder's waiting."

They stood and shook hands, with a certain reserve, and then the two visitors trekked silently down to the launch, which was riding easily in a sea as bright as a skyful of comets.

—Alexander Frater

THREE SONGS

I

LITTLE LOBELIA'S SONG

I was once a part
Of your blood and bone.
Now no longer—
I'm alone, I'm alone.

I know nothing.
I can barely speak.
But these are my tears
Upon your cheek.

Each day, at dawn,
I come out of your sleep;
I can't get back.
I weep, I weep.

You look at your face
In the looking glass.
This is the face
My likeness has.

Not lost but abandoned,
Left behind;
This is my hand
Upon your mind.

Give me back your sleep
Until you die,
Else I weep, weep,
Else I cry, cry.

II

PSYCHIATRIST'S SONG

Those
Concerning whom they have never spoken and thought never to
speak;
That place
Hidden, preserved,
That even the exquisite eye of the soul
Cannot completely see.
But they are there:
Those people, and that house, and that evening, seen
Newly above the dividing window sash—
The young will broken
And all time to endure.

Those hours when murderous wounds are made,
Often in joy.

I hear.
But far away are the mango trees (*the mangrove swamps, the
mandrake root . . .*)
And the thickets of—are they palms?
I watch them as though at the edge of sleep.
I often journey toward them in a boat without oars,
Trusting to rudder and sail.
Coming to the shore, I step out of the boat; I leave it to its anchor;
And I walk fearlessly through ripples of both water and sand.
Then the shells and the pebbles are beneath my feet.
Then these, too, recede,
And I am on firm dry land, with, closely waiting,
A hill all sifted over with shade
Wherein the silence waits.

Farewell, phantoms of flesh and of ocean!
Vision of earth
Heal and receive me.

III

MASKED WOMAN'S SONG

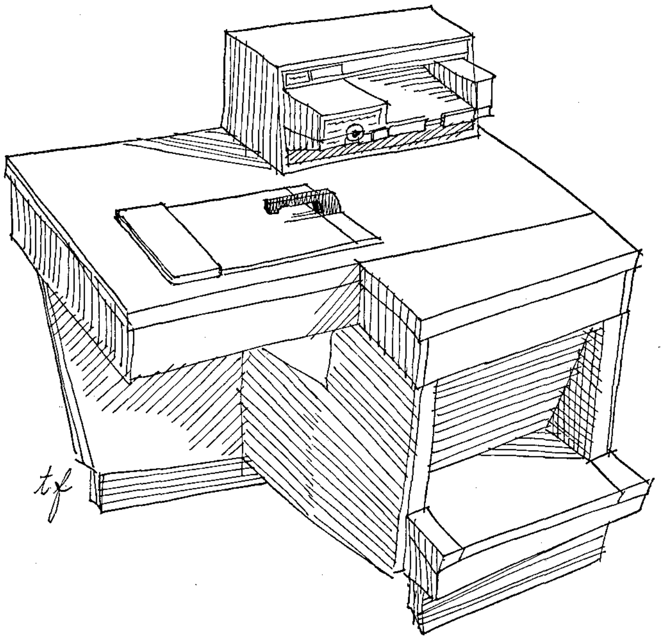
Before I saw the tall man
Few women should see,
Beautiful and imposing
Was marble to me.

And virtue had its place
And evil its alarms,
But not for that worn face,
And not in those roped arms.

—Louise Bogan

PROFILES

XEROX XEROX XEROX XEROX



WHEN the original mimeograph machine—the first mechanical duplicator of written pages that was practical for office use—was put on the market by the A. B. Dick Company, of Chicago, in 1887, it did not take the country by storm. On the contrary, Mr. Dick—a former lumberman who had become bored with copying his price lists by hand, had tried to invent a duplicating machine himself, and had finally obtained rights to produce the mimeograph from its inventor, Thomas Alva Edison—found himself faced with a formidable marketing problem. "People didn't *want* to make lots of copies of office documents," says his grandson C. Matthews Dick, Jr., currently a vice-president of the A. B. Dick Company, which now manufactures a whole line of office copiers and duplicators, including mimeograph machines. "By and large, the first users of the thing were non-business organizations like churches, schools, and Boy Scout troops. To attract companies and professional men, Grandfather and his associates had to undertake an enormous missionary effort. Office duplicating by machine was a new and unsettling idea that upset long-established office patterns. In 1887, after all, the typewriter had been on the market only a little over a decade and wasn't yet in widespread use, and neither was carbon paper. If a businessman or a lawyer wanted five copies of a document, he'd have a clerk make five copies—by hand. People would say to Grandfather, 'Why should I want to have a lot of copies of this and that lying around? Nothing but clutter in the office, a temptation to prying eyes, and a waste of good paper.' "

On another level, the troubles that the elder Mr. Dick encountered were perhaps connected with the generally bad repute that the notion of making copies of graphic material had been held in for a number of centuries—a bad repute reflected in the various overtones of the English noun and verb "copy." The Oxford English Dictionary makes it clear that during those centuries there was an aura of deceit associated with the word; indeed, from the late sixteenth century until Victorian times "copy" and "counterfeit" were nearly synonymous. (By the middle of the seventeenth century, the medieval use of the noun "copy" in the robust sense of "plenty" or "abundance" had faded out, leaving behind nothing but its adjective form, "copious.") "The only good copies are those which exhibit the defects of bad originals," La Rochefoucauld wrote in his "Maxims" in 1665. "Never buy a copy of a picture," Ruskin pronounced dogmatically in 1857, warning not against chicanery but against debasement. And the copying of written documents was often suspect, too. "Though the attested Copy of a Record be good proof, yet the Copy of a Copy never so well attested . . . will not be admitted as proof in Judicature," John Locke wrote in 1690. At about the same time, the printing trade contributed to the language the suggestive expression "foul copy," and it was a favorite Victorian habit to call one object, or person, a pale copy of another.

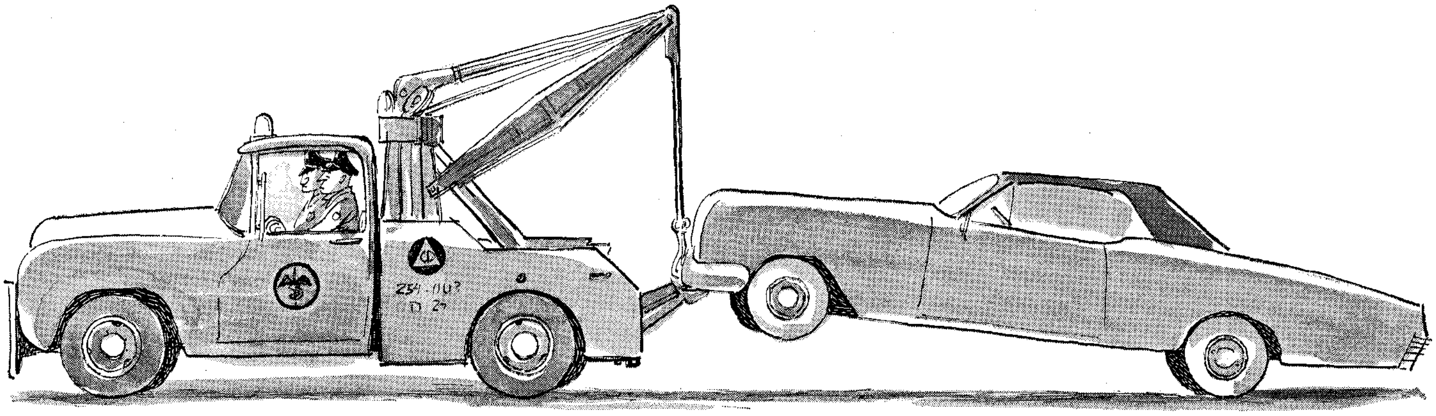
Practical necessity arising out of increasing industrialization was doubtless chiefly responsible for a twentieth-century reversal of these attitudes. In any case, office reproduction began to grow very rapidly. (It may seem paradoxical that this growth coincided with the rise of the telephone, but perhaps it isn't. All the evidence suggests that communication between people by whatever means, far from simply accomplishing its purpose, invariably breeds the need for more.) The typewriter and carbon paper came into common use after 1890, and mimeographing became a standard office procedure soon after 1900. "No office is complete without an Edison Mimeograph," the Dick Company felt able to boast in 1903. By that time, there were already about a hundred and fifty thousand of the devices in use; by 1910 there were probably over two hundred thousand, and by 1940 almost half a million. The offset printing press—a mettlesome competitor capable of producing work much handsomer than mimeographed output—was successfully adapted for office use in the nineteen-thirties and forties, and is now standard equipment in most large offices. As with the mimeograph machine, though, a special master page must be prepared before reproduction can start—a relatively expensive and time-consuming process—so the offset press is economically useful only when a substantial number of copies are wanted. In office-equipment jargon, the offset press and the mimeograph are "duplicators" rather than "copiers," the dividing line between duplicating and copying being generally drawn somewhere between ten and twenty copies. Where technology lagged longest was in the development of efficient and economical copiers. Various photographic devices that did not require the making of master pages—of which the most famous was (and still is) the Photostat—began appearing around 1910, but because of their high cost, slowness, and difficulty of operation, their usefulness was largely limited to the copying of architectural and engineering drawings and legal documents. Until less than two decades ago, the only practical machine for making a copy of a business letter or a page of typescript was a typewriter with carbon paper in its platen.

The nineteen-fifties were the raw, pioneering years of mechanized office copying. Within a short time, there suddenly appeared on the market a whole batch of devices capable of reproducing most office papers without the use of a master page, at a cost of only a few cents per copy, and within a time span of a minute or less per copy. Their technology varied—Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing's Thermo-Fax, introduced in 1950, used heat-sensitive copying paper; American Photocopy's Dial-A-Matic Autostat (1952) was based on a refinement of ordinary photography; Eastman Kodak's Verifax (1953) used a method called dye transfer; and so on—but almost all of them, unlike Mr. Dick's mimeograph, immediately found a ready market, partly because they filled a genuine need and partly, it now seems clear, because they and their function exercised a powerful psychological fascination on their users. In a society that sociologists are forever characterizing as "mass," the notion of making one-of-a-kind things into many-of-a-kind things showed signs of becoming a real compulsion. However, all these pioneer copying machines had serious and frustrating inherent defects; for example, Autostat and Verifax were hard to operate and turned out damp copies that had to be dried, while Thermo-Fax copies tended to darken when exposed to too much heat, and all three could make copies only on special treated paper supplied by the manufacturer. What was needed for the compulsion to flower into a mania was a technological breakthrough, and the breakthrough came at the turn of the decade with the advent of a machine that worked on a new principle, known as xerography, and was able to make dry, good-quality, permanent copies on ordinary paper with a minimum of trouble. The effect was immediate. Largely as a result of xerography, the estimated number of copies (as opposed to duplicates) made annually in the United States sprang from some twenty million in the mid-fifties to nine and a half *billion* in 1964, and to fourteen billion in 1966—not to mention billions more in Europe, Asia, and Latin America. More than that, the attitude of educators toward printed textbooks and of business people toward written communication underwent a discernible change; avant-garde philosophers took to hailing xerography as a revolution comparable in importance to the invention of the wheel; and coin-operated copying machines began turning up in candy stores and beauty parlors. The mania—not as immediately disrupting as the tulip mania in seventeenth-century Holland but probably destined to be considerably farther-reaching—was in full swing.

THE company responsible for the great breakthrough and the one on whose machines the majority of these billions of copies were made was, of course, the Xerox Corporation, of Rochester, New York. As a result, it became the most spectacular big-business success of the nineteen-sixties. In 1959, the year the company—then called Haloid Xerox, Inc.—introduced its first automatic xerographic office copier, its sales were thirty-three million dollars. In 1961, they were sixty-six million, in 1963 a hundred and seventy-six million, and in 1966 over half a billion. As Joseph C. Wilson, the chief executive of the firm, recently pointed out, its growth rate in late years has been such that if it should be maintained for a couple of decades (which, perhaps fortunately for everyone, can't possibly happen), Xerox sales would be larger than the present gross national product of the United States. Unplaced in *Fortune's* ranking of the five hundred largest American industrial companies in 1961, Xerox by 1964 had attained two-hundred-

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

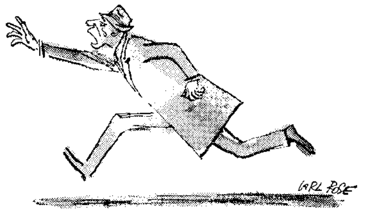
". . . and I feel I owe my victory to hard training, to the loyal devotion of my manager and my wife, and to an intangible something that for lack of a better word I shall call heart."



and-twenty-seventh place, and by 1965 it had climbed to hundred-and-seventy-first. *Fortune's* ranking is based on annual sales; according to certain other criteria, Xerox places much higher than hundred-and-seventy-first. For example, early in 1966 it ranked about sixty-third in the country in net profits, probably ninth in ratio of profit to sales, and about fifteenth in terms of the market value of its stock—and in this last respect the young upstart was ahead of such long-established industrial giants as U.S. Steel, Chrysler, Procter & Gamble, and R.C.A. Indeed, the enthusiasm the investing public has shown for Xerox has made its shares the stock-market Golconda of the current decade. Anyone who bought its stock toward the end of 1959 and held on to it ever since would find his holding now worth about sixty-six times its original price, and anyone who was really foresighted and bought Haloid in 1955 would have seen his original investment grow—one might almost say miraculously—a hundred and eighty times. Not surprisingly, a covey of "Xerox millionaires" has grown up—several hundred of them all told, most of whom either live in the Rochester area or came from there.

The Haloid Company, started in Rochester in 1906, was the grandfather of Xerox, just as one of its founders—Joseph C. Wilson, a sometime pawnbroker and sometime mayor of Rochester—was the grandfather of his namesake, the present boss of Xerox. Haloid manufactured photographic papers, and, like all photographic companies—and especially those in Rochester—it lived in the giant shadow of its neighbor, Eastman Kodak. Even in this subdued light, though, it was effective enough to weather the Depression in modestly good shape. In the years immediately after the Second World War, however, both competition and labor costs increased, sending Haloid on a search for new products. One of the possibilities its scientists hit upon was a copying process that was being worked on at the Battelle Memorial Institute, a large non-profit industrial-research organization in Columbus, Ohio. At this point, the story flashes back to 1938 and a second-floor kitchen above a bar in Astoria, Queens, which was being used as a makeshift laboratory by an obscure thirty-two-year-old inventor named Chester F. Carlson. The son of a barber of Swedish extraction, and a graduate in physics of the California Institute of Technology, Carlson was employed in New York in the patent department of P. R. Mallory & Co., an Indianapolis manufacturer of electrical and electronic components; in quest of fame, fortune, and independence, he was devoting his spare time to trying to invent an office copying machine, and to help him in this endeavor he had hired Otto Kornei, a German refugee physicist. The fruit of the two men's experiments was a process by which, on October 22, 1938, after using a good deal of clumsy equipment and producing considerable smoke and stench, they were able to transfer from one piece of paper to another the unheroic message "10-22-38 Astoria." The process, which Carlson called electrophotography, had—and has—five basic steps: sensitizing a photoconductive surface to light by giving it an electrostatic charge (for example, by rubbing it with fur); exposing this surface to a written page to form an electrostatic image; developing the latent image by dusting the surface with a powder that will adhere only to the charged areas; transferring the image to some sort of paper; and fixing the image by the application of heat. The steps, each of them in itself familiar enough in connection with other technologies, were utterly new in combination—so new, in fact, that the kings and captains of commerce were markedly slow to recognize the potentialities of the process. Applying the knowledge he had picked up in his job downtown, Carlson immediately wove a complicated net of patents around the invention (Kornei shortly left to take a job elsewhere, and thus vanished permanently from the electrophotographic scene) and set about trying to peddle it. Over the next five years, while continuing to work for Mallory, he pursued his moonlighting in a new form, offering rights to the process to every important office-equipment company in the country, only to be turned down every time. Finally, in 1944, Carlson persuaded Battelle Memorial Institute to undertake further development work on his process in exchange for three-quarters of any royalties that might accrue from its sale or license.

Here the flashback ends and xerography, as such, comes into being. By 1946, Battelle's work on the Carlson process had come to the attention of various people at Haloid, among them the younger Joseph C. Wilson, who was about to assume the presidency of the company. Wilson communicated his interest to a new friend of his—Sol M. Linowitz, a bright and vigorously public-spirited young lawyer, recently back from service in the Navy, who was then busy organizing a new Rochester radio station that would air liberal views as a counterbalance to the conservative views of the Gannett newspapers. Although Haloid had its own lawyers, Wilson, impressed with Linowitz, asked him to look into the Battelle thing as a "one-shot" job for the company. "We went to Columbus to see a piece of metal rubbed with cat's fur," Linowitz has since said. Out of that trip and others came an agreement giving Haloid rights to the Carlson process in exchange for royalties to Carlson and Battelle, and committing it to share with Battelle in the work and the costs of development. Everything else, it seemed, flowed from that agreement. In 1948, in search of a new name for the Carlson process, a Battelle man got together with a professor of classical languages at Ohio State University, and

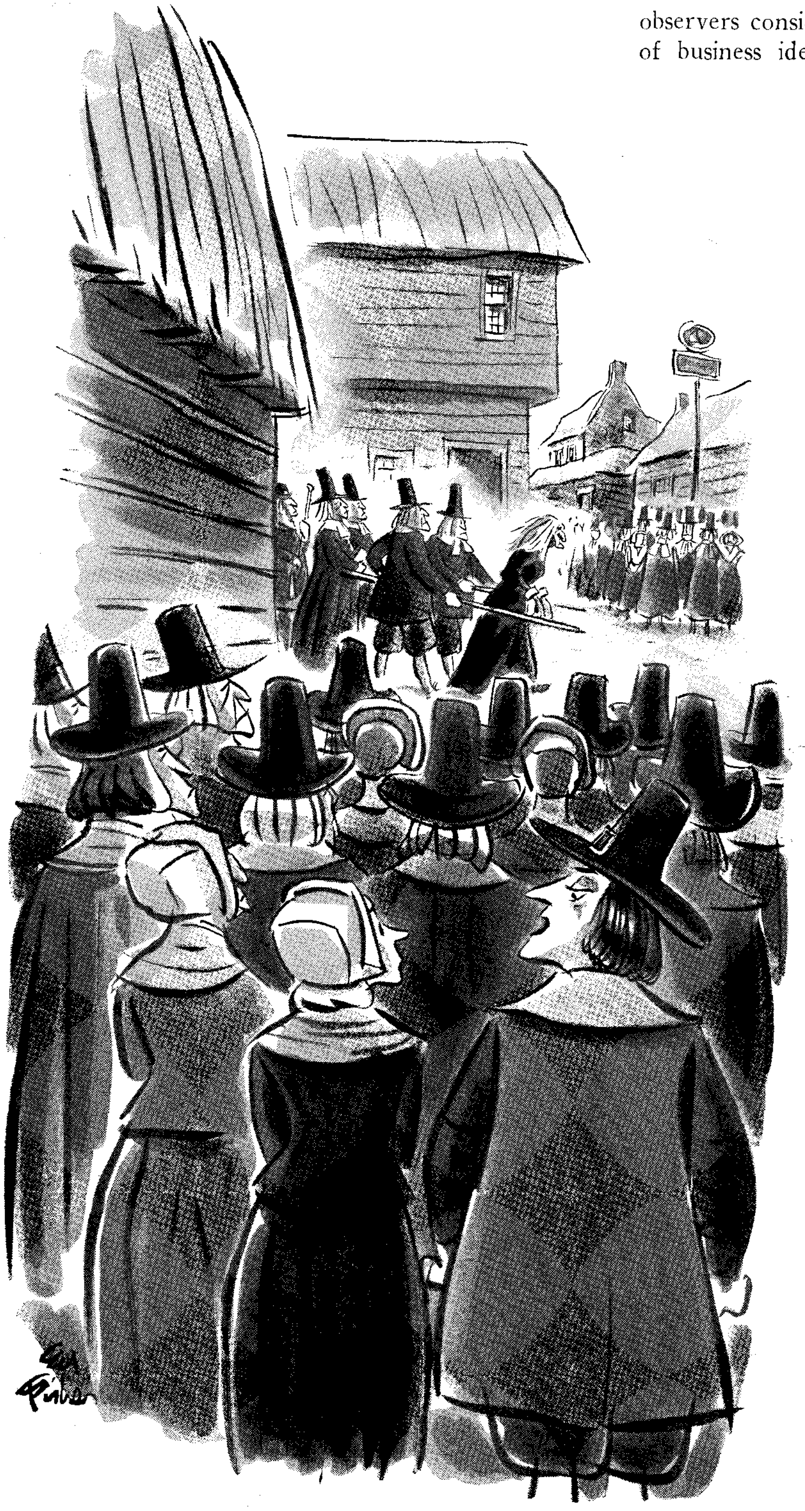


by combining two words from classical Greek they came up with "xerography," or "dry writing." Meanwhile, small teams of scientists at Battelle and Haloid, struggling to develop the process, were encountering baffling and unexpected technical problems one after another; at one point, indeed, the Haloid people became so discouraged that they considered selling most of their xerography rights to International Business Machines. But the deal was finally called off, and as the research went on and the bills for it mounted, Haloid's commitment to the process gradually became a do-or-die affair. In 1955, a new agreement was drawn up, under which Haloid took over full title to the Carlson patents and the full cost of the development project, in payment for which it issued huge bundles of Haloid shares to Battelle, which, in turn, issued a bundle or two to Carlson. The cost was staggering. Between 1947 and 1960, Haloid spent about seventy-five million dollars on research in xerography, or about twice what it earned from its regular operations during that period; the balance was raised through borrowing and through the wholesale issuance of common stock to anyone who was kind, reckless, or prescient enough to take it. The University of Rochester, partly out of interest in a struggling local industry, bought an enormous quantity for its endowment fund at a price that today, because of stock splits, amounts to fifty cents a share. "Please don't be mad at us if we find we have to sell our Haloid stock in a couple of years to cut our losses on it," a university official nervously warned Wilson. Wilson promised not to be mad. Meanwhile, he and other executives of the company took most of their pay in the form of stock, and some of them went as far as to put up their savings and the mortgages on their houses to help the cause along. (Prominent among the executives by this time was Linowitz, whose association with Haloid had turned out to be anything but a one-shot thing; instead, he became Wilson's right-hand man, taking charge of the company's crucial patent arrangements, organizing and guiding its international affiliations, and eventually serving for a time as chairman of its board of directors.) In 1958, after prayerful consideration, the company's name was changed to Haloid Xerox, even though no xerographic product of major importance was yet on the market. The trademark "XeroX" had been adopted by Haloid several years earlier—a shameless imitation of Eastman's "Kodak," as Wilson has admitted. The terminal "X" soon had to be downgraded to lower case, because it was found that nobody would bother to capitalize it, but the near-palindrome, at least as irresistible as Eastman's, remained. XeroX or Xerox, the trademark, Wilson has said, was adopted and retained against the vehement advice of many of the firm's consultants, who feared that the public would find it unpronounceable, or would think it denoted an anti-freeze, or would be put in mind of a word highly discouraging to financial ears—"zero."

Then, in 1960, the explosion came, and suddenly everything was reversed. Instead of worrying about whether its trade name would be successful, the company was worrying about its becoming *too* successful, for the new verb "to xerox" began to appear so frequently in conversation and in print that the company's proprietary rights in the name were threatened, and it had to embark on an elaborate campaign against such usage. (In 1961, the company went the whole hog and changed its name to plain Xerox Corporation.) And instead of worrying about the future of themselves and their families, the Xerox executives were worrying about their reputation with the friends and relatives whom they had prudently advised *not* to invest in the stock at twenty cents a share. In a word, everybody who held Xerox stock in quantity had got rich or richer—the executives who had scrimped and sacrificed, the University of Rochester, Battelle Memorial Institute, and even, of all people, Chester F. Carlson, who had come out of the various agreements with Xerox stock that at recent prices is thought to be worth between forty and fifty million dollars, and now lives in baronial retirement not far from Rochester.

THUS baldly outlined, the story of Xerox to date has an old-fashioned, even a nineteenth-century, ring—the lonely inventor in his crude laboratory, the small, family-oriented company, the initial setbacks, the reliance on the patent system, the resort to classical Greek for a trade name, the eventual triumph gloriously vindicating the free-enterprise system. But there is another dimension to Xerox. In the matter of demonstrating a sense of responsibility to society as a whole, rather than just to its stockholders, employees, and customers, it has shown itself to be the reverse of most nineteenth-century companies—to be, indeed, in the advance guard of twentieth-century companies. "To set high goals, to have almost unattainable aspirations, to imbue people with the belief that they can be achieved—these are as important as the balance sheet, perhaps more so," Wilson said a while back, and other Xerox executives have often gone out of their way to emphasize that "the Xerox spirit" is not so much a means to an end as a matter of emphasizing "human values" for their own sake. Such platform rhetoric is far from uncommon in big-business circles, of course, and when it comes from Xerox executives it is just as apt to arouse skepticism—or even, considering the company's huge profits, irritation. But there is evidence that Xerox means what it says. In 1965, the company donated $1,632,548 to educational and charitable institutions, and $2,246,000 in 1966; both years the biggest recipients were the University of Rochester and the Rochester Community Chest, and in each case the sum represented around one and a half per cent of the company's net income before taxes. This is markedly higher than the percentage that most large companies set aside for good works; to take a couple of examples from among those often cited for their liberality, R.C.A.'s contributions for 1965 amounted to about seven-tenths of one per cent of pre-tax income, and American Telephone & Telegraph's to considerably less than one per cent. That Xerox intends to persist in its high-minded ways is indicated by its having recently committed itself to the "one-per-cent program," often called the Cleveland Plan—a system inaugurated in that city under which local industries agree to give one per cent of pre-tax income annually to local educational institutions, apart from their other donations—so that if Xerox income continues to soar, the University of Rochester and its sister institutions in the area can face the future with a certain assurance.

In other matters, too, Xerox has taken risks for reasons that have nothing to do with profit. In a 1964 speech, Wilson said, "The corporation cannot refuse to take a stand on public issues of major concern"—a piece of business heresy if there ever was one, since taking a stand on a public issue is the obvious way of alienating customers and potential customers who take the opposite stand. The chief public stand that Xerox has taken is in favor of the United Nations—and, by implication, against its detractors. Early in 1964, the company decided to spend four million dollars—a year's advertising budget—on underwriting a series of network-television programs dealing with the U.N., the programs to be unaccompanied by commercials or any other identification of Xerox apart from a statement at the beginning and end of each that Xerox had paid for it. That July and August—some three months after the decision had been announced—Xerox suddenly received an avalanche of letters opposing the project and urging the company to abandon it. Numbering almost fifteen thousand, the letters ranged in tone from sweet reasonableness to strident and emotional denunciation. Many of them asserted that the U.N. was an instrument for depriving Americans of their Constitutional rights, that its charter had been written in part by American Communists, and that it was constantly being used to further Communist objectives, and a few letters, from company presidents, bluntly threatened to remove the Xerox machines from their offices unless the series was cancelled. Only a handful of the letter writers mentioned the John Birch Society, and none identified themselves as members of it, but circumstantial evidence suggested that the avalanche represented a carefully planned Birch campaign. For one thing, a recent Birch Society publication had urged that members write to Xerox to protest the U.N. series, pointing out that a flood of letters had succeeded in persuading a major airline to remove the U.N. insigne from its airplanes. Further evidence of a systematic campaign turned up when an analysis, made at Xerox's instigation, showed that the fifteen thousand letters had been written by only about four thousand persons. In any event, the Xerox officers and directors declined to be persuaded or intimidated; the U.N. series appeared on the American Broadcasting Company network in 1965, to plaudits all around. Wilson has since maintained that the series—and the decision to ignore the protest against it—made Xerox many more friends than enemies. In all his public statements on the subject, he has insisted on characterizing what many observers consider a rather rare stroke of business idealism, as simply sound business judgment.



"The time will come when we'll realize that people don't cause storms, blight crops, and spoil the village butter because they're evil but because they're sick."

In the fall of 1966, Xerox began encountering a measure of adversity for the first time since its introduction of xerography. By that time, there were more than forty companies in the office copier business, many of them producing xerographic devices under license from Xerox. (The only important part of its technology for which Xerox has so far refused to grant a license is a selenium drum that enables its own machines to make copies on ordinary paper. All competing products still require treated paper.) The great advantage that Xerox had been enjoying was the one that the first to enter a new field always enjoys—the advantage of charging high prices. Now, as *Barron's* pointed out in August, it appeared that "this once-fabulous invention may—as all technological advances inevitably must—soon evolve into an accepted commonplace." Cut-rate latecomers were swarming into copying; one company, in a letter sent to its stockholders in May, foresaw a time when a copier selling for ten or twenty dollars could be marketed "as a toy," and there was even talk of the day when copiers would be given

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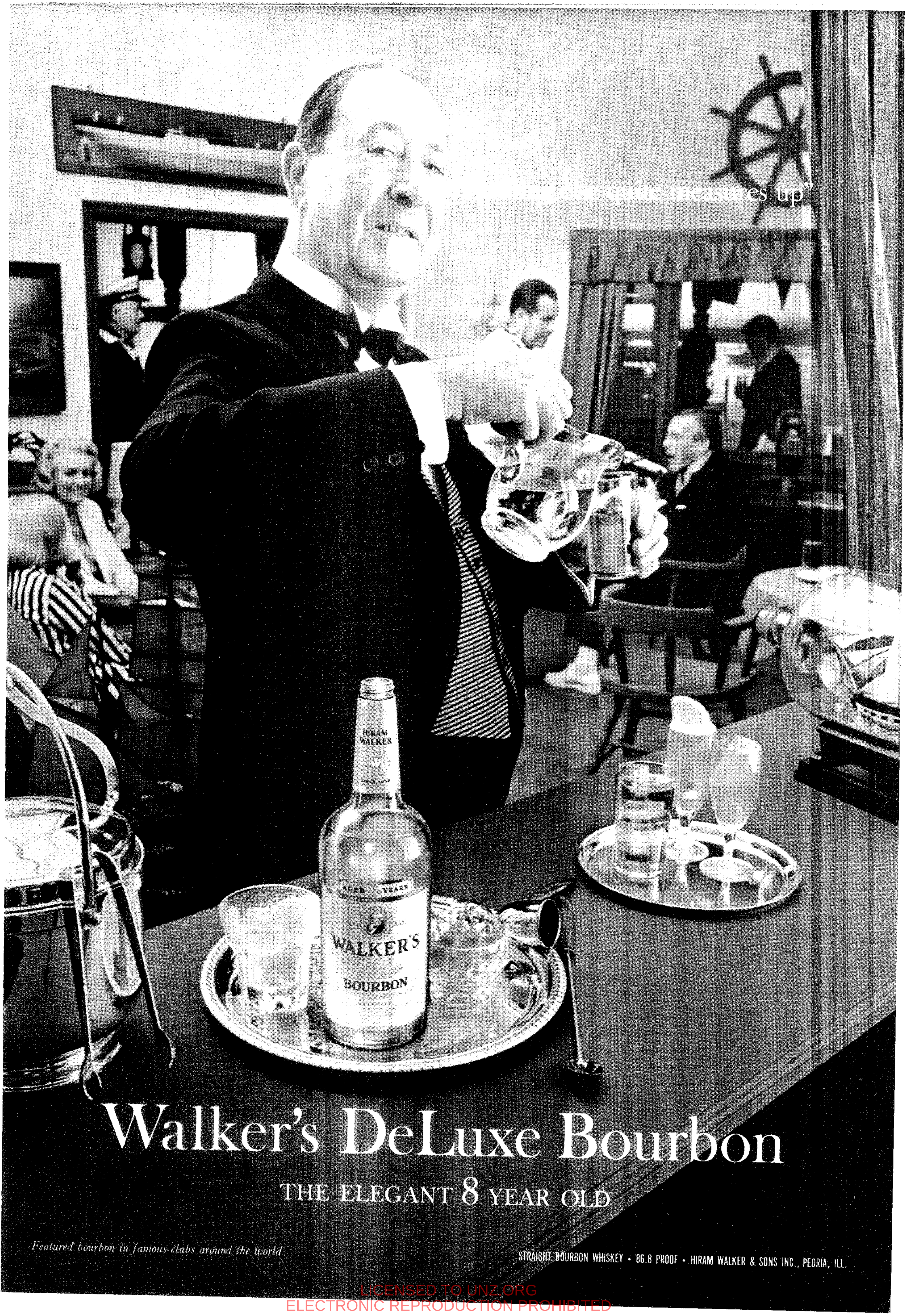
away to promote sales of paper, the way razors are given away now to promote razor blades. For some years, realizing that its cozy little monopoly would eventually pass into the public domain, Xerox had been widening its interests through mergers with companies in other fields, mainly publishing and education; for example, in 1962 it had bought University Microfilms, a library on microfilm of unpublished manuscripts, out-of-print books, doctoral dissertations, periodicals, and newspapers, and in 1965 it had tacked on two other companies—American Education Publications, the country's largest publisher of educational periodicals for primary- and secondary-school students, and Basic Systems, a manufacturer of teaching machines. But these moves failed to reassure that dogmatic critic the marketplace, and Xerox stock ran into a spell of heavy weather. Between late last June, when it stood at 267¾, and early October, when it dipped to 131⅝, the market value of the company was more than cut in half. In the single business week of October 3rd through October 7th, Xerox dropped 42½ points, and on one particularly alarming day—October 6th—trading in Xerox on the New York Stock Exchange had to be suspended for five hours because there were about twenty-five million dollars' worth of shares on sale that no one wanted to buy.

I FIND that companies are inclined to be at their most interesting when they are undergoing a little misfortune, and therefore I chose last fall as the time to have a look at Xerox and its people—something I'd had in mind to do for a year or so. I started out by getting acquainted with one of its products. The Xerox line of copiers and related items is by now a comprehensive one. There is, for instance, the 914, a desk-size machine that makes black-and-white copies of almost any page—printed, handwritten, typed, or drawn, but not exceeding nine by fourteen inches in size—at a rate of about one copy every six seconds; the 813, a much smaller device, which can stand on top of a desk and is essentially a miniaturized version of the 914 (or, as Xerox technicians like to say, "a 914 with the air left out"); the 2400, a high-speed reproduction machine that looks like a modern kitchen stove and can cook up copies at a rate of forty a minute, or twenty-four hundred an hour; the Copyflo, which is capable of enlarging microfilmed pages into ordinary book-size pages and printing them; the LDX, by which documents can be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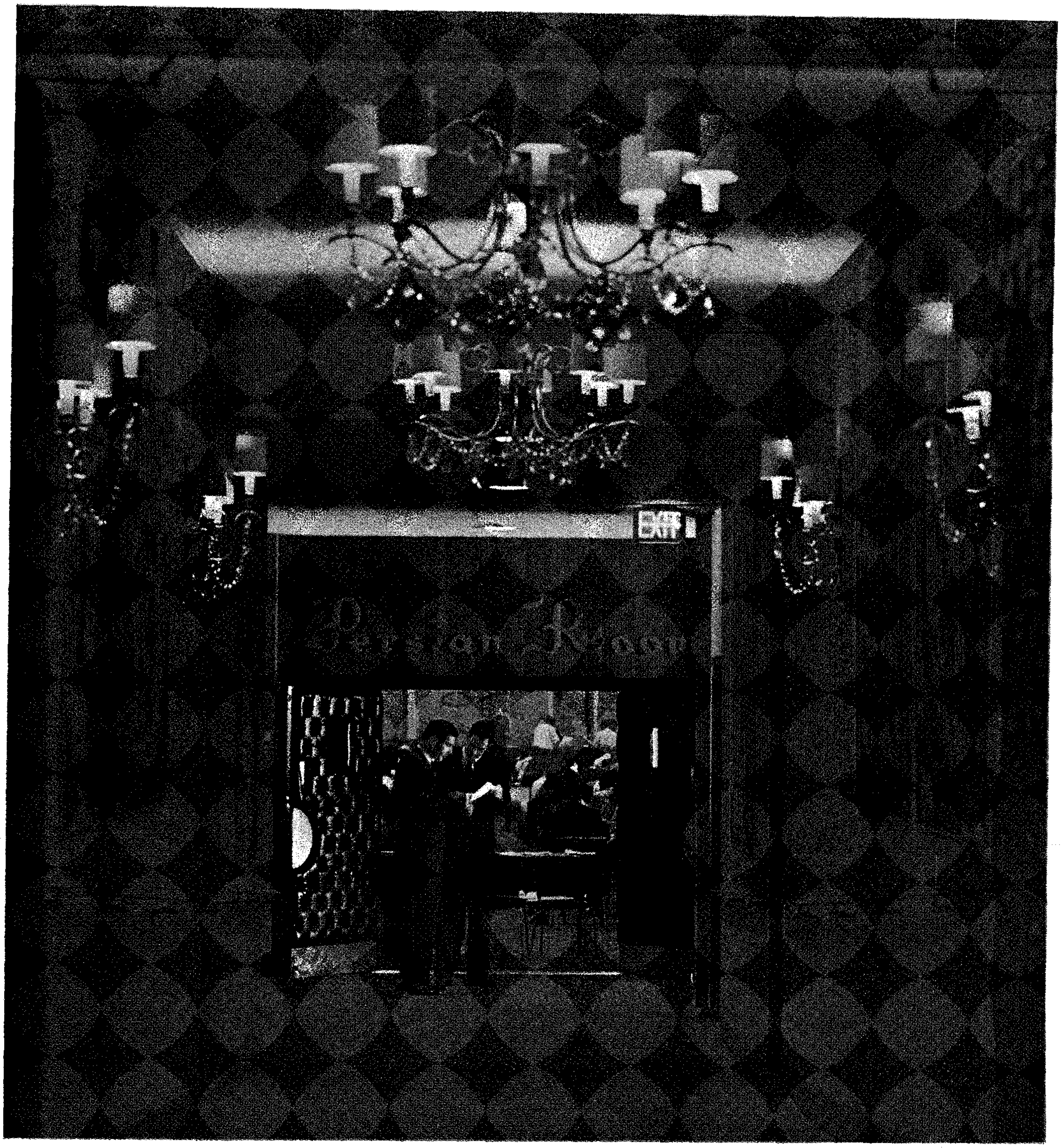

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transmitted over telephone wires, microwave radio, or coaxial cable; and the Telecopier, a non-xerographic device, designed and manufactured by Magnavox but sold by Xerox, which is a sort of junior version of the LDX and is especially interesting to a layman because it consists simply of a small box that, when attached to an ordinary telephone, permits the user to rapidly transmit a small picture (with a good deal of squeaking and clicking, to be sure) to anyone equipped with a telephone and a similar small box. Of all these, the 914, the first automatic xerographic product and the one that constituted the big breakthrough, is still much the most important both to Xerox and to its customers.

It has been suggested that the 914 is the most successful commercial product in history, but the statement cannot be authoritatively confirmed or denied, if only because Xerox does not publish precise revenue figures on it; the company does say, though, that in 1965 the 914 accounted for about sixty-two per cent of its total operating revenues, which works out to something over $243,000,000. It can be bought for $27,500, or it can be rented for twenty-five dollars monthly, plus at least forty-nine dollars' worth of copies at four cents each. These charges are deliberately set up to make renting more attractive than buying, because Xerox ultimately makes more money that way. The 914, which is painted beige and weighs six hundred and fifty pounds, looks a good deal like a modern L-shaped metal desk; the thing to be copied—a flat page, two pages of an open book, or even a small three-dimensional object like a watch or a medal—is placed face down on a glass window in the flat top surface, a button is pushed, and nine seconds later the copy pops into a tray where an "out" basket might be if the 914 actually were a desk. Technologically, the 914 is so complex (more complex, some Xerox salesmen insist, than an automobile) that it has an annoying tendency to go wrong, and consequently Xerox maintains a field staff of thousands of repairmen who are presumably ready to answer a call on short notice. The most common malfunction is a jamming of the supply of copy paper, which is rather picturesquely called a "mispuff," because each sheet of paper is raised into position to be inscribed by an interior puff of air, and the malfunction occurs when the puff goes wrong. A bad mispuff can occasionally put a piece of the paper in contact with hot parts, igniting it and causing an alarming

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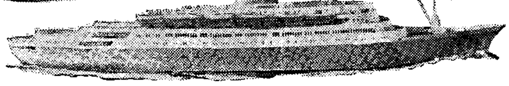

M. S. SAGAFJORD, 24,000 gross tons
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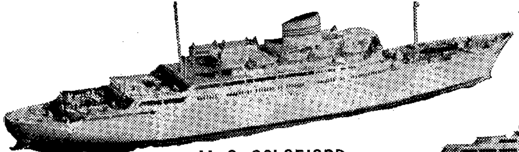
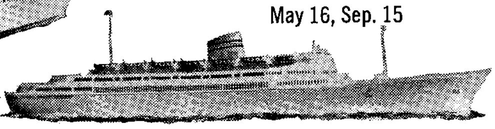


M. S. OSLOFJORD,
17,000 gross tons
Apr. 28, Jun. 8, Jul. 12,
Aug. 9, Sep. 1, Sep. 26



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cloud of white smoke to issue from the machine; in such a case the operator is urged to do nothing, or, at most, to use a small fire extinguisher that is attached to it, since the fire burns itself out comparatively harmlessly if left alone, whereas a bucket of water thrown over a 914 may convey potentially lethal voltages to its metal surface. Apart from malfunctions, the machine requires a good deal of regular attention from its operator, who is almost invariably a woman. (The girls who operated the earliest typewriters were themselves called "typewriters," but fortunately nobody calls Xerox operators "xeroxes.") Its supply of copying paper and black electrostatic powder, called "toner," must be replenished regularly, while its most crucial part, the selenium drum, must be cleaned regularly with a special non-scratchy cotton, and waxed every so often. I spent a couple of afternoons with one 914 and its operator, and observed what seemed to be the closest relationship between a woman and a piece of office equipment that I had ever seen. A girl who uses a typewriter or switchboard has no interest in the equipment, because it holds no mystery, while one who operates a computer is bored with it, because it is utterly incomprehensible. But a 914 has distinct animal traits: it has to be fed and curried; it is intimidating but can be tamed; it is subject to unpredictable bursts of misbehavior; and, generally speaking, it responds in kind to its treatment. "I was frightened of it at first," the operator I watched told me. "The Xerox men say, 'If you're frightened of it, it won't work,' and that's pretty much right. It's a good scout; I'm fond of it now."

Xerox salesmen, I learned from talks with some of them, are forever trying to think of new uses for the company's copiers, but they have found again and again that the public is well ahead of them. One rather odd use of xerography insures that brides get the wedding presents they want. The prospective bride submits her list of preferred presents to a department store; the store sends the list to its bridal-registry counter, which is equipped with a Xerox copier; each friend of the bride, having been tactfully briefed in advance, comes to this counter and is issued a copy of the list, whereupon he does his shopping and then returns the copy with the purchased items checked off, so that the master list may be revised and thus ready for the next donor. ("Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen!") Again, police departments in New Orleans and various other places, in-

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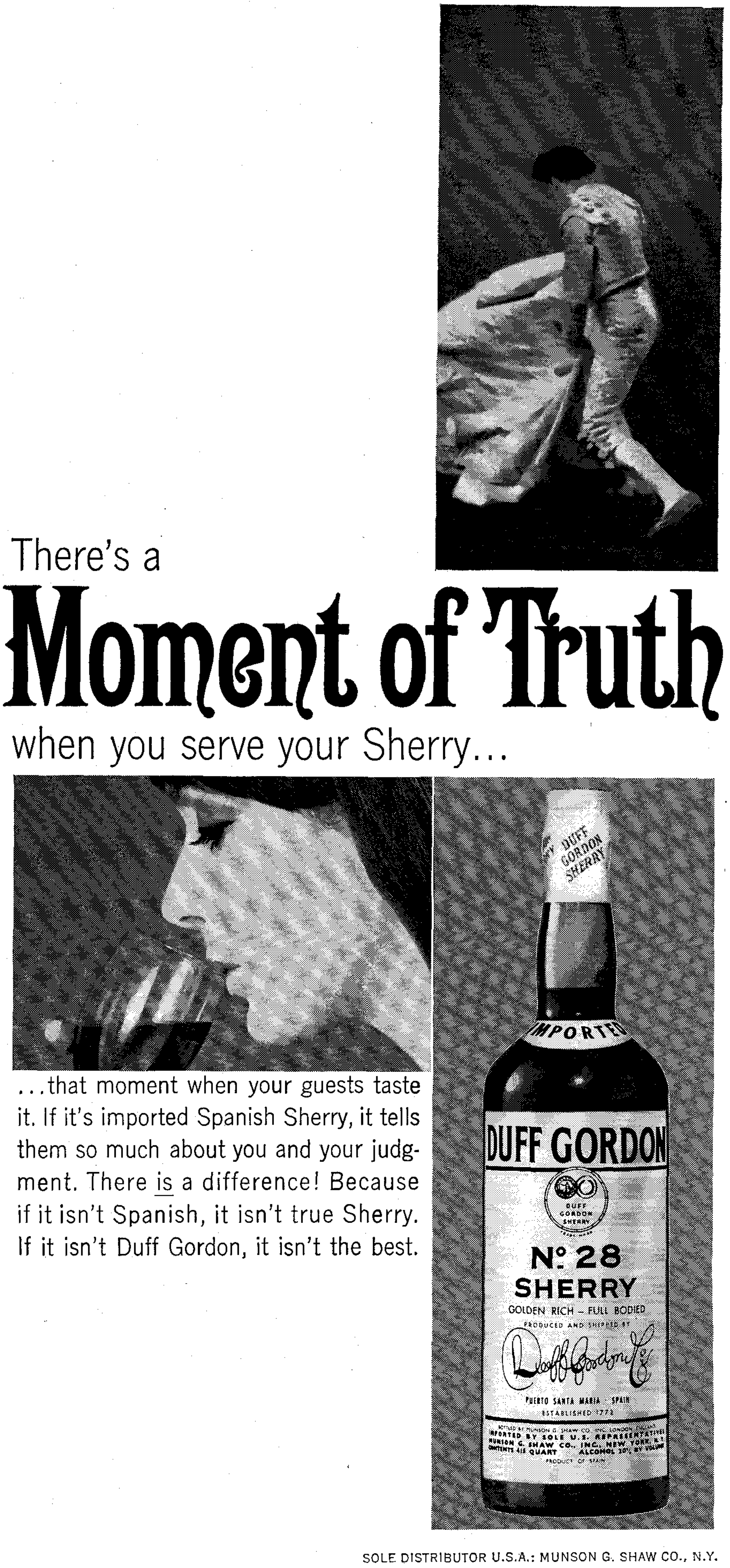
stead of laboriously typing up a receipt for the property removed from people who spend the night in the lockup, now place the property itself—wallet, watch, keys, and such—on the scanning glass of a 914, and in a few seconds have a sort of pictographic receipt. Hospitals use xerography to copy electrocardiograms and laboratory reports, and brokerage firms to get hot tips to customers more quickly. In fact, anybody with any sort of idea that might be advanced by copying can go to one of the many cigar or stationery stores that have a coin-operated copier and indulge himself. (It is interesting to note that Xerox produces coin-operated 914s in two configurations—one that works for a dime and one that works for a quarter; the buyer or leaser of the machine decides which he wants to charge.)

Copying has its abuses, too, and they are clearly serious. The most obvious one is overcopying. A tendency formerly identified with bureaucrats is spreading—the urge to make two or more copies when one would do, and to make one when none would do; the phrase "in triplicate," once used to denote bureaucratic waste, has become a gross understatement. The button waiting to be pushed, the whir of action, the neat reproduction dropping into the tray—all this adds up to a heady experience, and the neophyte operator of a copier feels an impulse to copy all the papers in his pockets. And once one has used a copier, one tends to be hooked. Perhaps the chief danger of this addiction is not so much the cluttering up of files and loss of important material through submersion as it is the insidious growth of a negative attitude toward originals—a feeling that nothing can be of importance *unless* it is copied, or is a copy itself.

A more immediate problem of xerography is the overwhelming temptation it offers to violate the copyright laws. Almost all large public and college libraries—and many high-school libraries as well—are now equipped with copying machines, and teachers and students in need of a few copies of a group of poems from a published book, a certain short story from an anthology, or a certain article from a scholarly journal have developed the habit of simply plucking it from the library's shelves, taking it to the library's reproduction department, and having the required number of Xerox copies made. The effect, of course, is to deprive the author and the publisher of income. There are no legal records of such infringements of copyright, since publishers and authors almost never



There's a
Moment of Truth
when you serve your Sherry...

...that moment when your guests taste it. If it's imported Spanish Sherry, it tells them so much about you and your judgment. There is a difference! Because if it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry. If it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best.

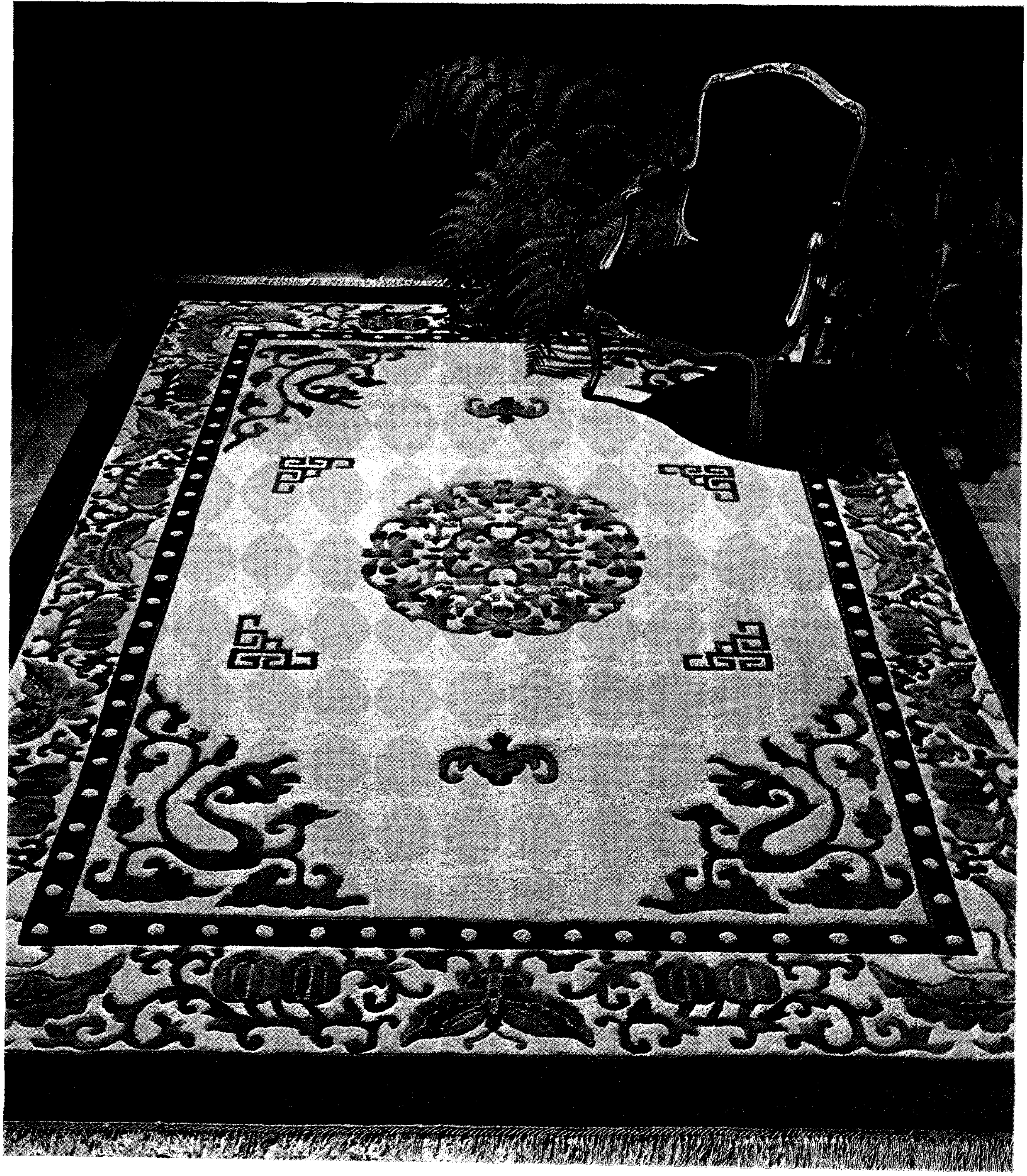
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.

Bengali is a story told in design.
Our imitators keep trying to tell the story
by just copying our design—
but they don't know the language

. . . THAT'S JUST ONE REASON WHY A GENUINE **BENGALI** CAN'T BE IMITATED

The India hand-made Bengali* carpet tells its unique design story with the richest woolen yarns, the truest chrome dyes, the most painstaking hand-weaving and hand-carving. That's the inimitable language of Bengali. If you want the *look* of a Bengali, then get a Bengali . . . the only carpet with the *label* that says "Genuine Bengali." See Bengali (Khalabar and Chindia too) at a fine store near you. And send for the illustrated story of these magnificent carpets hand-made in India . . . just 25c to **Pande, Cameron and Company of New York, 295 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.**

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



How to say love in Italian

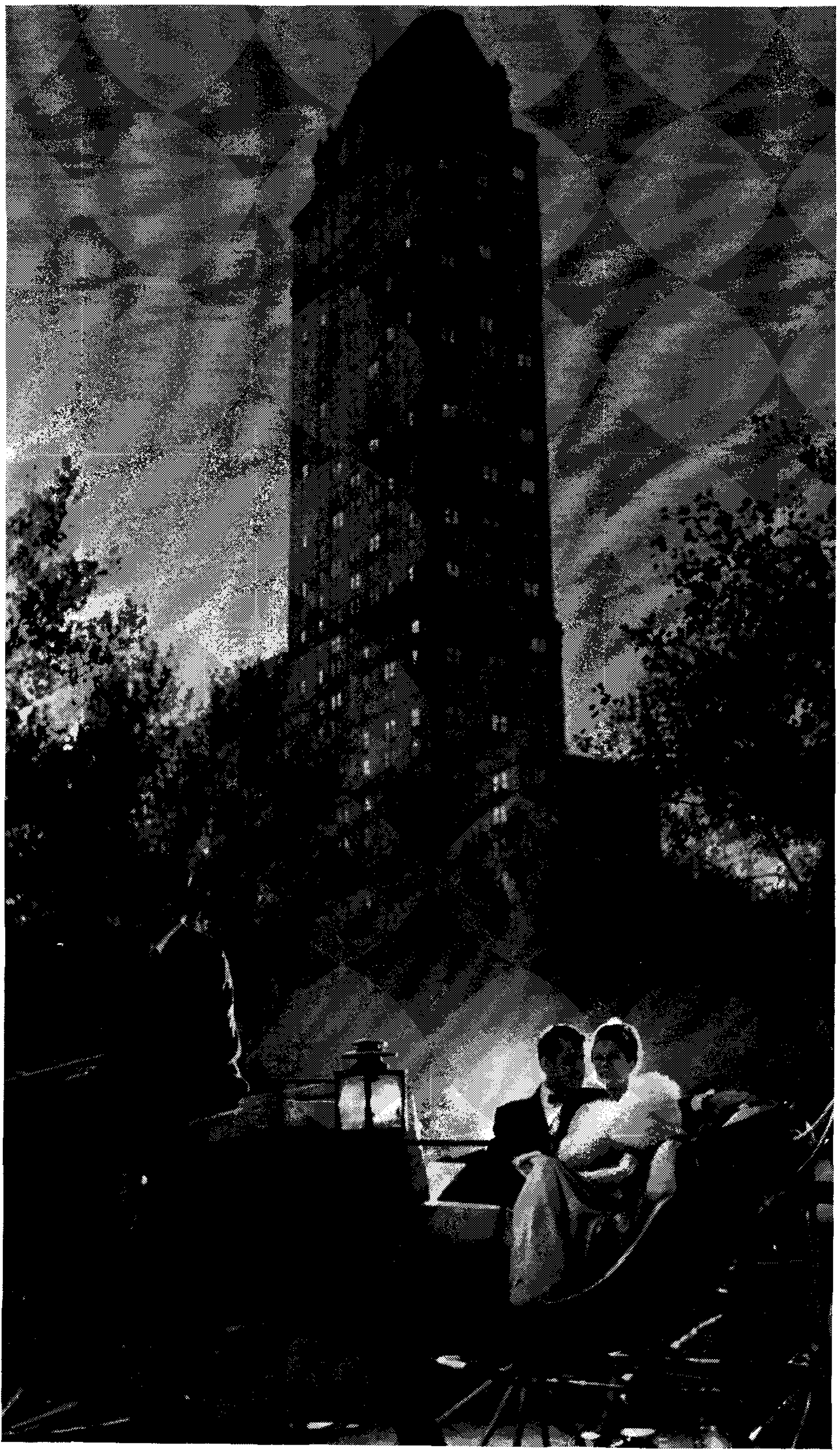
Bring Asti Gancia Sparkling Wine. Don't speak. The wine speaks for you. It bubbles and tingles and sparkles. It's young and lively and gay. It's like nothing else in the world. In Italy, it's almost as popular as love.

Gancia
Asti
Gancia
Spumante
Italian Sparkling Wine

Imported Italian Sparkling Wine © 1966 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N. Y.

sue educators, if only because they don't know that the infringements have occurred; furthermore, the educators themselves often have no idea that they have done anything illegal. The likelihood that many copyrights have already been infringed unknowingly through xerography became indirectly apparent a couple of years ago when a committee of educators sent a circular to teachers from coast to coast informing them explicitly what rights to reproduce copyrighted material they did and did not have, and the almost instant sequel was a marked rise in the number of requests from educators to publishers for permissions. And there is more concrete evidence of the way things have been going; for example, in 1965 a staff member of the library school of the University of New Mexico publicly advocated that libraries spend ninety per cent of their budgets on staff, telephones, copying, telefacsimiles, and the like, and only ten per cent—a sort of tithe—on books and journals.

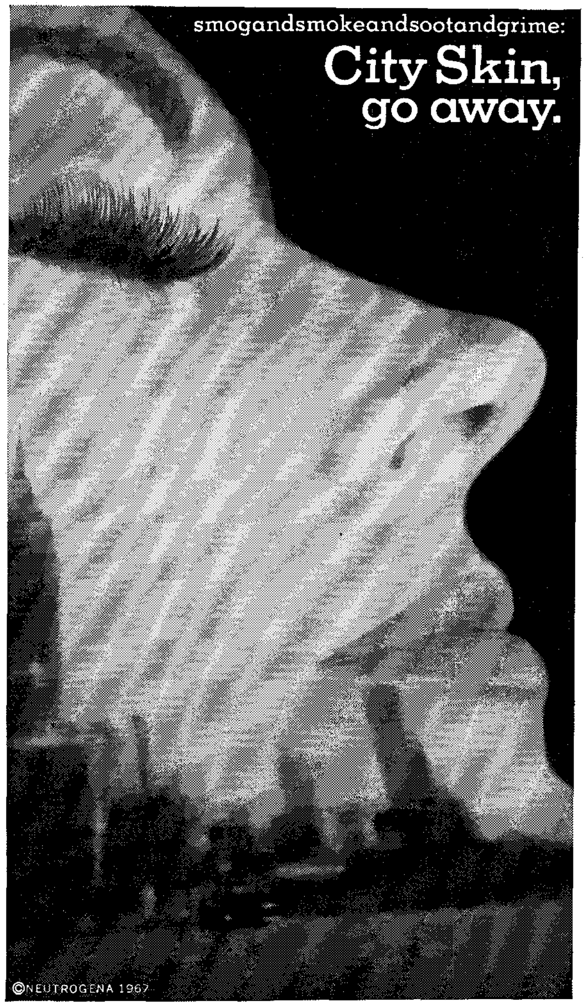
To a certain extent, libraries attempt to police copying on their own. The photographic service of the New York Public Library's main branch, which fills some fifteen hundred requests a week for copies of library matter, informs patrons that "copyrighted material will not be reproduced beyond 'fair use' "—that is, the amount and kind of reproduction, generally confined to brief excerpts, that have been established by legal precedent as not constituting infringement. The library goes on, "The applicant assumes all responsibility for any question that may arise in the making of the copy and in the use made thereof." In the first part of its statement the library seems to assume the responsibility and in the second part to renounce it, and this ambivalence may reflect an uneasiness widely felt among users of library copiers. Outside library walls, there often does not seem to be even this degree of scruple. Business people who are otherwise meticulous in their observance of the law seem to regard copyright infringement about as seriously as they regard jaywalking. A writer I've heard about was invited not long ago to a seminar of high-level and high-minded industrial leaders and was startled to find that a chapter from his most recent book had been copied and distributed to the participants, to serve as a basis for discussion. When the writer protested, the businessmen were taken aback, and even injured; they had thought the writer would be pleased by their attention to his work, but the flattery, after all, was of the sort shown



New York has a hotel with flair...

New York is Central Park by dawn . . . the opulent shops of Fifth Avenue . . . opening nights on Broadway . . . the swirling glitter of Lincoln Center with its Opera, Philharmonic Hall and the Repertory Theater. In the midst of this exciting activity is the glamorous Pierre, home of the celebrated Pierre Grill and Cafe Pierre (dancing and entertainment from 6 P.M.). Rooms and suites of elegance and charm await your visit. See your travel agent, write or telephone (212) TE 8-8000.

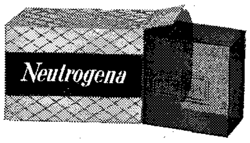
Hotel Pierre
OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
Fifth Avenue at 61st Street,
New York 10021



smogandsmokeandsootandgrime:
City Skin, go away.

Neutrogena® is here!

Go away irritated itchy dry skin. Go away in a splash of pure, clear Neutrogena lather. It's the perfect—and natural—antidote to the complexion abuses of urban living. ☐ Rinses away the grime without drying, irritating, or tightening your skin. Leaves your face fresh, alive, dewy-moist as if you'd been for an early-morning walk in the country. ☐ Neutrogena is so different from ordinary soaps it's patented. Wash with it and you'll know why. (The feeling alone is worth the $1.)



At cosmetic counters in department stores and better drugstores. Regular size, $1. New Imperial size, $1.50.

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Chairs by Schnadig Corporation. At fine stores everywhere.

beauty guaranteed to last

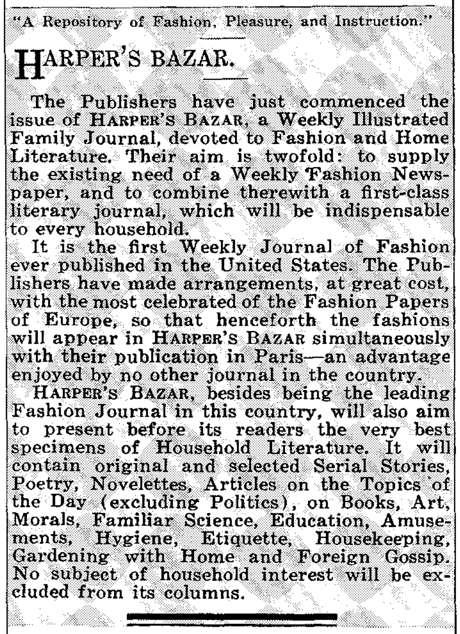
...fabric by EVERFAST® protected with DU PONT ZEPEL® FABRIC FLUORIDIZER from watery and oily spills. EVERGLAZE® easy care cotton

THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10018

by a thief who commends a lady's jewelry by making off with it.

In the opinion of some commentators, what has happened so far is only the first phase of a kind of revolution in graphics. "Xerography is bringing a reign of terror into the world of publishing, because it means that every reader can become both author and publisher," the Canadian sage Marshall McLuhan wrote in the spring, 1966, issue of the *American Scholar*. "Authorship and readership alike can become production-oriented under xerography. . . . Xerography is electricity invading the world of typography, and it means a total revolution in this old sphere." Even allowing for McLuhan's erratic ebullience ("I change my opinions daily," he has confessed), he seems to have got his teeth into something here. Various magazine articles have predicted nothing less than the disappearance of the book as it now exists, and pictured the library of the future as a sort of monster computer capable of storing and retrieving the contents of books electronically and xerographically. The "books" in such a library would be tiny chips of computer film—"editions of one." Everyone agrees that such a library is still some time away. (But not so far away as to preclude a wary reaction from at least one forehanded publisher. Beginning late last year, the long-familiar "all rights reserved" rigmarole on the copyright page of all books published by Harcourt, Brace & World was altered to read, a bit spookily, "All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system . . .") One of the nearest approaches to it today is the Xerox subsidiary University Microfilms, which can, and does, enlarge its microfilms of out-of-print books and print them as attractive and highly legible paperback volumes, at a cost to the customer of four cents a page; in cases where the book is covered by copyright, the firm pays a royalty to the author on each copy produced. But the time when almost anyone can make his own copy of a published book at lower than the market price is not some years away; it is now. All that the amateur publisher needs is access to a Xerox machine and a small offset printing press. One of the lesser but still important attributes of xerography is its ability to make master copies for use on offset presses, and make them much more cheaply and quickly than was

In 1867, Mr. Harper put it this way…



"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction."

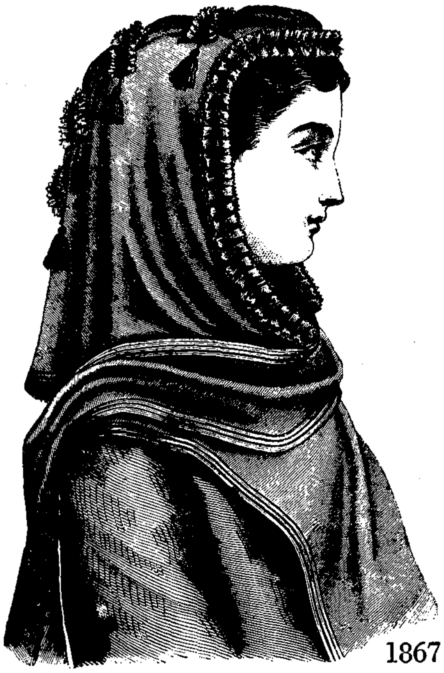
HARPER'S BAZAR.

The Publishers have just commenced the issue of HARPER'S BAZAR, a Weekly Illustrated Family Journal, devoted to Fashion and Home Literature. Their aim is twofold: to supply the existing need of a Weekly Fashion Newspaper, and to combine therewith a first-class literary journal, which will be indispensable to every household.

It is the first Weekly Journal of Fashion ever published in the United States. The Publishers have made arrangements, at great cost, with the most celebrated of the Fashion Papers of Europe, so that henceforth the fashions will appear in HARPER'S BAZAR simultaneously with their publication in Paris—an advantage enjoyed by no other journal in the country.

HARPER'S BAZAR, besides being the leading Fashion Journal in this country, will also aim to present before its readers the very best specimens of Household Literature. It will contain original and selected Serial Stories, Poetry, Novelettes, Articles on the Topics of the Day (excluding Politics), on Books, Art, Morals, Familiar Science, Education, Amusements, Hygiene, Etiquette, Housekeeping, Gardening with Home and Foreign Gossip. No subject of household interest will be excluded from its columns.

© Harper's Bazaar



1867

DE MEYER

1928

...and in 1967 Harper's Bazaar is 100 Years Ahead

Even though the modes, manners and mores of our country have changed a million times since Mr. Harper summed up his magazine concept, we find the philosophy of Bazaar today (although certainly not phrased in such archaic wisdom) remarkably similar.

Bazaar started 100 years ago. The same year Maximilian was executed by Juarez, the Dominion of Canada was established and Alaska was sold to the United States for seven million dollars. Recently, Patou was sold to another company for practically the same amount. America had ended a Civil War and women were hungry for the ambiance of the more *luxe* life. Women were working. Women were nudgy about women's rights. Women were looking for a way to live, looking for a culture.

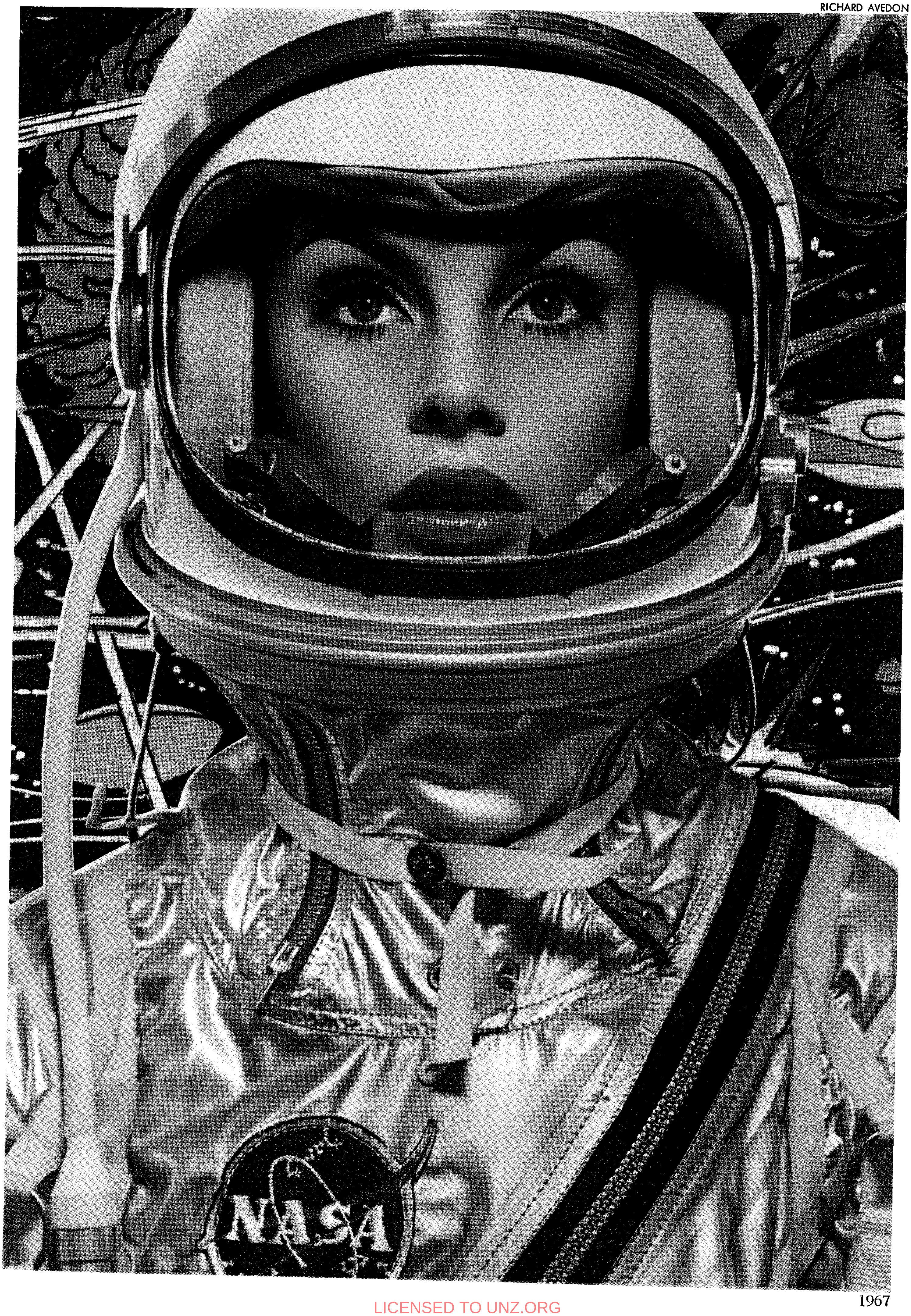
Bazaar became a voice for such notables as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Susan B. Anthony, Clara Barton, Lucretia Mott. Bazaar reproduced fashions from the court, Bazaar reported on fashions from the big ten in Europe couture, (Poiret, Lanvin, Molyneux, Chanel, Vionnet, etc.). Bazaar pointed out the news, helped build the American couture we know today.

Bazaar's firsts are so numerous, it's impossible to list them all, but try these for a starter: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* ran as a serial, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* ran month by month as the editor, Henry Sell, nudged Anita Loos into finishing the adventures of Lorelei. In fact, Bazaar ran more on Lorelei than even Carol Channing knows about.

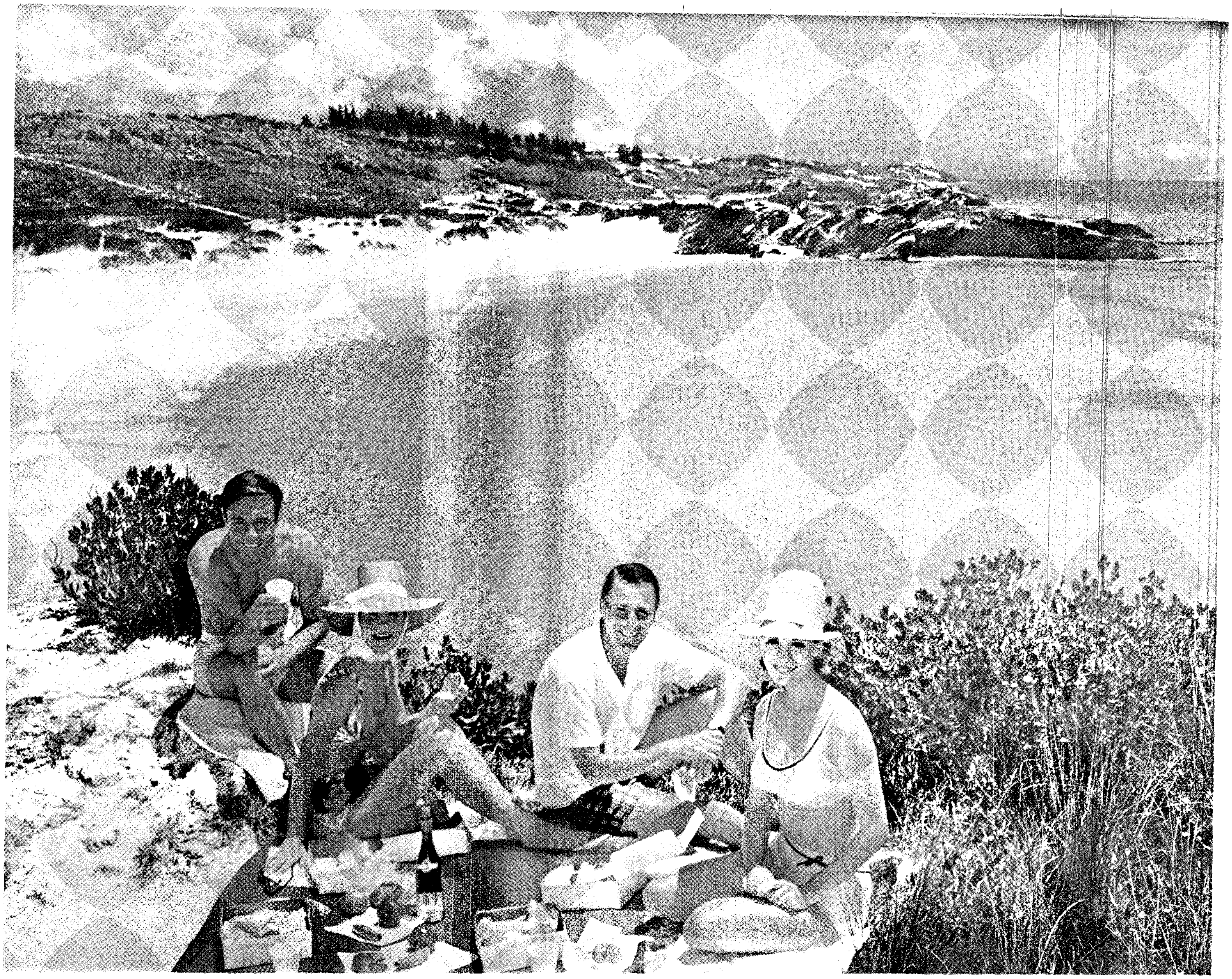
Bazaar's history of photography and art reads like a museum program. The early days produced the great works in photography of Baron de Meyer and Hoyningen-Heune and Bazaar started the new school of photography with Avedon. Artists such as Cocteau and Dali covered collections for Bazaar to catch a new spirit. As for literature, writers such as Edith Sitwell, Colette, Carson McCullers, Albert Camus found a warm, gracious and proper atmosphere for their work.

As a result, Bazaar's reader today is secure in her taste. No one can shake her. She's hip, rich, resplendent. She is a rewarding person, the kind you'd like to meet. Our reader, from the beginning, has been what we call the "creative consumer." She buys what she sees in our pages because we are and have always been tuned into her needs and her life. As we start our 101st year, we know one thing for certain. Bazaar in the year 2067 (and we might be here if medicine keeps making the grand strides), will have a philosophy that won't be one whit different than it is today. Why? Because being 100 years ahead, we feel rich and secure *and* optimistic. We have something that works—setting the taste that sets the trends.

RICHARD AVEDON



1967



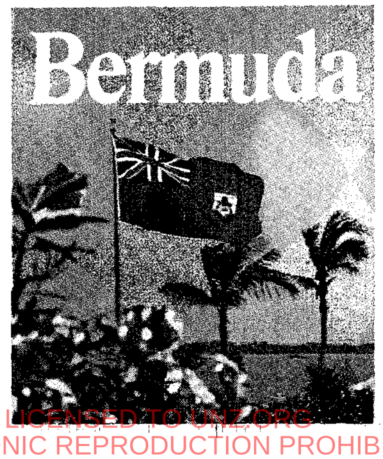
"Bob worried about finding a secluded picnic spot—we had this whole delicious beach to ourselves." That's Bermuda!

People take glorious pictures of our pink beaches. But then, Bermuda beaches *are* glorious. The sand is soft and fine, with tiny flecks of coral colouring it pink. And with 80 beaches in all, you need never worry about finding a hideaway!

Take a plunge, after your picnic is over, into a clear, warm ocean (about 70° now). The swimming is perfect. So are sailing, water skiing, and diving out at the coral reefs among schools of exotic fish.

These and scores of other pleasures are easily arranged. For Bermuda is 21 square miles of concentrated fun. You're never more than minutes away from ocean, golf courses, tennis courts, charter boats for game fishing. Or from excellent dining, friendly pubs, exciting night spots.

Shops, too, are near. And what shops! The finest goods of many nations are here, at prices you'll find quite irresistible.

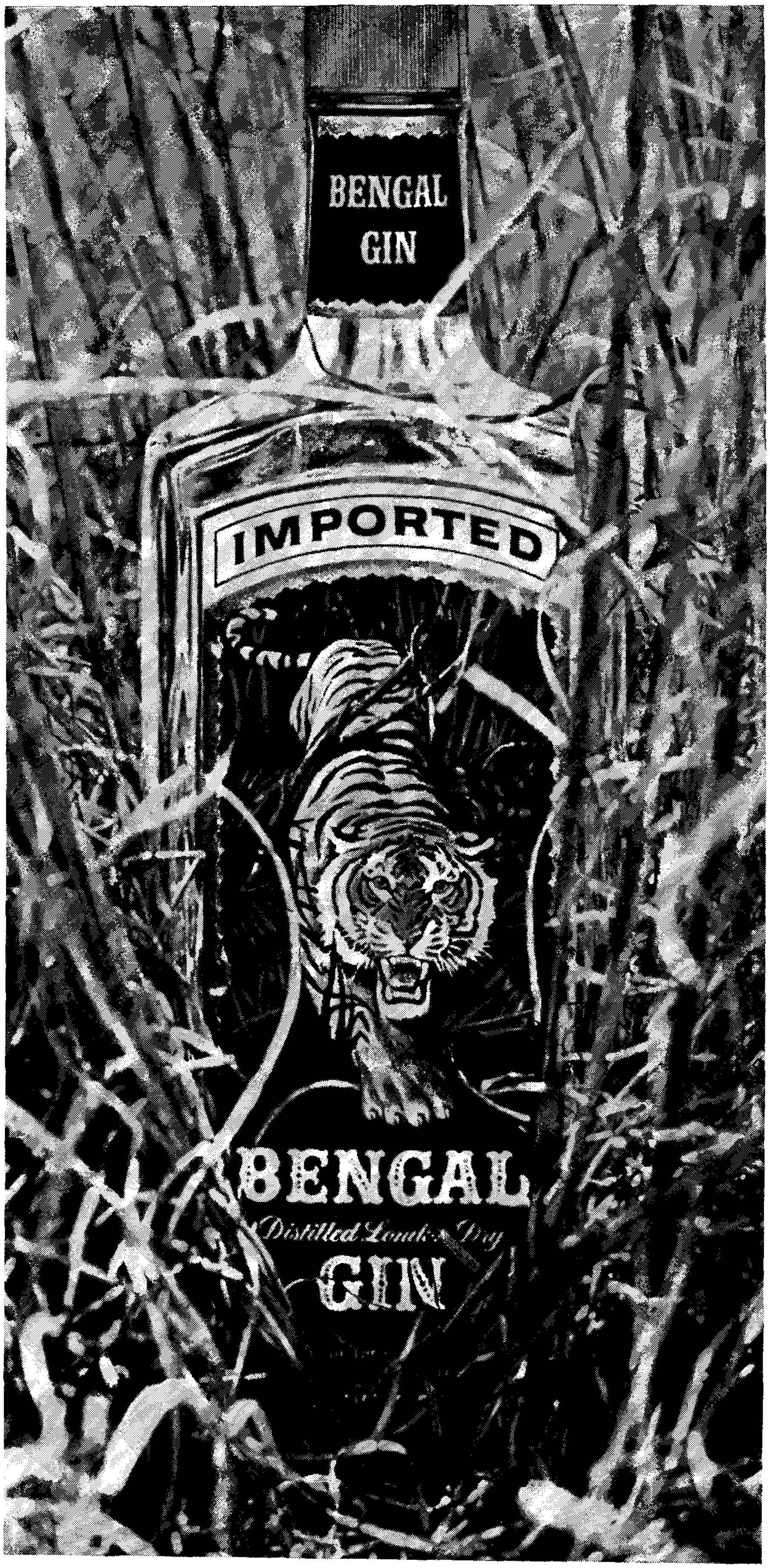


So much to see, in this tiny paradise of an island—over 300 years old, and yet perennially bright and fresh. Everything from lighthouse views to underground caves. From slow-going horse-drawn carriages to wave-splitting yacht races.

Have Bermuda for yourself, soon. It's yours, wherever you stay. Ask a travel agent in the U. S. or Canada, or write:
Bermuda, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 10020.
6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60602.

previously possible. According to Irwin Karp, counsel to the Authors League of America, an edition of fifty copies of any printed book can be handsomely "published" (minus the binding) by this combination of technologies in a matter of minutes at a cost of about eight-tenths of a cent per page, and less than that if the edition is larger. A teacher wishing to distribute to a class of fifty students the contents of a sixty-four-page book of poetry selling for three dollars and seventy-five cents could do so, if he was disposed to ignore the copyright laws, at a cost of slightly over fifty cents per copy.

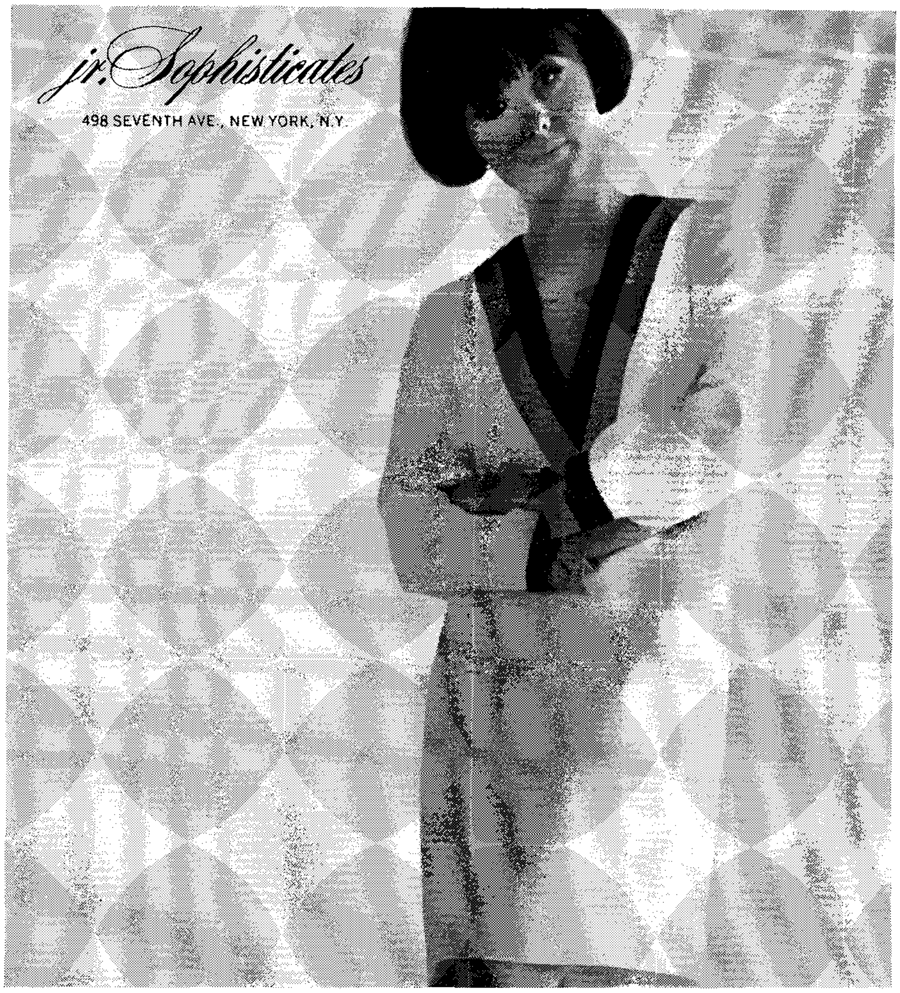
The danger in the new technology, authors and publishers have contended, is that in doing away with the book it may do away with them, and thus with writing itself. Herbert S. Bailey, Jr., director of Princeton University Press, wrote recently in the *Saturday Review* of a scholar friend of his who has cancelled all his subscriptions to scholarly journals; instead, he now scans their tables of contents at his public library and makes copies of the articles that interest him. Bailey commented, "If all scholars followed [this] practice, there would be no scholarly journals." During the past couple of years, Congress has been considering a revision of the copyright laws—the first since 1909. At the hearings, a committee representing the National Education Association and a clutch of other education groups has argued firmly and persuasively that if education is to keep up with our national growth, the present copyright law and the fair-use doctrine should be liberalized for scholastic purposes. The authors and publishers, not surprisingly, have opposed such liberalization, insisting that any extension of existing rights would tend to deprive them of their livelihoods to some degree now, and to a far greater degree in the uncharted xerographic future. A bill that was approved recently by the House Judiciary Committee, is now being considered by a Senate subcommittee, and is expected to come to a vote in both houses during 1967 seems to represent a victory for them, since it explicitly sets forth the fair-use doctrine and contains no educational-copying exemption. McLuhan, for one, is convinced that all efforts to preserve the old forms of author protection represent backward thinking and are doomed to failure (or, anyway, he was convinced the day he wrote his *American Scholar* article). "There is no possible protection from technology except by technology," he wrote. "When you create a new environment



Cat Nip.

Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated). Keep it behind bars. Yours. Grrrr! 94 Proof.

IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN THE BOTTLE, BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.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498 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

New from Lindblad Travel: an expedition to the Amazon Basin and Mato Grosso, led personally by Andre Rakowitsch

Our guide, who has lived in the interior of Brazil for 16 years, recommends this excursion not for the timid nor the tourist — but for the adventurous explorer.

You will leave the legendary Mato Grosso and the green Amazon jungle (with animals found nowhere else) carrying memories and photographs of a world known to only a handful of men.

Highlight of our 20-day journey: a leisurely trip along the Araguaia River in a "Safari Boatel" specially designed by Mr. Rakowitsch. (Excellent fishing; bartering with Indian tribes.) Cost complete from New York: $2,135.00. Monthly departures beginning in May.

Mail the coupon now for your complimentary brochure on the Amazon Basin and Mato Grosso expedition, and dossier on Mr. Rakowitsch.

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Please rush me special brochure on the Amazon and Mato Grosso.

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NY 467

with one phase of technology, you have to create an anti-environment with the next." But authors are seldom good at technology, and probably do not flourish in anti-environments.

In dealing with this Pandora's box that Xerox products have opened, the company seems to have measured up tolerably well to its lofty ideals as set forth by Wilson. Although it has a commercial interest in encouraging—or, at least, not *dis*couraging—more and more copying of just about anything that can be read, it makes more than a token effort to inform the users of its machines of their legal responsibilities; for example, each new machine that is shipped out is accompanied by a cardboard poster giving a long list of things that may not be copied, among them paper money, government bonds, postage stamps, passports, and "copyrighted material of any manner or kind without permission of the copyright owner." (How many of these posters end up in wastebaskets is another matter.) Moreover, caught in the middle between the contending factions in the fight over revision of copyright law, it has resisted the temptation to stand piously aside while raking in the profits, and has shown an exemplary sense of social responsibility—at least from the point of view of the authors and publishers. The copying industry in general, by contrast, has tended either to remain neutral or to lean to the educators' side. At a 1963 symposium on copyright revision, an industry spokesman went as far as to argue that machine copying by a scholar is merely a convenient extension of hand copying, which has traditionally been accepted as legitimate. But not Xerox. Instead, in September, 1965, Wilson wrote to the House Judiciary Committee flatly opposing any kind of special copying exemption in any new law. Of course, in evaluating this seemingly quixotic stand one ought to remember that Xerox is a publishing firm as well as a copying-machine firm; indeed, what with American Education Publications and University Microfilms, it is one of the largest publishing firms in the country. Conventional publishers, I gathered from my researches, sometimes find it a bit bewildering to be confronted by this futuristic giant not merely as an alien threat to their familiar world but as an energetic colleague and competitor within it.

HAVING had a look at some Xerox products and devoted some thought to the social implications of their use, I went to Rochester to

The tire that's better than cars.

The Cinturato CN 72 radial ply tire can go 150 miles an hour. Your car can't.

It can do 130 . . . for 24 straight hours. Your car can't.

It can corner at angles your car can't cut. And stop at speeds your car can't muster.

And if you're wondering why any company in its right mind would make a tire for a Ford or Chevy to GT Ferrari tolerances, we'll tell you.

We think a tire must be able to take everything a car can dish out. And then some.

We think that when you're doing 60 all day on a sizzling blacktop or swinging around some rainslicked hairpin turn, your tires should be more than equal to it.

So when we make the Cinturato CN 72, we go the only way you can when you want a tire to be that good. Overboard.

While others are making American car radial ply tires with two plies, we use three. While others depend on tubes in their radial ply tires, we make ours tubeless. We've even moved the whitewall closer to the rim so the curb doesn't scrape it.

The result of all our sweat and tears is a tire rugged enough to last a good 45,000 miles.

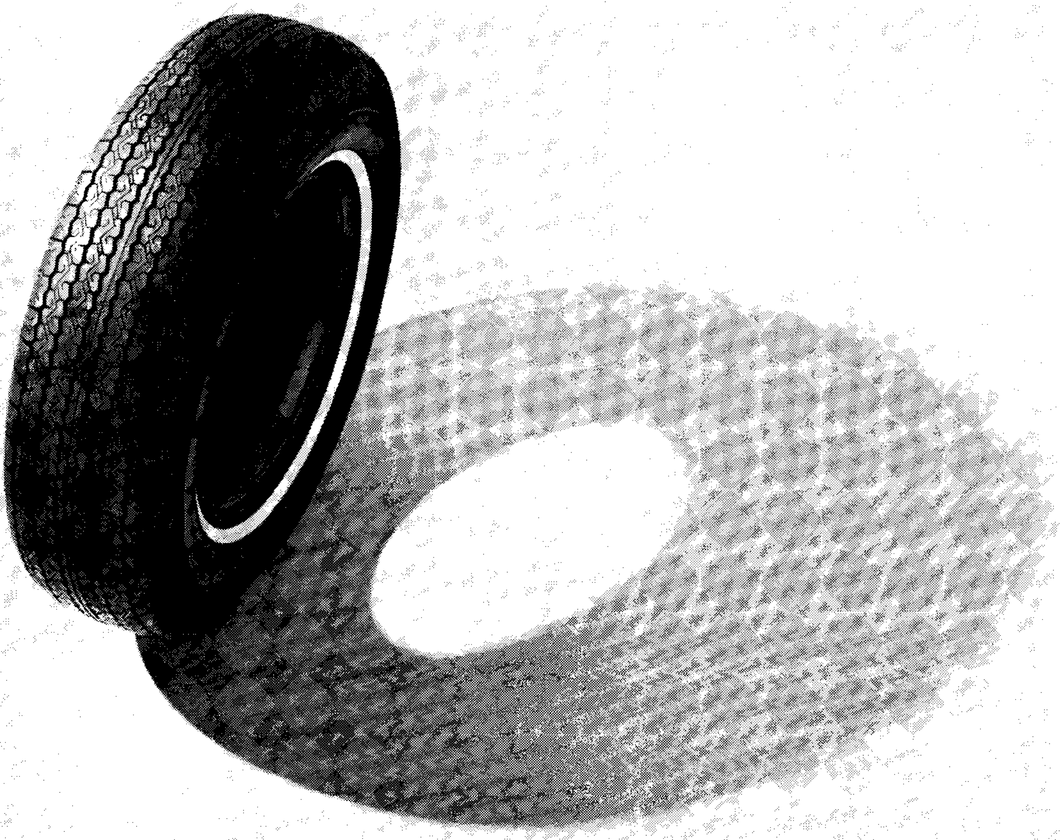
And though you have to pay at least $40 for a CN 72 and perhaps as much as $54, it's worth it.

There's a saying among Italian racing car drivers, "La tua vita puo' dipendere da una sola gomma."

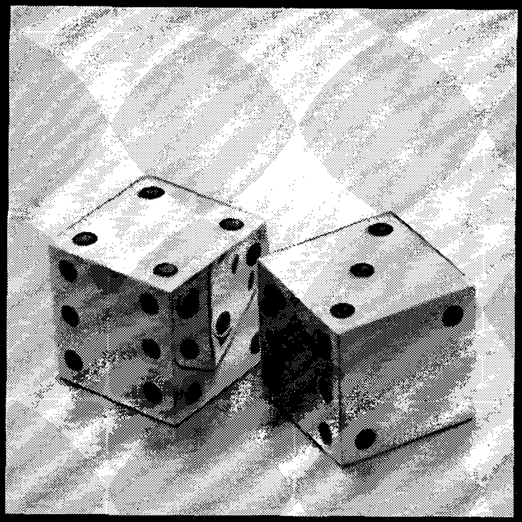
It means your life is riding on your tires.

Pirelli Sales, Inc., 60 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

PIRELLI



The elegant art of shooting craps.
By International Silver.



Standard sized, but a solid sterling handful.
Handsomely boxed, $15. At fine jewelers and silverware departments everywhere.

®International Sterling

Made by The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

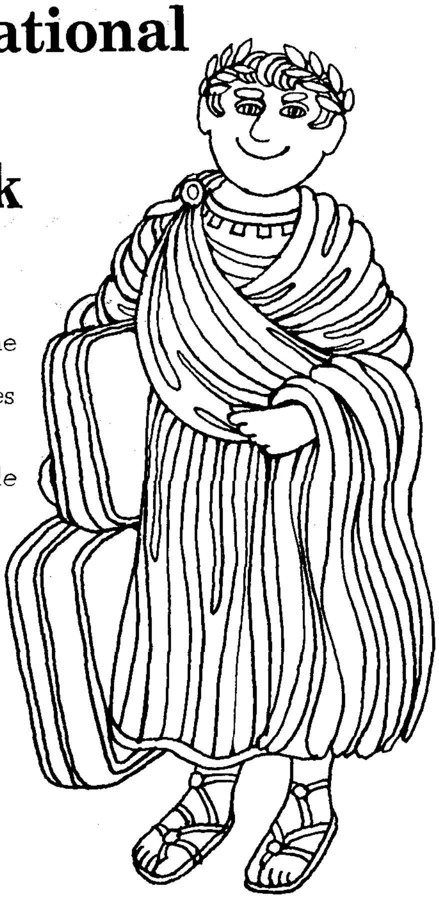
We see the Athens Hilton as a famous international hotel.

But it'll be Greek to you.

You'll be surrounded by the music of the bousouki, and tempted by an endless assortment of Greek culinary specialties in the Taverna Ta Nissia. In fact, Manager Jean Pierre Piquet has even made certain there's wall-to-wall marble in your bathroom. From our roof-top bar and supper club you'll enjoy a spectacular view of the Acropolis and the harbor. And we're right in the middle of the new center of Athens. Add a sparkling pool set in a Grecian garden and you'll have a famous international hotel—that'll be Greek to you.

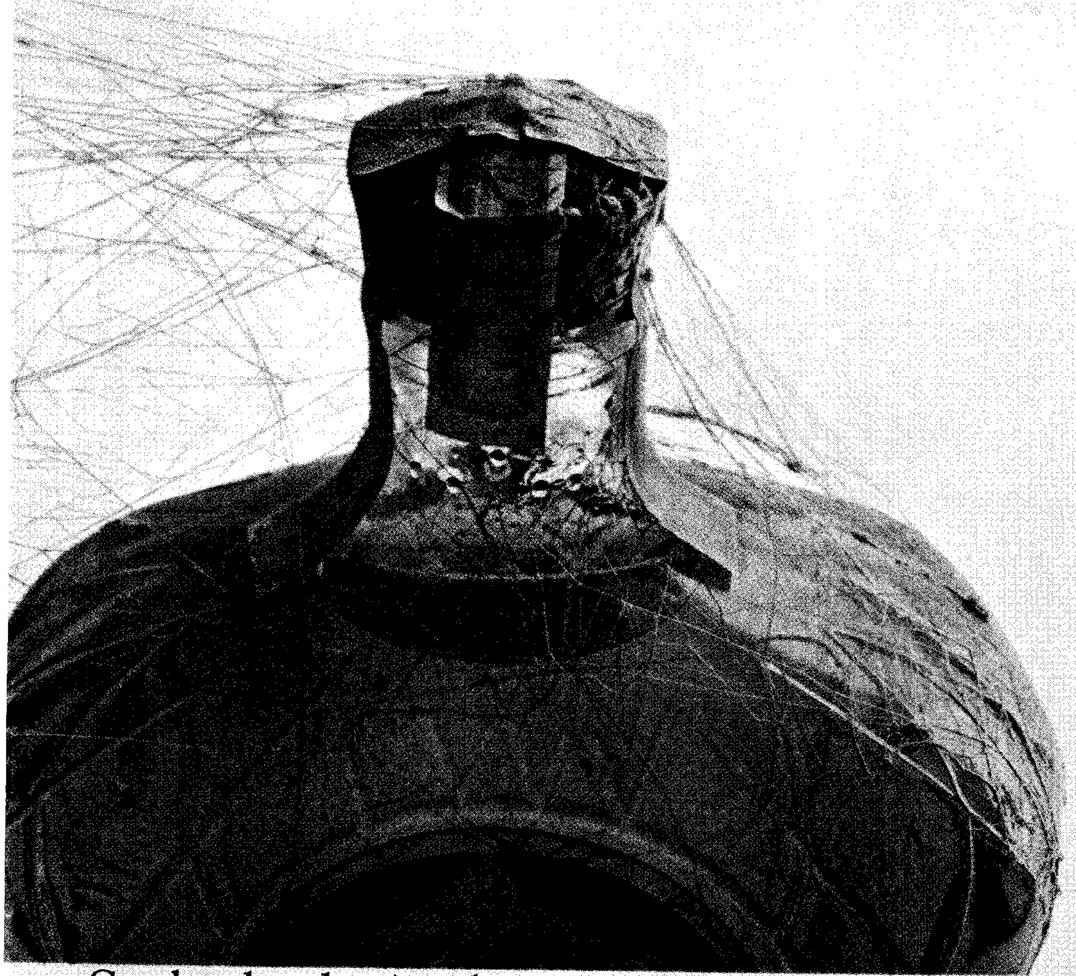
For reservations: call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

ATHENS HILTON



scrape up a first-hand acquaintance with the company and to get an idea how its people were reacting to their problems, material and moral. At the time I went, the material problems certainly seemed to be to the fore, since the week of the forty-two-and-a-half-point stock drop was not long past. On the plane en route, I had before me a copy of Xerox's most recent proxy statement, which listed the number of Xerox shares held by each director as of February, 1966, and I amused myself by calculating some of the directors' paper losses in that one bad October week, assuming that they had held on to their stock. Chairman Wilson, for example, had held 154,026 common shares in February, so his loss would have been $6,546,105. Linowitz's holding was 35,166 shares, for a loss of $1,494,555. Dr. John H. Dessauer, executive vice-president in charge of research, had held 73,845 shares and was therefore presumably out $3,138,412.50. Such sums could hardly be considered trivial even by Xerox executives. Would I, then, find their premises pervaded by gloom, or at least by signs of shock?

The Xerox executive offices are on the upper floors of Rochester's Midtown Tower, the ground level of which is occupied by Midtown Plaza, an indoor shopping mall. (Later this year, the company will move its headquarters across the street to Xerox Square, a complex, now under construction, that will include a thirty-story office building, an auditorium for civic as well as company use, and a sunken ice rink just like Rockefeller Center's.) Before going up to the Xerox offices, I took a turn or two around the mall, and found it to be equipped with all kinds of shops, a café, kiosks, pools, trees, and benches that—in spite of an oppressively bland and affluent atmosphere, created mainly, I suspect, by bland piped-in music—were occupied in part by bums, just like the benches in outdoor malls. The trees had a tendency to languish for lack of light and air, but the bums looked O.K. Having ascended by elevator, I met a Xerox public-relations man with whom I had an appointment, and immediately asked him how the company had reacted to the stock drop. "Oh, nobody takes it too seriously," he replied. "You hear a lot of lighthearted talk about it at the golf clubs. One fellow will say to another, 'You buy the drinks—I dropped another eighty thousand dollars on Xerox yesterday.' Joe Wilson *did* find it a bit traumatic that day they had to suspend trading on the Stock Exchange, but otherwise he took it in



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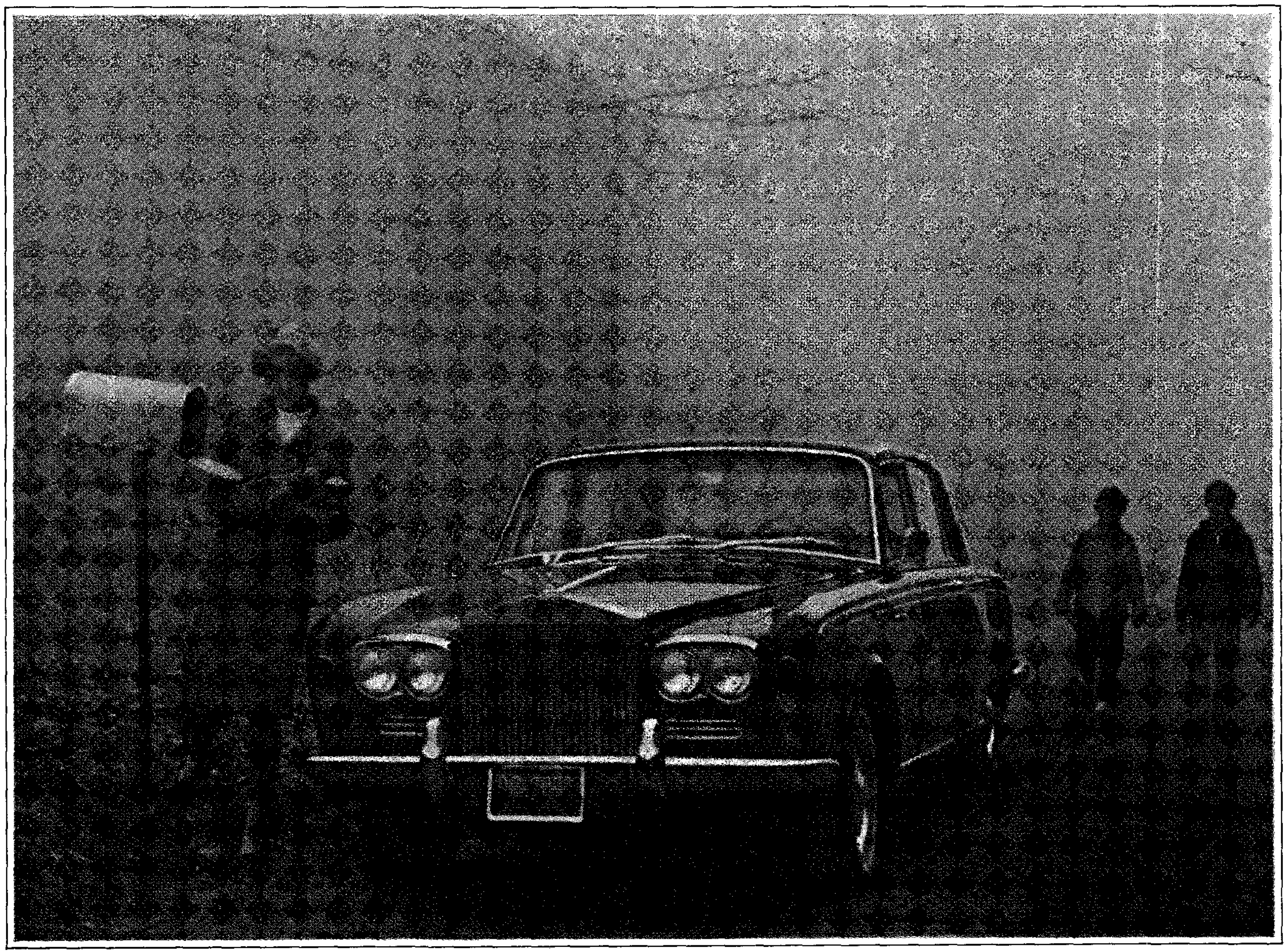

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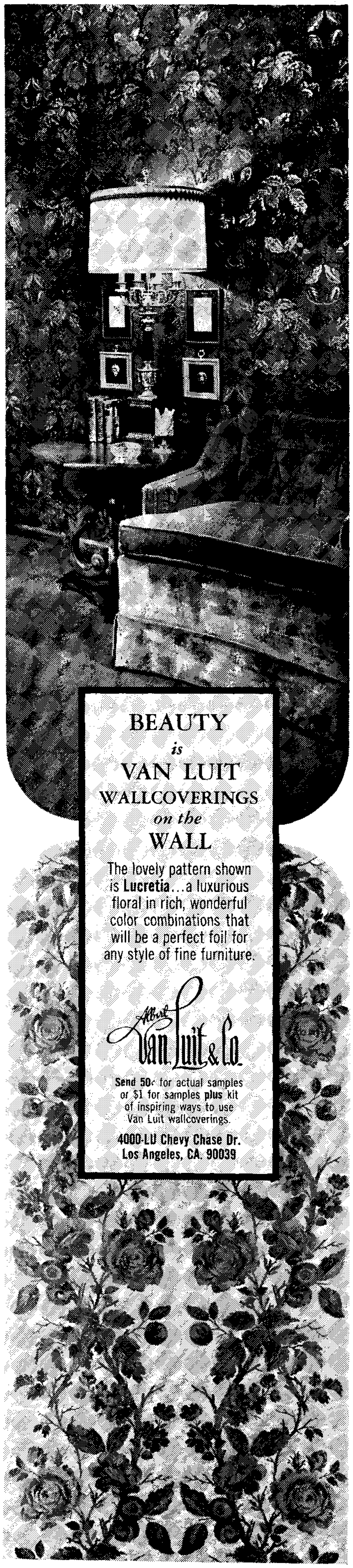
stride. In fact, at a party the other day when the stock was way down and a lot of people were clustering around him asking him what it all meant, I heard him say, 'Well, you know, it's very rarely that opportunity knocks twice.' As for the office, you scarcely hear the subject mentioned at all." As a matter of fact, I scarcely did hear it mentioned again while I was at Xerox, and this sang-froid turned out to be justified, because within a little more than a month the stock had made up its entire loss, and within a few more months it had moved up to an all-time high.

I spent the rest of that morning calling on three scientific and technical Xerox men and listening to nostalgic tales of the early years of xerographic development. The first of these men was Dr. Dessauer, the previous week's three-million-dollar loser, whom I nevertheless found looking tranquil—as I guess I should have expected, in view of the fact that his Xerox stock was still presumably worth more than nine and a half million dollars. (It is now presumably worth not quite *twenty* million.) Dr. Dessauer, a German-born veteran of the company who has been in charge of its research and engineering ever since 1938 and is now also vice-chairman of its board, was the man who first brought Carlson's invention to the attention of Joseph Wilson, after he had read an article about it in a technical journal in 1945. Stuck up on his office wall, I noticed, was a greeting card from members of his office staff in which he was hailed as the "Wizard," and I found him to be a smiling, youthful-looking man with just enough of an accent to pass muster for wizardry.

"You want to hear about the old days, eh?" Dr. Dessauer said. "Well, it was exciting. It was wonderful. It was also terrible. Sometimes I was going out of my mind, more or less literally. Money was the main problem. The company was fortunate in being modestly in the black, but not far enough. The members of our team were all gambling on the project. I even mortgaged my house—all I had left was my life insurance. My neck was way out. My feeling was that if it didn't work Wilson and I would be business failures but as far as I was concerned I'd also be a technical failure. Nobody would ever give me a job again. I'd have to give up science and sell insurance or something." Dr. Dessauer threw a retrospectively distracted glance at the ceiling and went on, "Hardly anybody was very optimistic in the early years. Various members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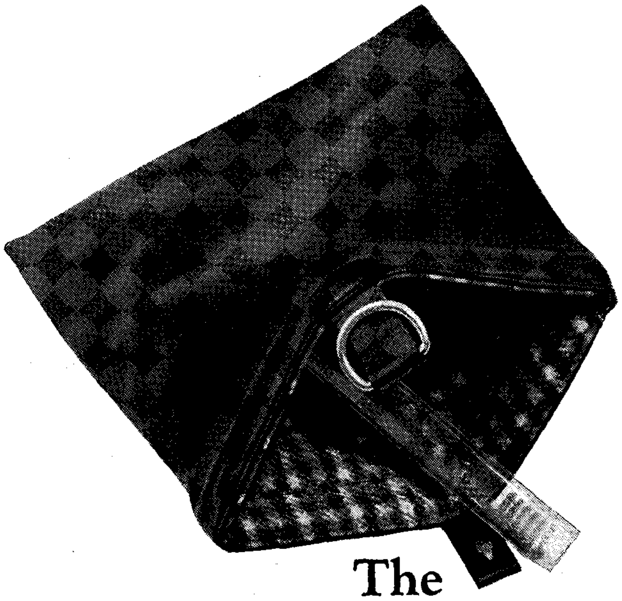

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of our own group would come in and tell me that the damn thing would never work. The biggest risk was that electrostatics would prove to be not feasible in high humidity. Almost all the experts assumed that—they'd say, 'You'll never make copies in New Orleans.' And even if it did work, the marketing people thought we were dealing with a potential market of no more than a few thousand machines. Some advisers told us that we were absolutely crazy to go ahead with the project. Well, as you know, everything worked out all right—the 914 worked, even in New Orleans, and there was a big market for it. Then came the desk-top version, the 813. I stuck my neck way out again on that, holding out for a design that some experts considered too fragile."

I asked Dr. Dessauer whether his neck is now out on anything in the way of new research, and, if so, whether it is as exciting as xerography was. He replied, "Yes to both questions, but beyond that the subject is privileged knowledge."

Dr. Harold E. Clark, the next man I saw, had been in direct charge of the xerography-development program under Dr. Dessauer's supervision, and he gave me more details on how the Carlson invention had been coaxed and nursed into a commercial product. "Chet Carlson was morphological," began Dr. Clark, a short man with a professorial manner who was, in fact, a professor of physics before he came to Haloid in 1949. I probably looked blank, because Dr. Clark gave a little laugh and went on, "I don't really know whether 'morphological' means anything. I *think* it means putting one thing together with another thing to get a new thing. Anyway, that's what Chet was. Xerography had practically no foundation in previous scientific work. Chet put together a rather odd lot of phenomena, each of which was obscure in itself and none of which had previously been related in anyone's thinking. The result was the biggest thing in imaging since the coming of photography itself. Furthermore, he did it entirely without the help of a favorable scientific climate. As you know, there are dozens of instances of simultaneous discovery down through scientific history, but no one came anywhere *near* being simultaneous with Chet. I'm as amazed by his discovery now as I was when I first heard of it. As an invention, it was magnificent. The only trouble was that as a product it wasn't any good."

Dr. Clark gave another little laugh

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and went on to explain that the turning point was reached at the Battelle Memorial Institute, and in a manner fully consonant with the tradition of scientific advances' occurring more or less by mistake. The main trouble was that Carlson's photoconductive surface, which was coated with sulphur, lost its qualities after it had made a few copies and became useless. Acting on a hunch unsupported by scientific theory, the Battelle researchers tried adding to the sulphur a small quantity of selenium, a non-metallic element previously used chiefly in electrical resistors and as a coloring material to redden glass. The selenium-and-sulphur surface worked a little better than the all-sulphur one, so the Battelle men tried adding a little more selenium. More improvement. They gradually kept increasing the percentage until they had a surface consisting entirely of selenium—no sulphur. That one worked best of all, and thus it was found, backhandedly, that selenium and selenium alone could make xerography practical.

"Think of it," Dr. Clark said, looking thoughtful himself. "A simple thing like selenium—one of the earth's elements, of which there are hardly more than a hundred altogether, and a common one at that. It turned out to be the key. Once its effectiveness was discovered, we were around the corner, although we didn't know it at the time. We still hold patents covering the use of selenium in xerography—almost a patent on one of the elements. Not bad, eh? Nor do we understand exactly *how* selenium works, even now. We're mystified, for example, by the fact that it has no memory effects—no traces of previous copies are left on the selenium-coated drum—and that it seems to be theoretically capable of lasting indefinitely. In the lab, a selenium-coated drum will last through a million processes, and we don't understand why it wears out even then. So, you see, the development of xerography was largely empirical. We were trained scientists, not Yankee tinkers, but we struck a balance between Yankee tinkering and scientific inquiry."

Next, I talked with Horace W. Becker, the Xerox engineer who was principally responsible for bringing the 914 from the working-model stage to the production line. A Brooklynite with a talent, appropriate to his assignment, for eloquent anguish, he told me of the hair-raising obstacles and hazards that surrounded this progress. When he joined Haloid Xerox in 1958, his laboratory was a loft above a Rochester garden-seed-packaging establishment;

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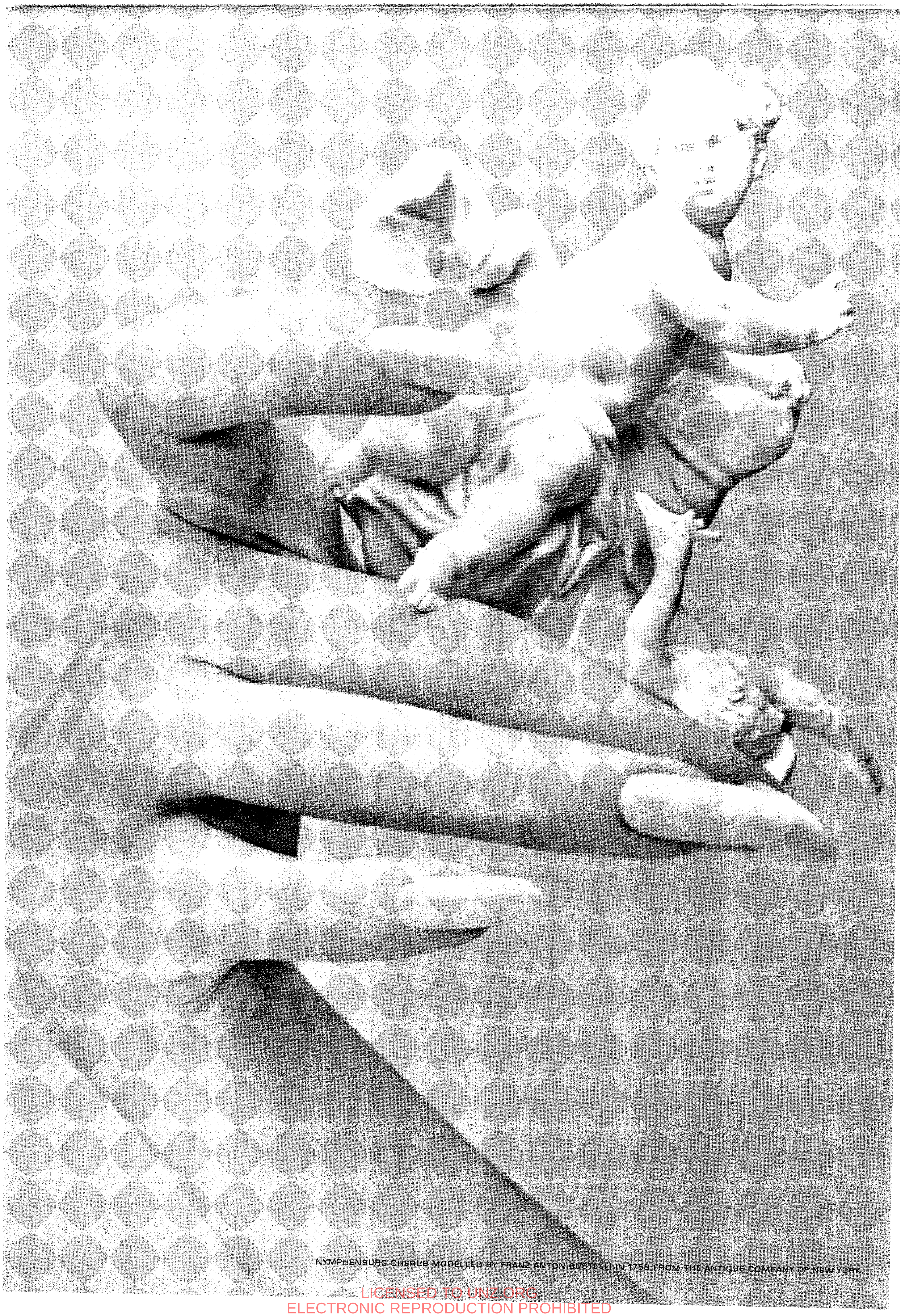

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It was a little country store on the road to Cork-that sold cheese, eggs, cookies and homemade candies. The Irish man who owned it looked like he'd make a fine picture. He said we could take himself if we'd like, but his grand daughter was far more handsome. So he brought out this little girl with blonde braids and we went out front onto the empty street when we saw a boy with orange freckles watching us. So we took his picture too when another child appeared. And then another. And these Kids Kept popping up from no place and there we were on this cobbled story-book road six hours from New York. Buying licorice, jelly beans and taking Polaroids of these great Irish children. I felt like the Pied Piper.

something was wrong with the roof, and on hot days drops of molten tar would ooze through it and spatter the engineers and the machines. The 914 finally came of age in another lab, on Orchard Street, early in 1960. "It was a beat-up old loft building, too, with a creaky elevator and a view of a railroad siding where cars full of pigs kept going by," Becker told me, "but we had the space we needed, and it didn't drip tar. It was at Orchard Street that we finally caught fire. Don't ask me how it happened. We decided it was time to set up an assembly line, and we did. Everybody was keyed up. The union people temporarily forgot their grievances, and the bosses forgot their performance ratings. You couldn't tell an engineer from an assembler in that place. No one could stay away—you'd sneak in on a Sunday, when the assembly line was shut down, and there would be somebody adjusting something or just puttering around and admiring our work. In other words, the 914 was on its way at last."

But once the machine was on its way out of the shop and on to showrooms and customers, Becker related, his troubles had only begun, because he was now held responsible for malfunctions and design deficiencies, and when it came to having a spectacular collapse just at the moment when the public spotlight was full on it, the 914 turned out to be a veritable Edsel. Intricate relays declined to work, springs broke, power supplies failed, inexperienced users dropped staples and paper clips into it and fouled the works (necessitating the installation in every machine of a staple-catcher), and the expected difficulties in humid climates developed, along with unanticipated ones at high altitudes. "All in all," Becker said, "at that time the machines had a bad habit, when you pressed the button, of doing nothing." Or if the machines did do something, it was something wrong. At the 914's first big showing in London, for instance, Wilson himself was on hand to put a ceremonial forefinger to its button; he did so, and not only was no copy made but a giant generator serving the line was blown out. Thus was xerography introduced in Great Britain, and, considering the nature of its début, the fact that Britain has since become far and away the biggest overseas user of the 914 appears to be a tribute to both Xerox resilience and British patience.

That afternoon, a Xerox guide drove me out to Webster, a farm town near the edge of Lake Ontario, a few miles from Rochester, to see the incon-

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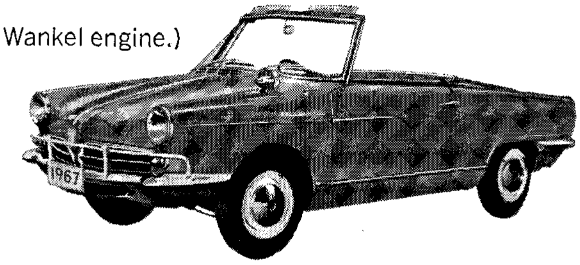

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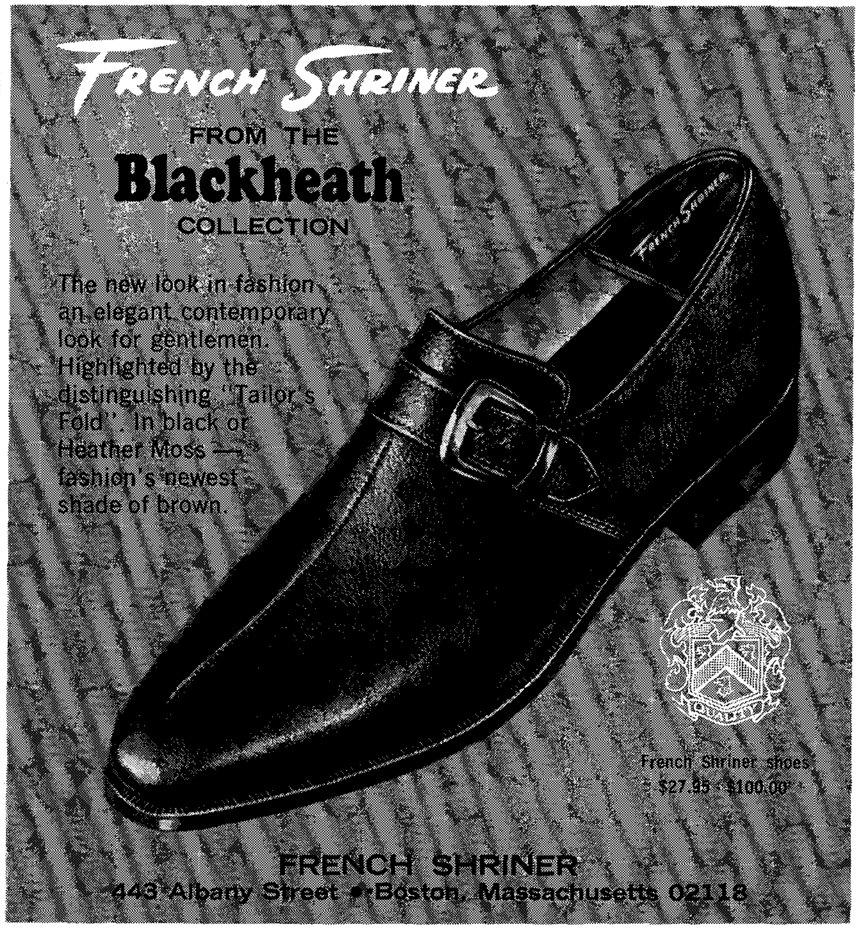
gruous successor to Becker's leaky and drafty lofts—a huge complex of modern industrial buildings, including one of roughly a million square feet where all Xerox copiers are assembled (except those made by the company's affiliates in Britain and Japan), and another, somewhat smaller but more svelte, where research and development are carried out. As we walked down one of the humming production lines in the manufacturing building, my guide explained that the line operates sixteen hours a day on two shifts, that it and the other lines have been lagging behind demand continuously for several years, that there are now almost two thousand employees working in the building, and that their union is a local of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, this anomaly being due chiefly to the fact that Rochester used to be a center of the clothing business and the Clothing Workers has long been the strongest union in the area.

After my guide had delivered me back to Rochester, I set out on my own to collect some opinions on the community's attitude toward Xerox and its success. I found them to be ambivalent. "Xerox has been a good thing for Rochester," said a local businessman. "Eastman Kodak, of course, was the city's Great White Father for years, and it is still far and away the biggest local business, although Xerox is now second and coming up fast. Facing that kind of challenge doesn't do Kodak any harm—in fact, it does it a lot of good. Besides, a successful new local company means new money and new jobs. On the other hand, some people around here resent Xerox. Most of the local industries go back to the nineteenth century, and their people aren't always noted for receptiveness to newcomers. When Xerox was going through its meteoric rise, some thought the bubble would burst—no, they *hoped* it would burst. On top of that, there's been a certain amount of feeling against the way Joe Wilson and Sol Linowitz are always talking about human values while making money hand over fist. But, you know—the price of success."

I went out to the University of Rochester, high on the banks of the Genesee River, and had a talk with its president, W. Allen Wallis. A tall man with red hair, trained as a statistician, Wallis serves on the boards of several Rochester companies, including Eastman Kodak, which has always been the university's Santa Claus and remains its biggest annual benefactor. As for Xerox, the university has several sound reasons for feeling kindly toward it. In



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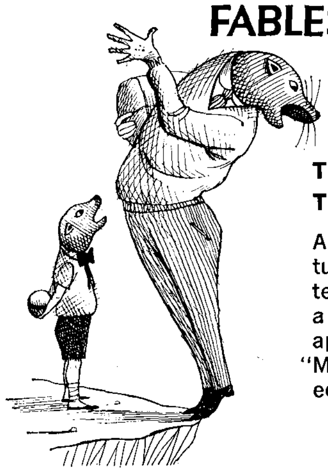

THE SEAL AND THE SANDWICHES

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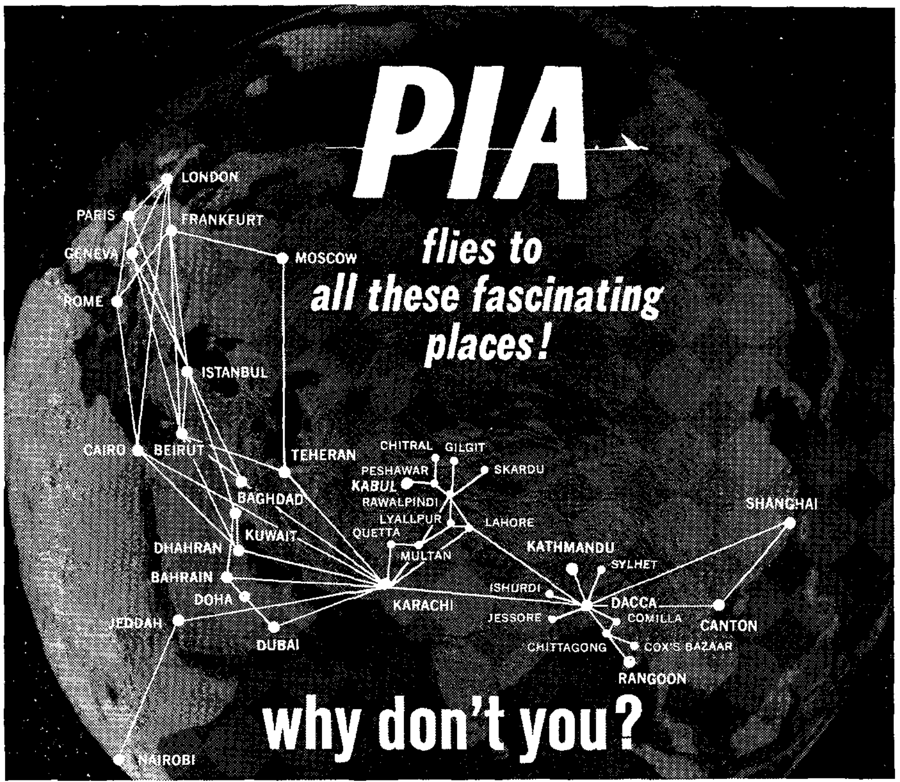

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the first place, the university is a prize example of a Xerox *multi*millionaire, since its clear capital gain on the investment now amounts to around a hundred million dollars and it has taken out more than ten million in profits. In the second place, Xerox comes through with annual cash gifts second only to Kodak's, and recently pledged nearly six million dollars to the university's capital-funds drive. In the third place, Wilson, a University of Rochester graduate himself, has been on the university's board of trustees since 1949 and its chairman since 1959. "Before I came here, in 1962, I'd never even heard of corporations' giving universities such sums as Kodak and Xerox give us now," President Wallis said. "And all they want in return is for us to provide top-quality education—not do their research for them, or anything like that. Oh, there's a good deal of informal technical consulting between our scientific people and the Xerox people—same thing with Kodak, Bausch & Lomb, and others—but that's not why they're supporting the university. They want to make Rochester a place that will be attractive to the people they want here. The university has never invented anything for Xerox, and I guess it never will."

The next morning, in the Xerox executive offices, I met the three nontechnical Xerox men of the highest magnitude, ending with Wilson himself. The first of these was Linowitz, the lawyer whom Wilson took on "temporarily" in 1946 and kept on permanently as his least dispensable aide. (Since Xerox became famous, the general public has tended to think of Linowitz as more than that—as, in fact, the company's chief executive. Xerox officials are aware of this popular misconception, and are mystified by it, since Wilson, whether he was called president, as he was until last May, or chairman of the board, as he is now, has been the boss right along.) I caught Linowitz almost literally on the run, since he had just been appointed United States Ambassador to the Organization of American States and was about to leave Rochester and Xerox for Washington and his new duties. A vigorous man in his fifties, he fairly exudes drive, intensity, and sincerity. After apologizing for the fact that he had only a few minutes to spend with me, he said, rapidly, that in his opinion the success of Xerox was proof that the old ideals of free enterprise still held true, and that the qualities that had made for the company's success were idealism, tenacity, the courage to take risks, and en-

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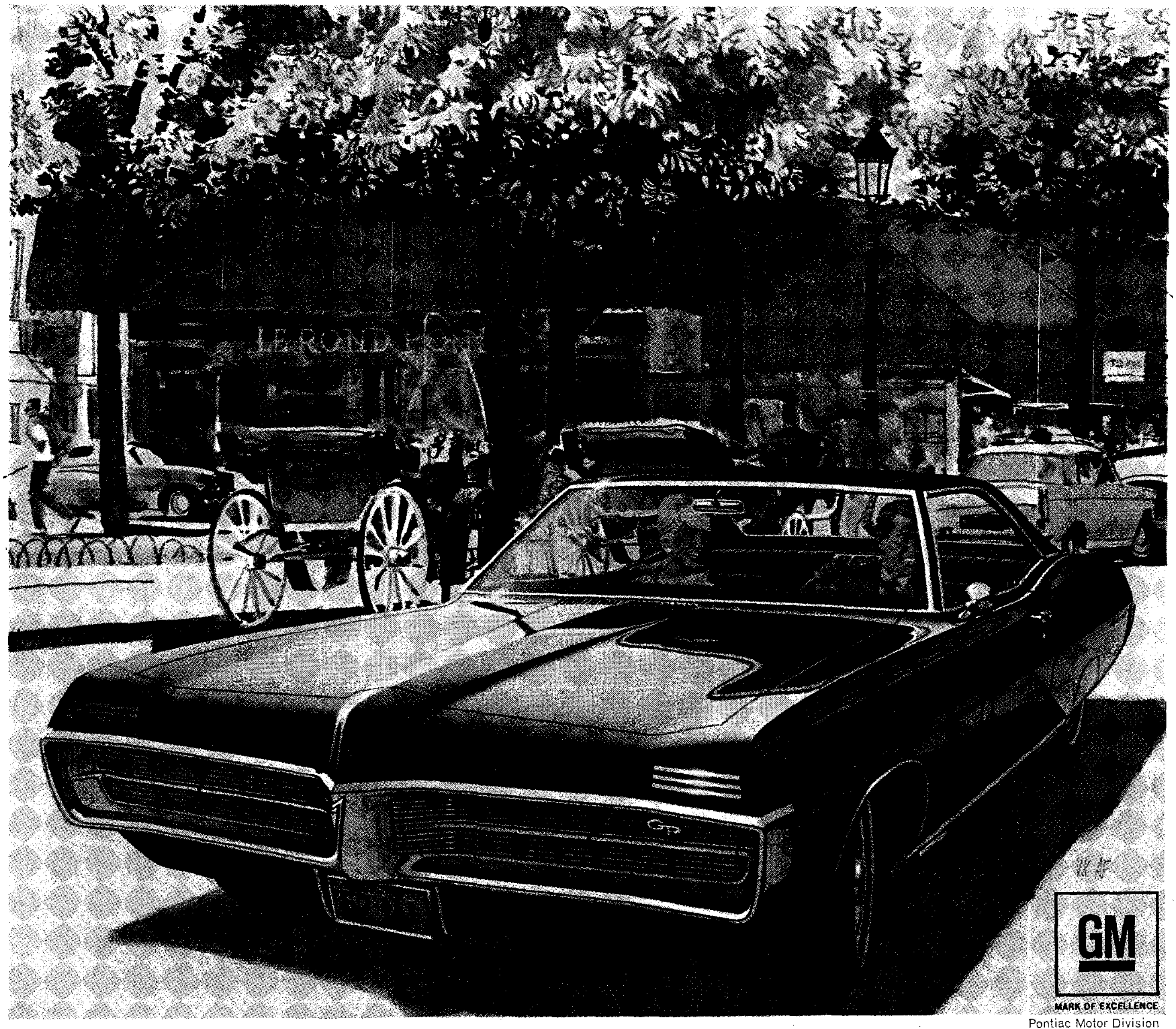

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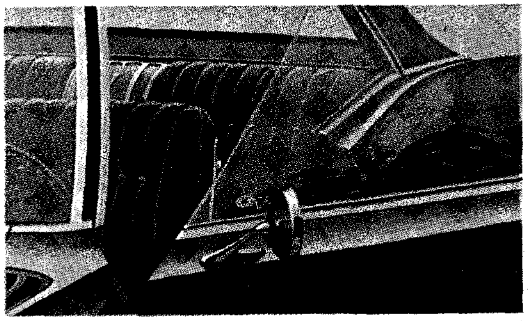

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thusiasm. With that, he waved goodbye and was off. I was left feeling a little like a whistle-stop voter who has just been briefly addressed by a candidate from the rear platform of a campaign train, but, like many such voters, I was impressed. Linowitz had used those banal words not merely as if he meant them but as if he had invented them, and I had the feeling that Wilson and Xerox were going to miss him.

I found C. Peter McColough, who has been president of the company since Wilson moved up to chairman last May, and who was apparently about to inherit Linowitz's status as No. 2 man, pacing his office like a caged animal, pausing from time to time at a standup desk, where he would scribble something or bark a few words into a dictating machine. A liberal Democratic lawyer, like Linowitz, but a Canadian by birth, he is a cheerful extrovert who, being in his early forties, is spoken of as representing a new Xerox generation, and is largely charged with determining the course that the company will take next. "I face the problems of growth," he told me after he had abandoned his pacing for a restless perch on the edge of a chair. Future growth on a large scale simply isn't possible in xerography, he went on—there isn't room enough left—and the direction that Xerox is taking is toward educational techniques. He mentioned computers and teaching machines, and when he said he could "dream of a system whereby you'd write stuff in Connecticut and within hours reprint it in classrooms all over the country," I got the feeling that some of Xerox's educational dreams could easily become nightmares. But then he added, "The danger in ingenious hardware is that it distracts attention from education. What good is a wonderful machine if you don't know what to put on it?"

McColough said that since he came to Haloid, in 1954, he felt he'd been part of three entirely different companies—until 1959 a small one engaged in a dangerous and exciting gamble; from 1959 to 1964 a growing one enjoying the fruits of victory; and now a huge one branching out in new directions. I asked him which one he liked best, and he thought a long time. "I don't know," he said finally. "I used to feel greater freedom, and I used to feel that everyone in the company shared attitudes on specific matters like labor relations. I don't feel that way so much now. The pressures are greater, and the company is more impersonal. I wouldn't say that life has be-

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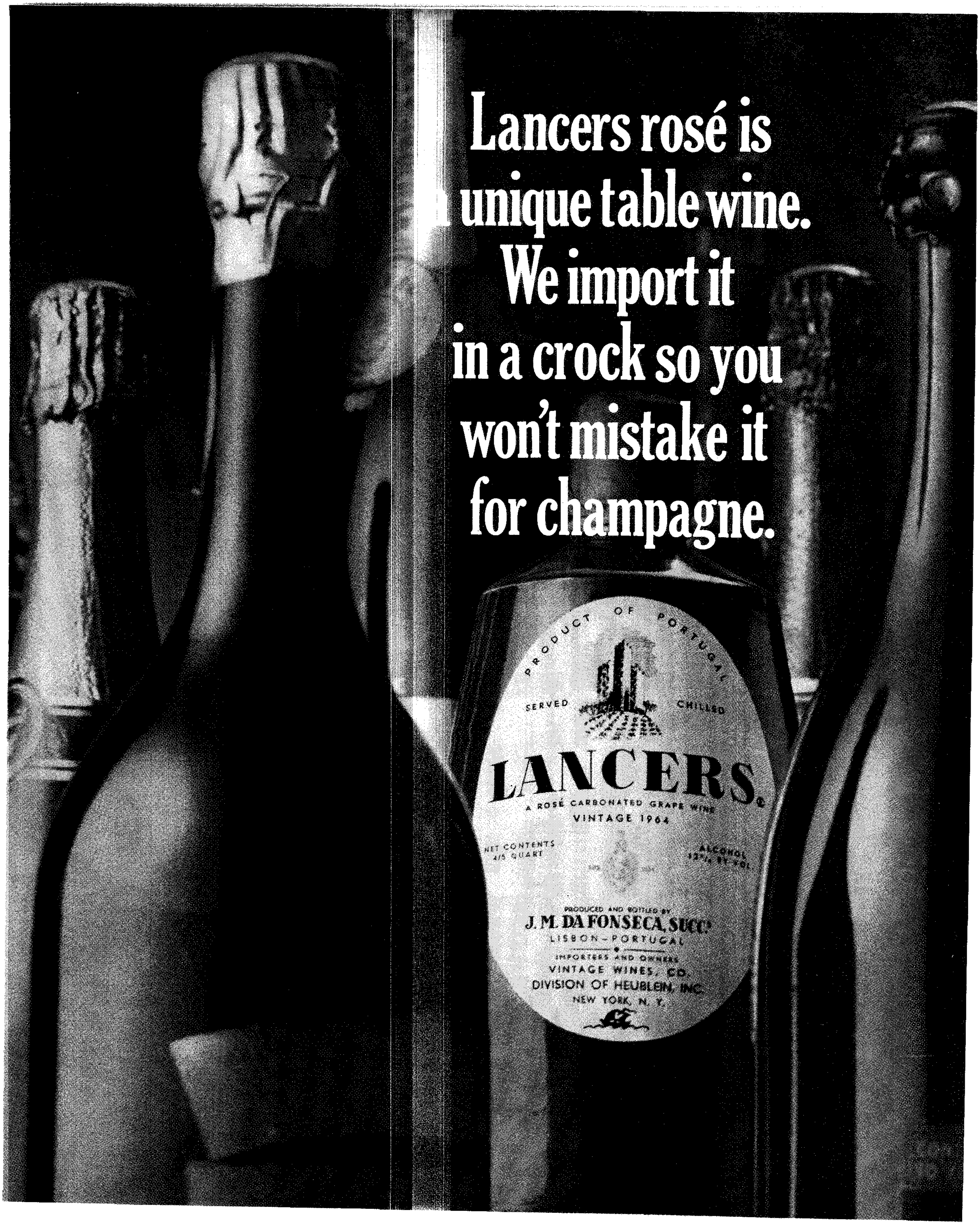
come easier, or that it is likely to get easier in the future."

Of all the surprising things about Joseph C. Wilson, not the least, I thought when I was ushered into his presence, was the fact that his office walls were decorated with old-fashioned flowered wallpaper. A sentimental streak in the man at the head of Xerox seemed the most unlikely of anomalies. But he had a homey, unthreatening bearing to go with the wallpaper; a smallish man in his late fifties, he looked serious—almost grave—during most of my visit, and spoke in a slow, rather hesitant way. I asked him how he had happened to go into his family's business, and he replied that as a matter of fact he nearly hadn't. English literature had been his second major at the university, and he had considered either taking up teaching or going into the financial and administrative end of university work. But after graduating he had gone on to the Harvard Business School, where he had been a top student, and somehow or other . . . In any case, he had joined Haloid the year he left Harvard, and there, he told me with a sudden smile, he was.

The subjects that Wilson seemed to be most keen on discussing were Xerox's non-profit activities and his theories of corporate responsibility. "There are certain feelings of resentment toward us on this," he said. "I don't mean just from stockholders complaining that we're giving their money away—that point of view is losing ground. I mean in the community. You don't actually hear it, but you sometimes get a kind of intuitive feeling that people are saying, 'Who do these young upstarts think they are, anyhow?' "

I asked whether the letter-writing campaign against the U.N. television series had caused any misgivings or downright faintheartedness within the company, and he said, "As an organization, we never wavered. Almost without exception, the people here felt that the attacks only served to call attention to the very point we were trying to make—that world coöperation is our business, because without it there might be no world and therefore no business. We believe we followed sound business policy in going ahead with the series. At the same time, I won't maintain that it was *only* sound business policy. I doubt whether we would have done it if, let's say, we had all been Birchers ourselves."

Wilson went on slowly, "The whole matter of committing the company to taking stands on major public issues raises questions that make us examine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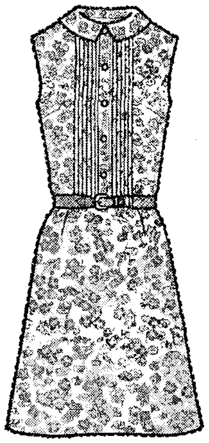

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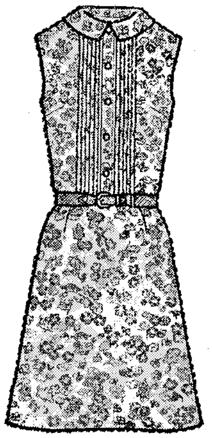

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ourselves all the time. It's a matter of balance. You can't just be bland, or you throw away your influence. But you can't take a stand on every major issue, either. We don't think it's a corporation's job to take stands on national elections, for example—fortunately, perhaps, since Sol Linowitz is a Democrat and I'm a Republican. Issues like university education, civil rights, and Negro employment clearly *are* our business. I'd hope that we would have the courage to stand up for a point of view that was unpopular if we thought it was appropriate to do so. So far, we haven't faced that situation—we haven't found a conflict between what we consider our civic responsibility and good business. But the time may come. We may have to stand on the firing line yet. For example, we've tried, without much fanfare, to equip some Negro youths to take jobs beyond sweeping the floor and so on. The program required complete coöperation from our union, and we got it. But I've learned that, in subtle ways, the honeymoon is over. There's an undercurrent of opposition. Here's something started, then, that if it grows could confront us with a real business problem. If it becomes a few hundred objectors instead of a few dozen, things might even come to a strike, and in such a case I hope we and the union leadership would stand up and fight. But I don't really know. You can't honestly predict what you'd do in a case like that. I *think* I know what we'd do."

Getting up and walking to a window, Wilson said that, as he saw it, one of the company's major efforts now, and even more in the future, must be to keep the personal and human quality for which it has come to be known. "Already we see signs of losing it," he said. "We're trying to indoctrinate new people, but twenty thousand employees around the Western Hemisphere isn't like a thousand in Rochester."

I joined Wilson at the window, preparatory to leaving. It was a dank, dark morning, such as I'm told the city is famous for much of the year, and I asked him whether, on a gloomy day like this, he was ever assailed by doubts that the old quality *could* be preserved. He nodded briefly and said, "It's an everlasting battle, which we may or may not win." —JOHN BROOKS

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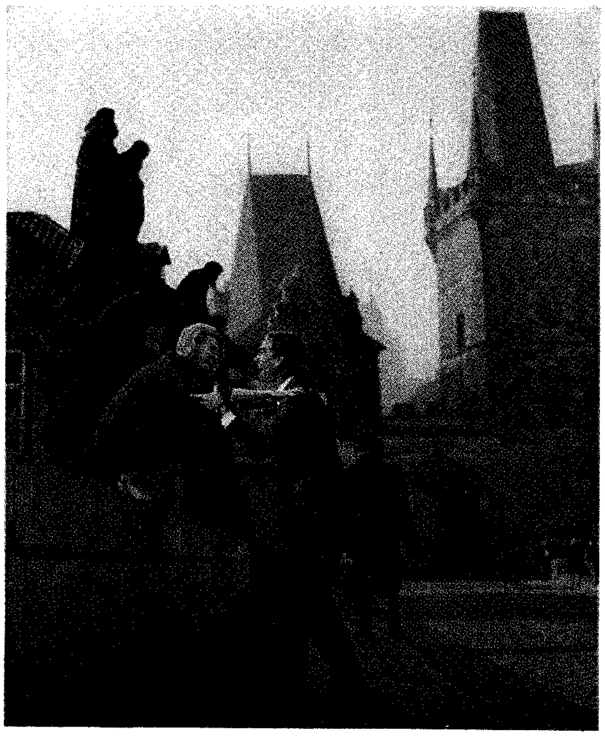

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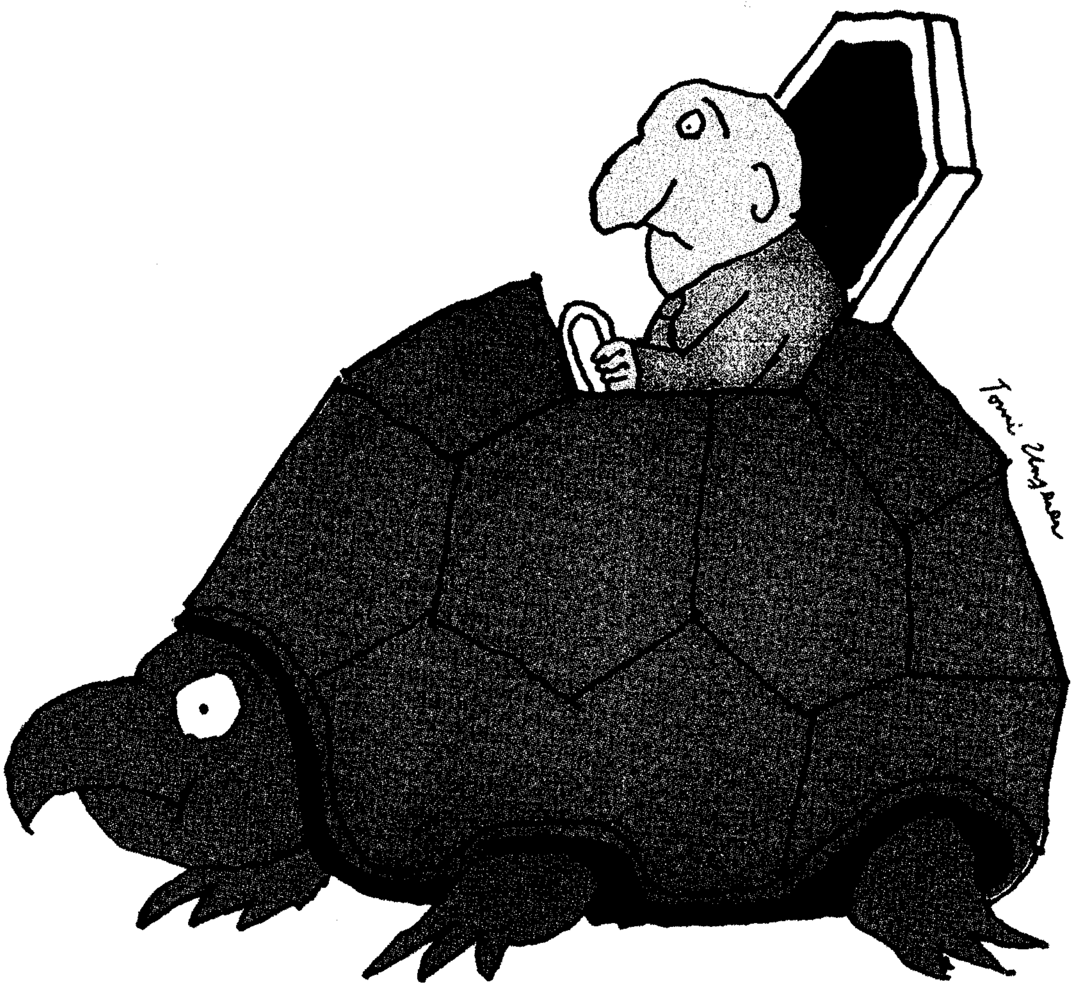

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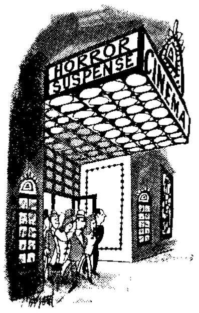
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Long Day

JOSEPH STRICK's "Ulysses" is a commendable achievement. As the first movie version of a novel that, a few years ago, seemed far too outspoken ever to reach the screen unbowdlerized, it is an important event in our cultural history; it is also, and quite simply, a good movie, which, in salute to the fiscal and aesthetic courage of Mr. Strick and his colleagues, I should perhaps have the generosity to praise a trifle beyond its deserts. ("'Generosity!'" I hear a certain ghost's voice protest, in a mocking stage Irishman's brogue. "Haven't you learned yet that in matters Irish it is dog eat dog and sometimes sow eat farrow?") Mr. Strick offers a much more satisfactory sampling of Joyce's novel than I would have supposed it possible to provide in movie terms, and especially in conventional movie terms. For, the candor of its sound track aside, the movie is an interestingly old-fashioned one; Mr. Strick has had the wisdom to surprise us by doing nothing surprising. He is plainly a man of intelligence and taste, and he has made his selections from the very long text of the book with an honorable fidelity to the author's intentions. The absence of a number of celebrated episodes does less violence to our recollection of the original than their enforced presence would have done, since much of the novel is an exercise in semantic playfulness and defies being successfully converted into visual equivalents—an ineluctable modality is not much to look at. Mr. Strick's "Ulysses," instead of being an attempt to reproduce the novel, is a response to it that amounts to an act of homage, and should be judged accordingly. I am not sure whether audiences unfamiliar with the original will be able to follow the movie's necessarily imperfect plot; my guess is that they will be simultaneously entertained and puzzled—agreeable emotions, which Joyce himself was always pleased to arouse.



The movie "Ulysses" offers a much fuller account of Bloom than it does of Dedalus. This was to be expected, since Dedalus is the hero of a melodrama that takes place largely within the boundaries of his own turbulent mind. Now and then, we see him consenting, with a proud diffidence, to cross the border into the enemy territory of town, gown, family, and friends, but he pretends that none of these is worth a straw to him—"*Non serviam*," but also "*Non amabo*." Meanwhile, poor Bloom, wandering (the tribal curse—no wonder the Jews eschew parades!) the same streets that Dedalus frequents, cannot bear to admit that he, too, is deep in enemy country. The Dubliners who scorn him as an outsider are, he insists, his fellow-Irishmen, whom he would gladly serve and love; inexplicably, they will grant him a *laissez-passer* only in the guise of an obsequious cuckold and lonely onanist, doomed to serve and love himself. The camera follows Bloom on his long day's journey into night, through the night into dark morning, past his crucial encounters with Dedalus and the sacred moment of the meeting of the waters, and on into sleep at last, cuddled at the feet of his unfaithful Penelope. Here Mr. Strick has shown his usual tact: his "Ulysses" is as much for the ear as for the eye, and whenever the sound track deserves to dominate, he encourages it to do so. Molly Bloom's erotic elegy is a matter of exquisite words exquisitely uttered, and the images that accompany the elegy are, at best, illustrative.

The fact is that the hazard of being merely illustrative threatens the dramatic integrity of the picture from start to finish. How is the audience, if it has read Joyce at all, to escape the impression that it is riffling through the pages of an album of family snaps—Jimmie's Dublin, with neatly lettered captions reading "The Martello Tower," "Sandymount," "Glasnevin," "Hill of Howth," "Trinity College," and the like, and with each snap exacting its tiny shock of recognition? The measure of Mr. Strick's success in avoiding this hazard is that, although no effort is made to conceal the fact that what the camera presents to us is the Dublin of 1966 and not that of 1904, we soon retreat in our minds to the earlier date; the city we see ceases to be a documentary and becomes the setting of a work of the imagination, and therefore itself imaginary.

The casting of "Ulysses" is exceptionally fine. Bloom is played by Milo O'Shea, and the highest compliment I can pay him is that I forgive him for having blotted out forever the Bloom I

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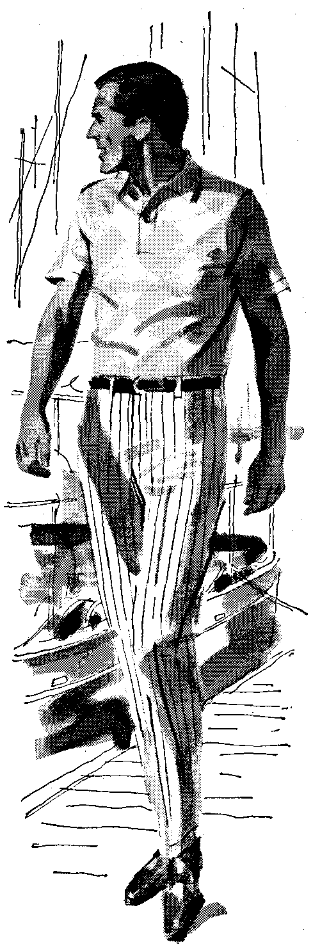

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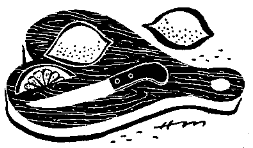
had been picturing to myself with perfect satisfaction for thirty years; henceforth Mr. O'Shea is my One True Bloom, Very Bloom of Very Bloom. Barbara Jefford makes an admirable Molly (though not, as it happens, *my* Molly), and speaks her soliloquy with an appealing, sleepy sensual force. Maurice Roeves does what he can with the incomplete role of Dedalus. In the novel, Dedalus is a nearly always insufferably superior young man, but in the movie we see so little of him that he becomes at once sufferable and not very interesting—an inventor of epigrams too clever for the occasions upon which he utters them. T. P. McKenna is a splendidly irreverent Buck Mulligan, Anna Manahan is terrifying as Bella Cohen, Graham Lines is delightful in the small role of the Englishman Haines, and Maire Hastings is the prettiest and most huggable of scullery maids. The photography of "Ulysses" is by Wolfgang Suschitzky, and the music was composed and conducted by Stanley Myers.



ONCE upon a time, there was a charming little English revue called "The Boy Friend," which poked fun at the nineteen-twenties by pretending to imitate the tunes, customs, and costumes of those long-dead days. "Thoroughly Modern Millie" is a very big and very slick and—not to be *too* grudging about it—sometimes very funny Hollywood cousin of "The Boy Friend." Its producer, Ross Hunter, is a misguided champion of cinematic overkill: twice as large is twice as good, twice as loud is twice as convincing, twice as long is twice as funny. "Thoroughly Modern Millie" lasts two hours and eighteen minutes, not including the tiresome intermission, and it is saved from the dinosaur's fate only by the appropriately giddy inventiveness of the screenwriter, Richard Morris, and the urgency and light touch of the director, George Roy Hill, who knows thin ice when he sees it. With the help of every trick in the book (an unwritten book that every studio owns an uncopy of and that covers every inch of bumpy ground from Aristophanes to Axelrod), the Messrs. Morris and Hill keep bringing their utterly synthetic creation to life; if they had cut an hour off its length, they might well have deceived us into believing that the creation had a heart, and perhaps even something to say.

"Thoroughly Modern Millie" purposes to be a satiric study, with music, of New York in the Golden Twenties—a time when, as is now well known, everyone was young and foolish and warm and full of promise. Someday Hollywood producers and screenwriters will be making movies about the Sexy Sixties and about how young and foolish and warm and full of promise the fortunate inhabitants of that decade were, and why not? This consolatory nostalgic falsification of the past is one of the things that novels and movies exist for, but, except for an adroit use of the costumes and songs of the period ("Baby Face," "Poor Butterfly," and the like), "Thoroughly Modern Millie" soon forgets its purpose and settles down to the old, timeless task of making us laugh. The hardworking cast includes Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, Beatrice Lillie, James Fox, and John Gavin. Miss Andrews is not one of my favorite actresses—her strenuous winningness makes my blood run cold—and Miss Moore is only a pretty blank, but Miss Channing is, in her frightening way, a wonder, and it is pleasant to have Miss Lillie on hand as an authentic period piece. Mr. Gavin looks uncannily like an Arrow Collar ad by Leyendecker; that is all he does, or is expected to do. Mr. Fox is marvellous in the role of a virtuous, lovable young man—one of the most difficult roles, I should think, that an actor can be asked to grope and fumble his way into. The photography of "Thoroughly Modern Millie" is by Russell Metty, and the musical score is by Elmer Bernstein. The title song and a number called "The Tapioca" are by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen.

"HOMBRE," directed by Martin Ritt, starring Paul Newman, Fredric March, Richard Boone, and Diane Cilento, and boasting a screenplay by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., is a Western with a college education, and the very worst thing that has ever happened to the Western is that it got eddicated.

AN extraordinary double bill is playing at the Carnegie Hall Cinema—an English movie called "The War Game," written and directed by Peter Watkins, and a French movie called "Chickamauga," taken from a short story by Ambrose Bierce and adapted and directed by Robert Enrico. "The War Game," which was

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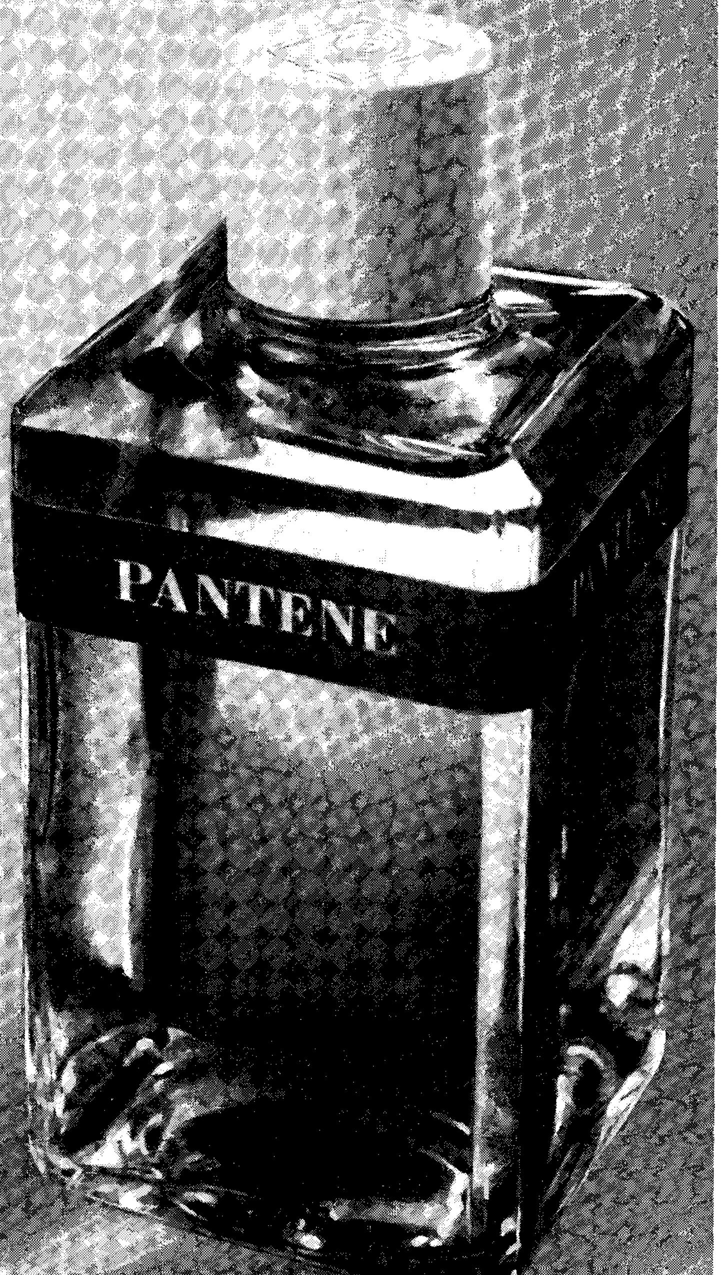

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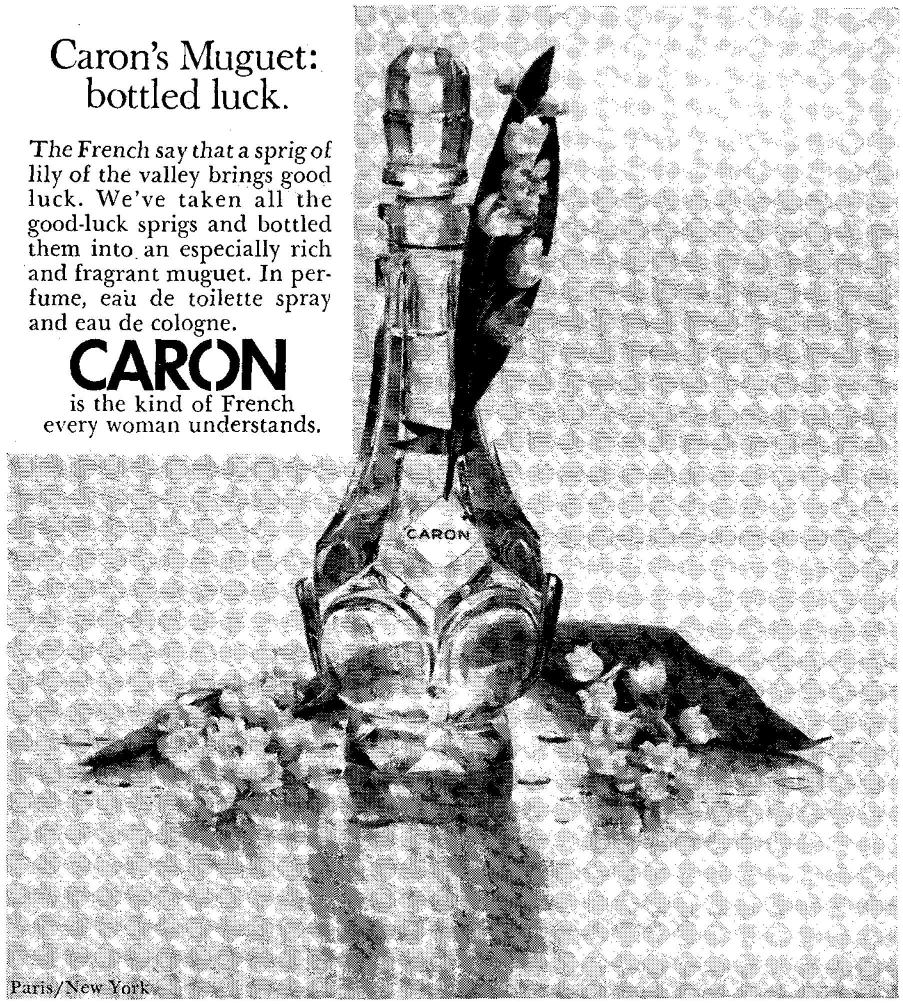

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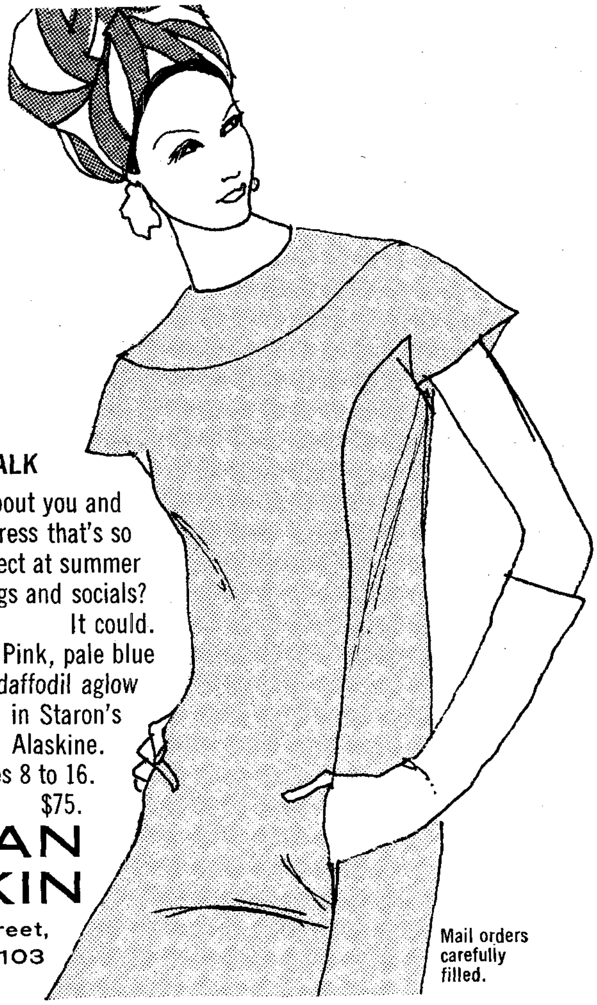

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commissioned by the B.B.C. but never broadcast, received the unprecedented accolade of a standing ovation when it was shown at the Film Festival at Lincoln Center last fall. It is laid in the near future, immediately after the outbreak of the next war, and it depicts with relentless circumstantiality the collapse of the plans for the evacuation of London when the first nuclear missiles start exploding there. It is a calculatedly brutal and unnerving picture, and I suspect that the B.B.C. declined to show it not because it was thought to give a false impression but because it gave a true one. "Chickamauga" is one of a triptych of Civil War pictures made by Mr. Enrico. It unfolds with the eerie unchallengeableness of a dream, mysterious and beautiful: a boy wanders away from home, reaches a battlefield, plays soldier among the dead and dying, and returns home to find his house burned and his family slain.

"The War Game" and "Chickamauga" are the sort of pictures that we remind ourselves to be sure and see, and that we then, however unconsciously, take good care not to see. They are the sort of pictures that a reviewer, in the very act of urging them upon his readers, may insure a smaller audience for than if he had remained silent. With a lively awareness of the risk involved, I urge you to see "The War Game" and "Chickamauga."

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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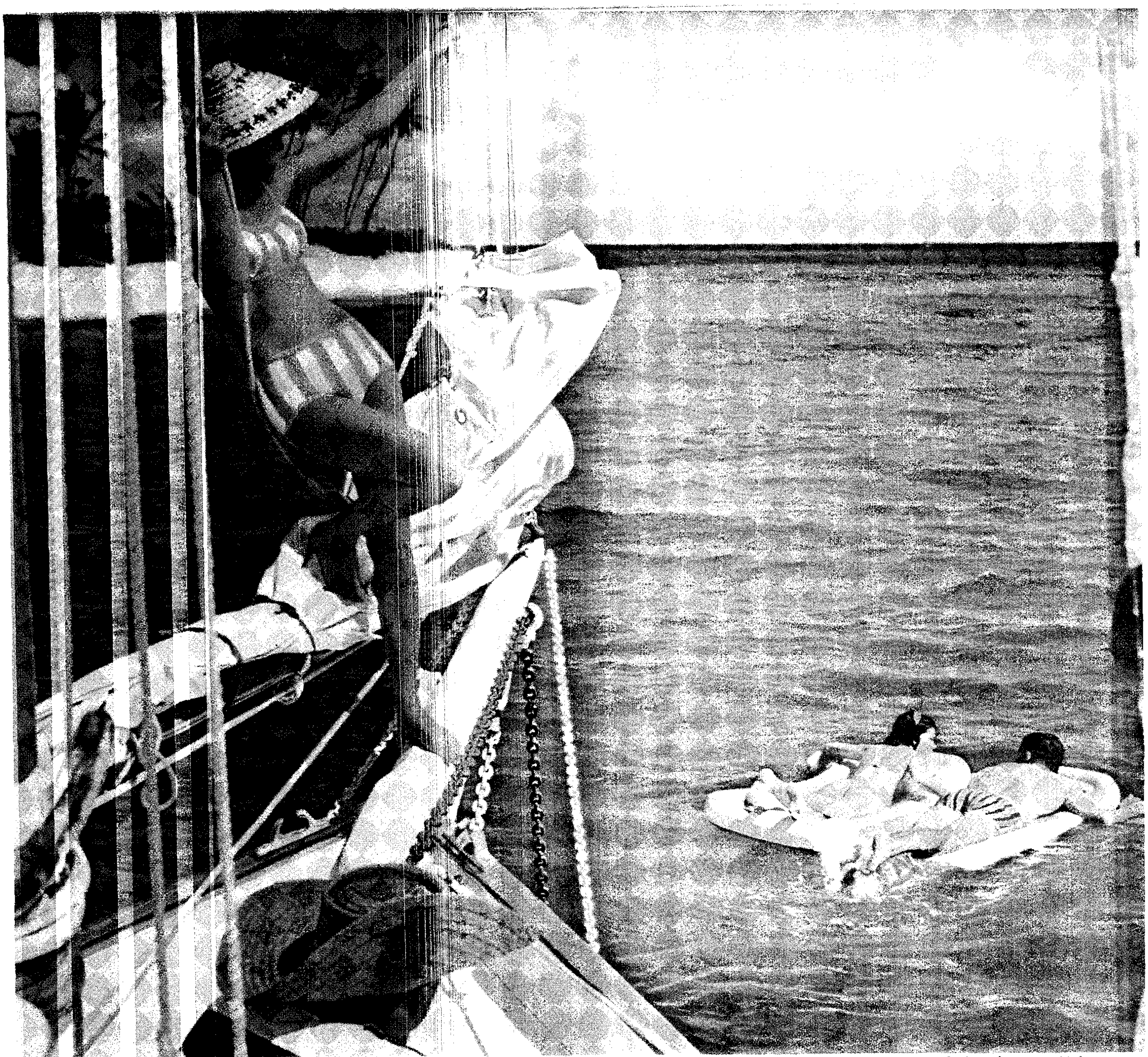
My hair to the mountain peak
I give my eyes to the head of the
chestnut pony
And the low spark at the tip of my spine
I give to the backbone of stars
My sweat I give to the cloud moving
toward the warm gulf stream
The letters of my name back to the
Father of Alphabets
The dark cave under the outcrop of
my forehead is making way for
the prowlers of the sea
My lungs and ears and ambergris
I give back to the wind
My sputtering desire to the more
steadily burning sun
Not because it is all over
But that it may begin

—JACK MARSHALL



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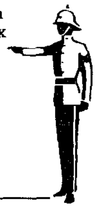

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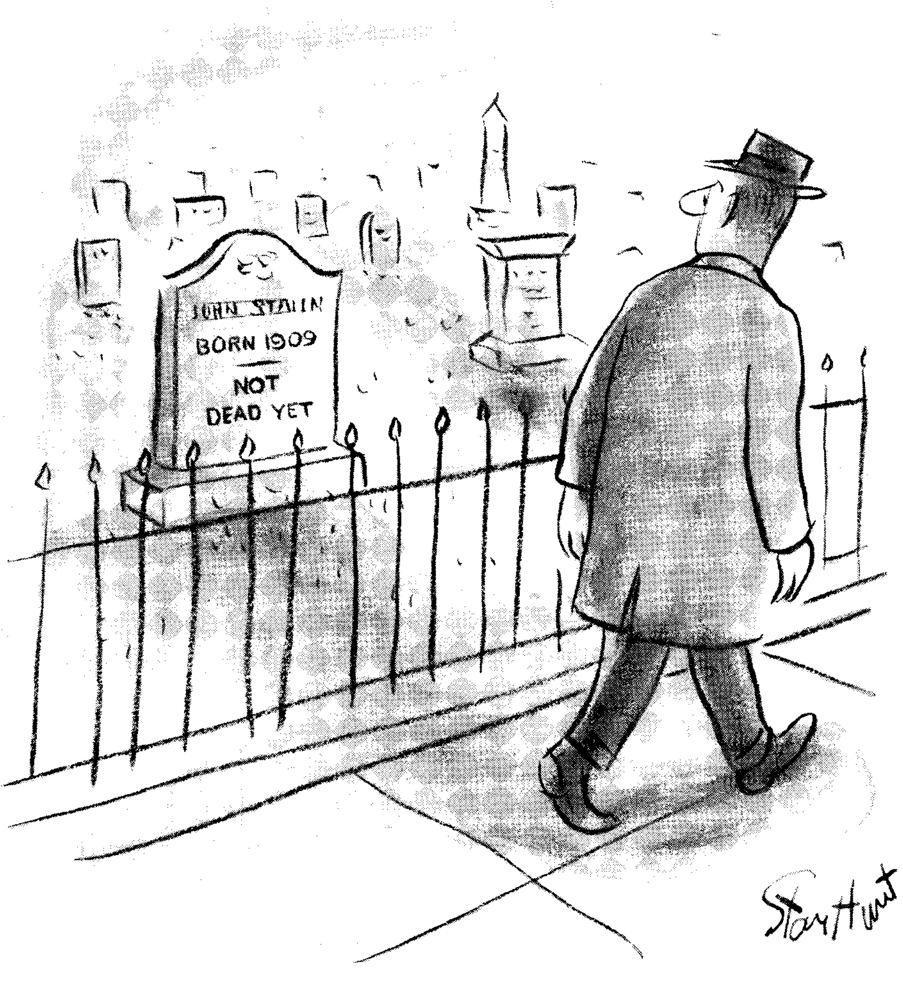
THE THEATRE

THE THEATRE ABROAD: PRAGUE

NOWHERE in Prague will you find a permanent company as impressive as the Berliner Ensemble, in East Berlin, and London probably has more good actors than Prague—or, for that matter, any other city in the world. Even so, there is plenty of evidence to suggest that at the moment—and it may be no more than a moment, since cultural thaws have been known to freeze overnight—Prague has a strong claim to be regarded as the theatre capital of Europe. What less can one say of a town that has three steadily productive young playwrights of the first rank, at least the same number of world-class directors, a small army of gifted young actors, a flourishing trio of experimental theatres, and the most influential stage designers in all Europe?

For several years now, reports of a remarkable efflorescence in the Czech performing arts have been filtering through to the West. My first reaction on hearing them was plain incredulity: How were such things possible in Prague, of all places, notoriously lumbered with one of the roughest regimes in Eastern Europe? I remembered the anti-Czech aphorism that was current in Warsaw during the Hungarian uprising of 1956: "The Hungarians are behaving like Poles, the Poles are behaving like Czechs, and the Czechs are behaving like bastards." Then, in 1965, the first fruits of the new Czech cinema began to blossom on Western screens—delicate, free-ranging films such as Miloš Forman's "Peter and Pavla" and "Loves of a Blonde," and the incomparable "Shop on Main Street," directed by Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, which went on to win an Academy Award. A visit to Prague in the same year convinced me that a similar resurgence was taking place in the theatre, and that I had seriously underestimated the traditional skill of the Czechs in outwitting their political overlords. Like their national hero, Jaroslav Hašek's Good Soldier Schweik, they knew how to rebel while seeming to conform, so that dumb insolence would pass for obedience. From Hašek's novel they had also learned something more crucial: the uses of patience. The Hungarians showed their hand too soon, and were savagely slapped down. The Poles embarked shortly afterward on an artistic insurrection that had its moments of glory on stage and screen, but before long the authorities flexed their muscles and it was safely quelled. Meanwhile, the Czechs were biding their time. Historically, their culture had always looked westward, and they waited until Soviet policy had decisively turned its face toward a reconciliation with the West. Then—and only then—the Czech artists began to raise their voices, secure in the knowledge that the days were past when retributive Russian tanks might rumble through the streets of Prague. The government equivocated but could hardly condemn, for although many of the dissident writers and directors were critical of Socialist practice, none was an enemy of Socialism in principle. When I returned to Prague recently, the theatre was full of ideas and optimism. "Just now, it's a garden of Eden," a young playwright told me. "But winter may come any time. The next year or so will be the test. The important thing is not to praise us for reasons that might be used against us."

Apart from theatres devoted to opera, ballet, music hall, puppetry, and mime, the city has eighteen legitimate playhouses—nineteen if you stretch a point and include the Laterna Magika, which offers a spectacular hybrid of live action and film. They are all subsidized by either the state or the municipality, which means that these public bodies have the ultimate power to hire and fire the theatre directors. The Ministry of Culture is responsible for the National Theatre, and also for the member companies of an organization called the State Theatre Studio, imaginatively set up in 1962 to provide financial security for new and far-out groups in all the performing arts. Two of these—the Gate Theatre (Divadlo Za Branou) and the Actors' Club (Činoherní Klub)—are now among the pacemakers of Czech drama. The municipal authorities look after the other Prague theatres, including the Balustrade (Divadlo Na Zábradlí), which is the city's senior hotbed of avant-garde experiment. Although officialdom pays the piper, it is admirably coy about calling the tune. Whether



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the director of a theatre wants to submit a new script for government scrutiny is left to him to decide. If he opts for submission, the play goes before a special censorship board appointed by the Ministry of Culture. In less liberal days, dramatists were censored by the Ministry of the Interior, often in consultation with the Central Committee of the Party. The present board can ban a play only if it demonstrably threatens the security of the state; in other words, sexual forthrightness and ideological impurity are no longer grounds for suppression. This is clearly good news, and one hopes that the new system will be extended to cover the cinema.

At the moment, the Czechs make movies with fantastic freedom, but they have no guarantee that the government will permit the finished products to be publicly shown. A sort of leapfrogging process seems to take place. The experience of Jan Němec, a leading young director, is not untypical. During 1966, Němec shot one picture with no interference from anybody, learned that it was banned, went on to make another with the same complete liberty, and was then informed that the censor had passed the first film but banned the second. The chances of being imprisoned for artistic deviationism are nowadays minimal but not quite nonexistent. Jan Beneš, a short-story writer in his early thirties, was arrested last September for unspecified crimes against the state, thought by his friends to be connected with some outspoken articles he had contributed to an anti-Communist magazine edited by Czech émigrés in Paris. Beneš has not yet been brought to trial, and although he has spent several months in solitary confinement, no word of his detention has appeared in the Prague newspapers. As far as anyone knows, he is the only Czech writer at present in custody. (Among the intellectuals it is an open secret that Beneš is in jail, and I heard many comments on the case. From a film director: "The trouble is that Beneš isn't a really first-rate writer. If he were, there'd be a scandal. But in a situation like ours you have to choose your good causes with care." From a poet: "The whole thing is intended as a discreet warning to other Czech artists. And, to hear some of them talk, it is succeeding." From a respected elder satirist: "Who cares whether or not Beneš is a good writer? He's a human being.") It may be worth adding that not even top figures are safe from the axe. A recent Minister of Culture was brusquely deposed because—according to rumor—he had become too

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popular on television, and thereby aroused the envy of his colleagues. After getting the boot, he told President Novotný that he would very much like to take over the Czech Embassy in Paris, to which Novotný replied that an even greater treat was in store for him. "I'm sending you to the Paris of the East—Bucharest," said the President.

Eighteen legitimate theatres are an awful lot for a city whose population is barely more than a million. "Frankly, we have far too many theatres," a Prague drama critic told me. "What we are discovering is that theatres with one face—a distinct policy and personality—usually draw full houses, and theatres with many faces do not." During the 1965-66 season, the average attendance at the playhouses of Prague was only fifty-two per cent of capacity. The tiny, single-faced Balustrade registered a hundred per cent, while the vast, multi-faced National Theatre played to forty-eight per cent. This drift away from the theatre in general, and from big companies in particular, has no single or simple explanation, but the most prevalent guesses are the following:

(1) The best seat at a theatre costs about a dollar and a quarter, whereas the movie maximum is less than fifty cents. Moreover, television is becoming increasingly seductive to the Czechs, whose working day starts early and ends late.

(2) Young playgoers are attracted mainly by playwrights of their own age—people like Josef Topol, Václav Havel, and Ladislav Smoček, all of whom write for the smaller, "one-face" theatres.

(3) Now that the restrictions on foreign travel have been loosened, the Czechs are spending more money on holidays abroad and less on culture at home. (A Czech actor who visited London last year gave me a sharp lesson in comparative political semantics. When I asked him whether he had been to England before, he said, "Oh, no, this is my first time behind the Iron Curtain.")

As institutional theatre declines, minority theatre prospers. In Czech drama and cinema alike, this is emphatically the age of the art house. It's pointless in Prague to discuss the two media separately; they are thoroughly intertwined, and most of the younger talents work promiscuously in both. Movie actors direct plays and appear in them; playwrights direct films and appear in them; plays are staged by film directors; theatre directors act in movies. The atmosphere is one of exhilarating ferment. Sentimentally, perhaps, but not overfancifully, one thinks of the famous "shining moment" referred to in the title song of "Camelot." In the last couple of years, the Czechs have been producing really personal cinema on a scale for which the history of movies holds few precedents. They have two directors touched with genius—Jan Němec and Evald Schorm, a pair whose finest work has not yet been seen outside Czechoslovakia—and a half-dozen more of exceptional gifts, such as Věra Chytilová, a stunningly inventive poetess of the camera, and Miloš Forman, master of improvisation and student of adolescence. Temporarily uninhibited by economic and ideological pressures, the performing arts have had time to consider why they exist and what human purpose they should serve. The best of the new Czech plays and films are articulate bulletins of unease, parables conceived by and addressed to honestly troubled people.

It is virtually impossible for a Czech artist to make a statement that has no political resonance. In Prague, even a Surrealist extravaganza like Jarry's "Ubu Roi" can be interpreted as an assault on the dictatorship of the *Lumpenproletariat*. No matter how remote a playwright's symbols and metaphors may be, the audience translates them into terms of practical politics and current events. (This is a game that outsiders should play with some care; the natives tend to get nettled when tourists insist on finding parabolical significance in trapeze acts or revivals of "Charley's Aunt.") Czech writers deliberately make extensive use of fable to comment on contemporary fact. This is, of course, an ancient artistic device, and one that strictly accords with De Quincey's description of art as *idem in alio*—the same thing in another form, reality transmuted.

One of the great models for today's Czech artists is Franz Kafka, rehabilitated since the thaw and now inescapable in every branch of fiction. The lonely, baffled questioner of the status quo is a figure who turns up again and again. He appears as Joseph K. in "The Castle"—not a Kafka adaptation but an original play by Ivan Klíma, dealing with a youthful idealist thrust into a home for privileged intellectuals, where his presence disquiets the inmates so deeply that they murder him. The biggest recent success at the Balustrade Theatre is a stage version of Kafka's "The Trial." Jan Grossman, an amiable melancholic in early middle age who since 1961 has been the artistic director of the Balustrade, is a believer

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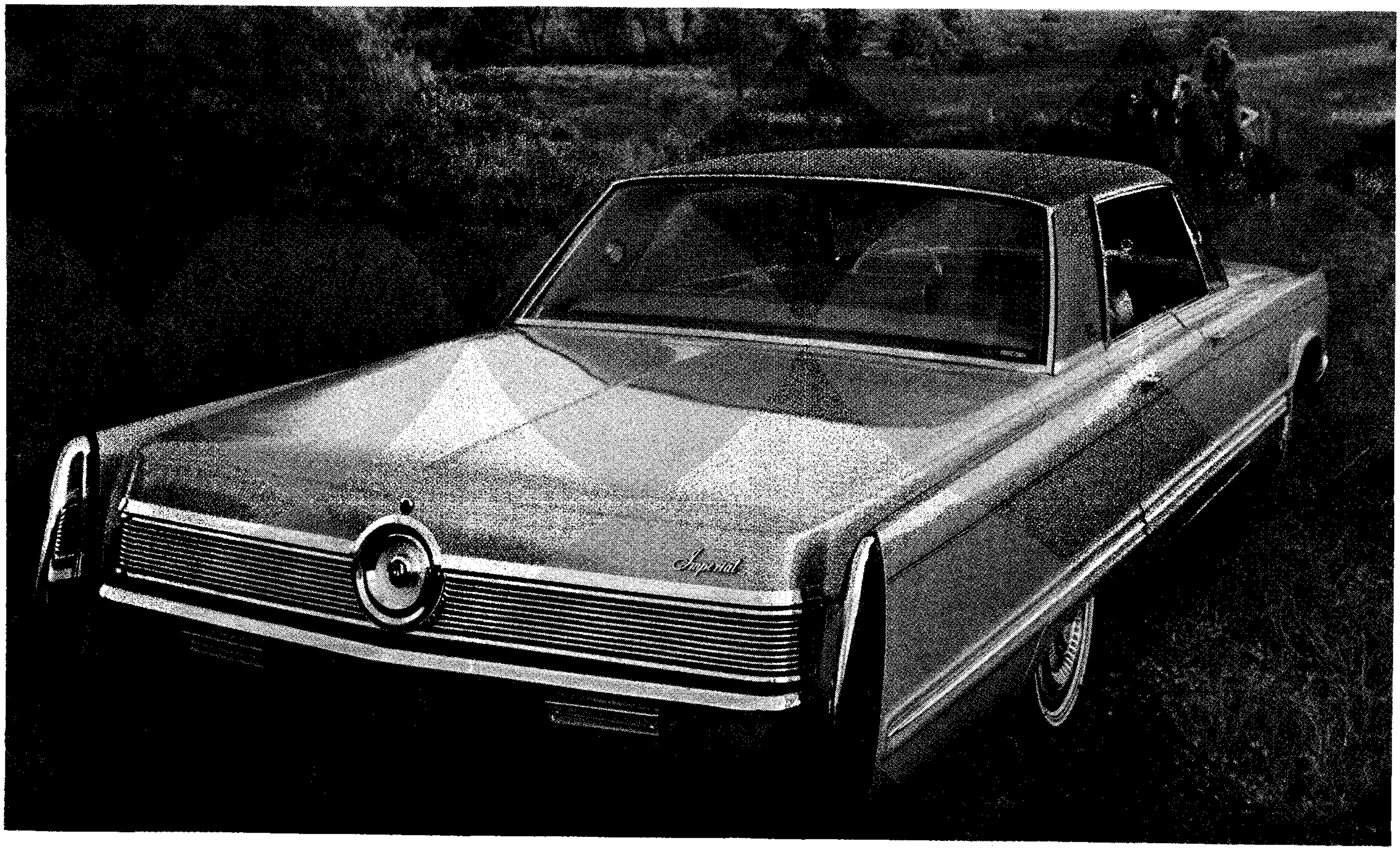

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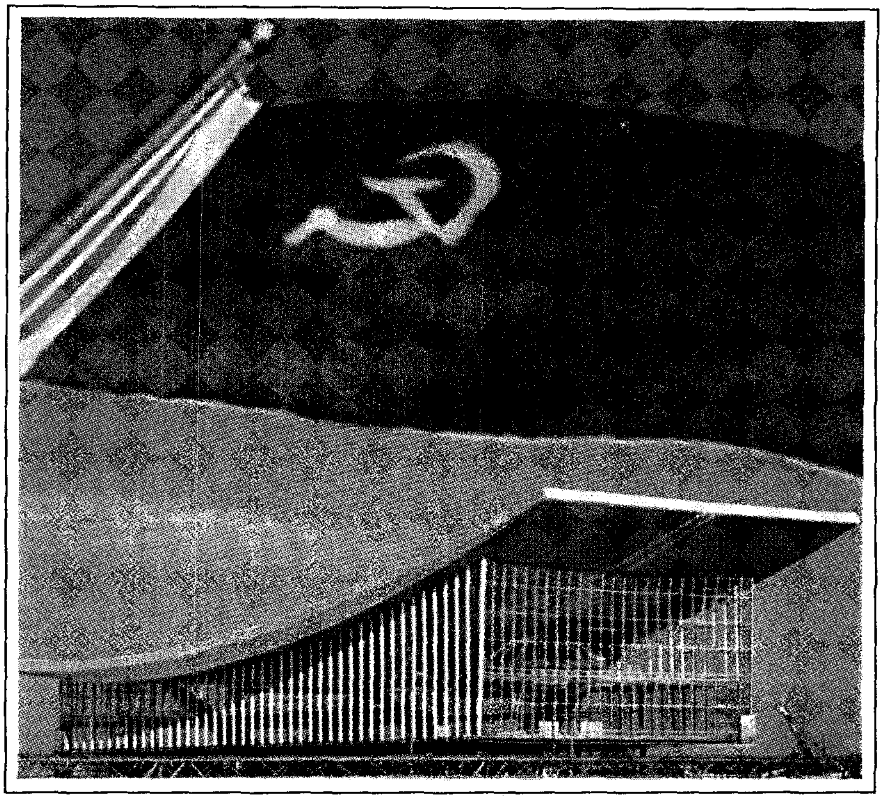

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Montreal, Canada/APRIL 28-OCTOBER 27, 1967

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in what he calls "appellative theatre," by which he means the kind of drama that compels the spectator to scrutinize and classify himself. "The Trial," in Grossman's view, issues a call to self-definition; it forces us to ask ourselves whether we, in Joseph K.'s situation, would behave as he does, and connive at our own destruction. The virtues of individualism, though heavily stressed by playwrights, do not seem to be strongly encouraged in actors. "I have to admit that we have no star personalities," a Prague critic told me. The bourgeois system, whatever its vices, can still breed stars, and some of its greatest theatrical achievements have sprung from the creative tension that is set up when a dominant individual performer is matched with a group of skilled ensemble players. Czech actors are seldom ghastly, but they rarely take you by storm; Prague's is a theatre of directors, writers, and designers, in roughly that order.

The new playwrights share one grand theme that recurs throughout modern drama: How much of a man belongs to external authority, and how much to himself? Where do the legitimate demands of society begin to encroach intolerably on his selfhood? At what point must the individual say no? In any country where artists are trying to answer these questions, the arts are apt to be flourishing. It was obvious two years ago that this was the situation in Prague. On my recent visit, I noted the advent of another preoccupation. The theatre was focussing its attention not only on man vs. authority but on man vs. mortality. In play after play (and film after film), the hero is forced to come to terms not merely with the transient compulsions of society but with the permanent fact of death. I do not find this a depressing development; on the contrary, it is encouraging evidence of maturity. The more liberal a regime becomes, the more its authors will tend to write about the ultimate problem of dying as well as the immediate problems of living.

Despite the dwindling audiences, there is still good work to be seen at the National Theatre, which employs a multitude of actors and operates two large auditoriums simultaneously. (One of them housed the first performance of "Don Giovanni.") The plays are mounted with extreme technical sophistication, marred by a naïve device that is all but endemic in Czech theatre—a spotlight following every leading actor throughout the performance. This creaking archaism, scarcely noticed by the Czechs, is something the

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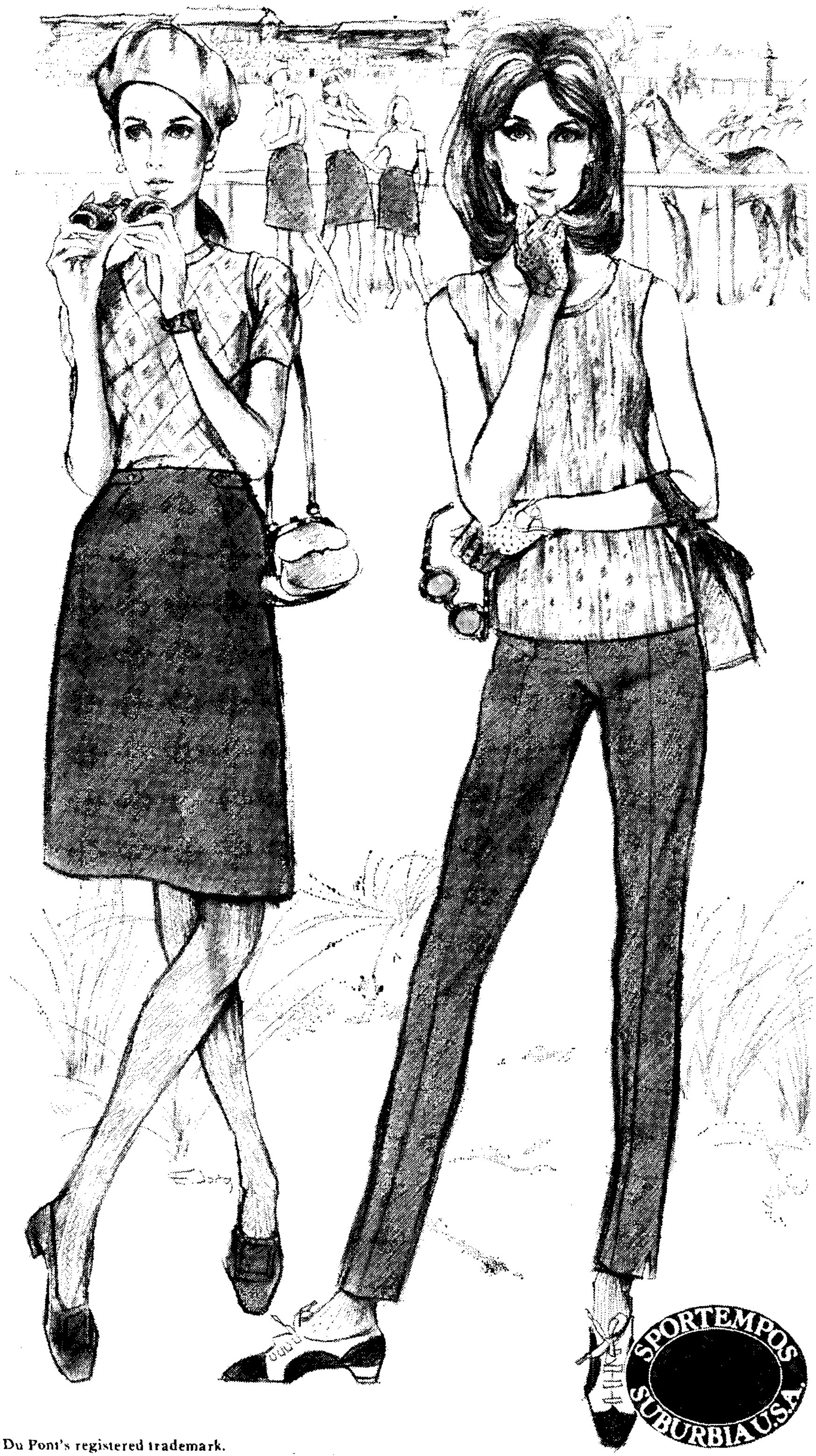
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visitor learns to accept, just as he accepts the traditional shuddering groan that precedes the flow of hot water from the tap in his hotel bedroom. At the National Theatre, anything staged by Otomar Krejča or Alfréd Radok is likely to be exciting. They are the most galvanic of the middle-aged Czech directors, and Krejča was in charge of the company until 1961, when a palace revolution, led by disgruntled elder actors, unseated him. He returned as a free lance to direct a celebrated production of "Romeo and Juliet" which is still in the repertory; on a set that is a miracle of hydraulics, all floating platforms and mysteriously looming colonnades, it invests Shakespeare's tragedy with the vivid, street-corner exuberance of "West Side Story." Krejča now runs a "one-face" theatre of his own. Alfréd Radok, an autocrat where Krejča is a persuader, is represented at the National by an assertively personal production of "The Last Ones," a Maxim Gorky play (set in 1905) about the moral disintegration that destroys an affluent Russian family when the head of the household—a bullying police chief—is summarily dismissed from his job. Radok drastically snips the text, and expands what remains with film and projected stills. When the family's history is discussed, enormous ancestral daguerreotypes are thrown on the plaster wall of their house; while a rich girl is being tickled in her bath with therapeutic birch twigs, the wall screen shows us a youthful revolutionary tied up to be flogged. These are crude examples of a technique that Radok elsewhere uses with the finesse of Alain Resnais. The screen is where the outside world manifests itself; on it the heroine—youngest daughter of the sacked bully—gets fugitive glimpses of the captive rebel, whom she has never met, and will never meet. As she dances at a ball with a lecherous police official, the screen behind them is thronged with waltzing couples, but when he tries to seduce her, we cut to a flashback that shows him pulling a gun on the young prisoner in a street fight. He squeezes the trigger onscreen, and at the same instant she utters a scream onstage. Radok is famous not only for revising scripts to suit his convictions (as when, a few seasons ago, he imposed on a pro-Communist play about the French Revolution the Forsterian message that it is better to betray one's political ideals than to sacrifice one's friends) but also for his ability to present action in depth. At one point in "The Last Ones," the heroine sits on the edge of

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the stage, soliloquizing; behind her the family are noisily dining, and behind them the screen is busy with events in the town outside. Three distinct levels of action, each contributing to a total effect—here is something the movies cannot match.

Krejča's "Romeo and Juliet," Radok's "The Last Ones," and most of the other visually memorable productions in Prague have one thing in common: they were all designed by Josef Svoboda, a mild-mannered man in his late forties, who has been the chief scenographer at the National Theatre since 1948. He is now, beyond all dispute, the most widely admired scenic artist in Europe. He was the mastermind who devised the Laterna Magika, first unveiled at the Brussels World's Fair in 1958—a theatrical entertainment employing multiple film projection, stereophonic sound, live actors, and live musicians. Through no fault of Svoboda's, what might have become a serious new art form has degenerated into a spectacular toy. Tourists pack the *Laterna Magika* every night, but not to be moved or enlightened. What they relish is the simple kick of watching a live actor apparently roller-skating down a filmed hill and dodging a filmed onrush of Prague traffic. They also roar at the sight of a comedian being switched from a comic situation on one screen to a tragic situation on another. Thus Svoboda's brainchild languishes in protracted infantilism—a superlative machine for which nobody has yet found an adult purpose. Experimental in form, it is trivial in content, and that is what good Marxist critics define as decadent art. Svoboda's influence on the legitimate stage has been far more fruitful. Many designers have aped, though none has rivalled, the exquisite virtuosity with which he uses batteries of slide projectors to evoke atmosphere, and gigantic concave reflectors to create impressions of infinite space. His studio at the National Theatre is a kind of research establishment, with a permanent staff of architects, engineers, and electronics experts; this is the laboratory in which Svoboda explores the dramatic potentialities of sight and sound. An interviewer once asked him what his ideal stage would be like. He replied, "I want a kinetic stage, where movement becomes a law. I want a stage that can change shape and structure during the performance, according to the needs of the play." Even on existing Czech stages, this patient scientist has gone a long way toward making his ideal a reality.

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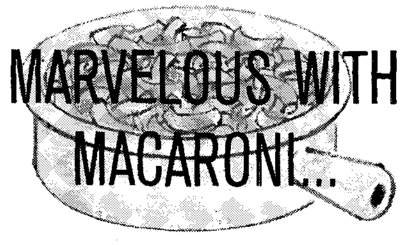
face" theatres that share the leadership of Czech drama, I must glance in passing at a fascinating throwback. Not for many years has the middle-sized Realistic Theatre had such a hit as "The Passion and Resurrection of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." This is a telescoped version of three eighteenth-century folk plays that used to be acted by Bohemian peasants; unperformed anywhere within living memory, they are now a sellout in Socialist Prague. The text retells the Gospel story with earthy simplicity, adding here and there a quaint touch of its own; for instance, the Emperor Tiberius summons Jesus to cure him of a sickness, and furiously throws Pilate in jail when he discovers that the much vaunted healer has been executed. The production, which is wholly respectful, is staged on a wooden scaffolding set and played in the gauchely devout manner of village amateurs. I saw it with an audience of teenagers, most of whom were probably unfamiliar with the plot. (The Christian religion, though permitted in Czechoslovakia, is not taught in schools.) The central character must have struck them as a remarkably passive hero; nevertheless, they listened attentively to his laconic moralizing, and were pin-still with sympathy when he was condemned to the Cross. A man was confronted with mortality, and they were engrossed. Later, however, he reappeared and announced that he had risen from the dead. That was too much; a burst of good-tempered, incredulous laughter swept across the audience. They had admired him as a man, but reason forbade them to accept him as a god.

THE newest of the "one-face" companies is the Gate, which made its début early in 1966 and shares a four-hundred-and-fifty-seat auditorium with the Laterna Magika. Krejča, its founder and director, is a burly, bustling man with watery eyes, a romantic temperament, and a gift for gaining the trust of young actors. His inaugural production was Chekhov's "The Three Sisters," performed with restless vivacity against a setting (by Svoboda) of calculated drabness. At times—especially during the last act, when almost everyone swung about on a garden swing—the animation seemed excessive, but Krejča himself was a perfect, boisterously despondent Chebutykin; Marie Tomášová (his Juliet at the National Theatre) played Masha in the right key of discouraged sensuality; and Jan Tříska (his Romeo) gave a performance of Tusenbach that was a triumph



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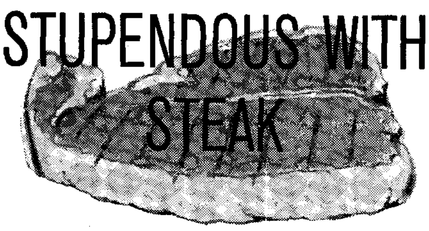

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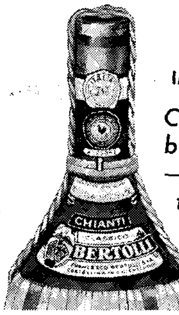

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Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

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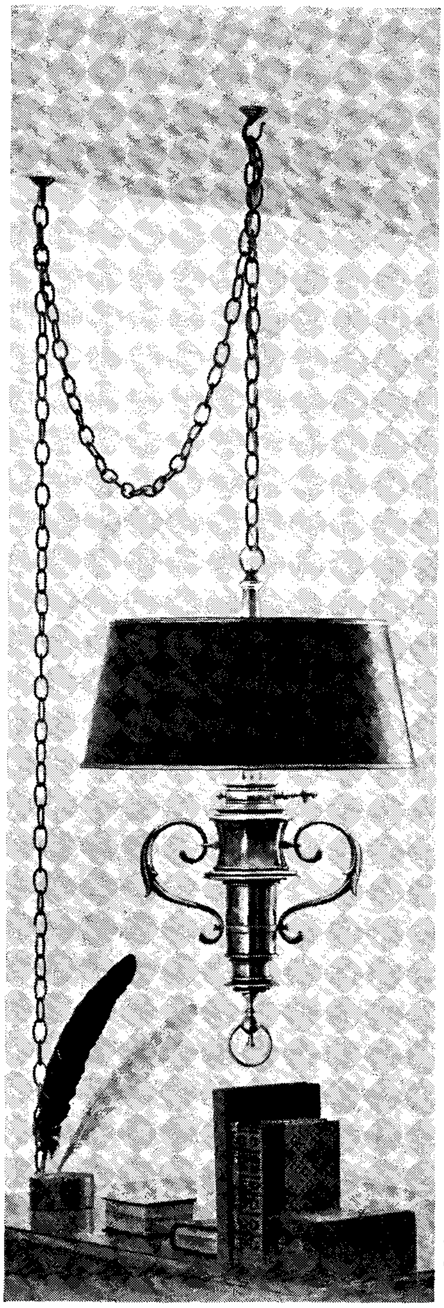

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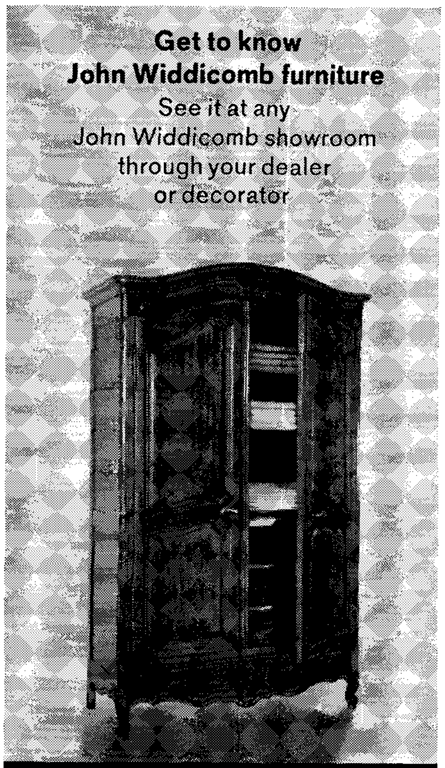
of tactful pathos. Krejča's resident playwright, who worked on the translation of "The Three Sisters," is a reserved man named Josef Topol, now in his thirty-second year. His first play, a blank-verse disaster, was staged when he was nineteen. He gave his next two scripts to Krejča, who directed them both and took their author under his wing. These productions established Topol as—in the words of a Prague critic—"embryonically our best theatrical hope, a realist with the tongue of a poet." His fourth play, "Cat on the Rails," is currently filling the Gate (and has already been translated into English by George and Christine Voskovec); Tomášová and Tříska are the co-stars, and Krejča ebulliently directs. In essence, it's a duologue between two aging young people—a waitress and a furniture mover—whose affair has been going on too long. They have spent a weekend in the country and are waiting at a desolate rural station for the last train back to Prague. She wants marriage, he refuses to be owned, and so they snarl, caress, snicker, embrace, and lacerate—Evi, nicknamed the cat, and Véna, her freedom-loving lover:

EVI: It's horrible.
VÉNA: What's horrible? . . .
EVI: Two people being honest with each other. A lie doesn't get you very far—and honesty gets you nowhere.
VÉNA: We've been lying long enough, cat.
EVI: Pity. One should lie slower, so it would last longer.

Having reached a state of emotional deadlock, they wind up sitting on the rails—parallel and unconverging, like their own lives—while the train thunderously approaches. The lights fade before it arrives, and Topol leaves the end in doubt, but once again we note the mortality theme. The whole movement of the play is toward a showdown with death.

Linguists say that Topol's style is too local and personal to be translatable. The present export centers of modern Czech drama are two theatres much smaller than the Gate. Neither the Balustrade nor the Actors' Club seats more than two hundred, but each has a playwright whose work has shown itself capable of vaulting language barriers. There is brisk debate in Prague about the relative merits of the two companies. If Grossman's Balustrade favors Absurdist plays, in which the individual is at the mercy of a social environment he cannot control, the Actors' Club (run by Jan Kačer, film star turned stage performer and director) prefers plays in which the individual can create



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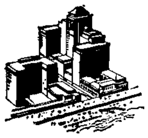

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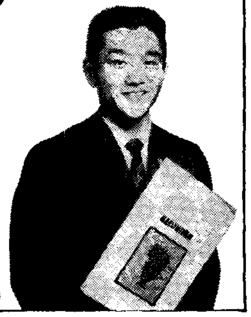

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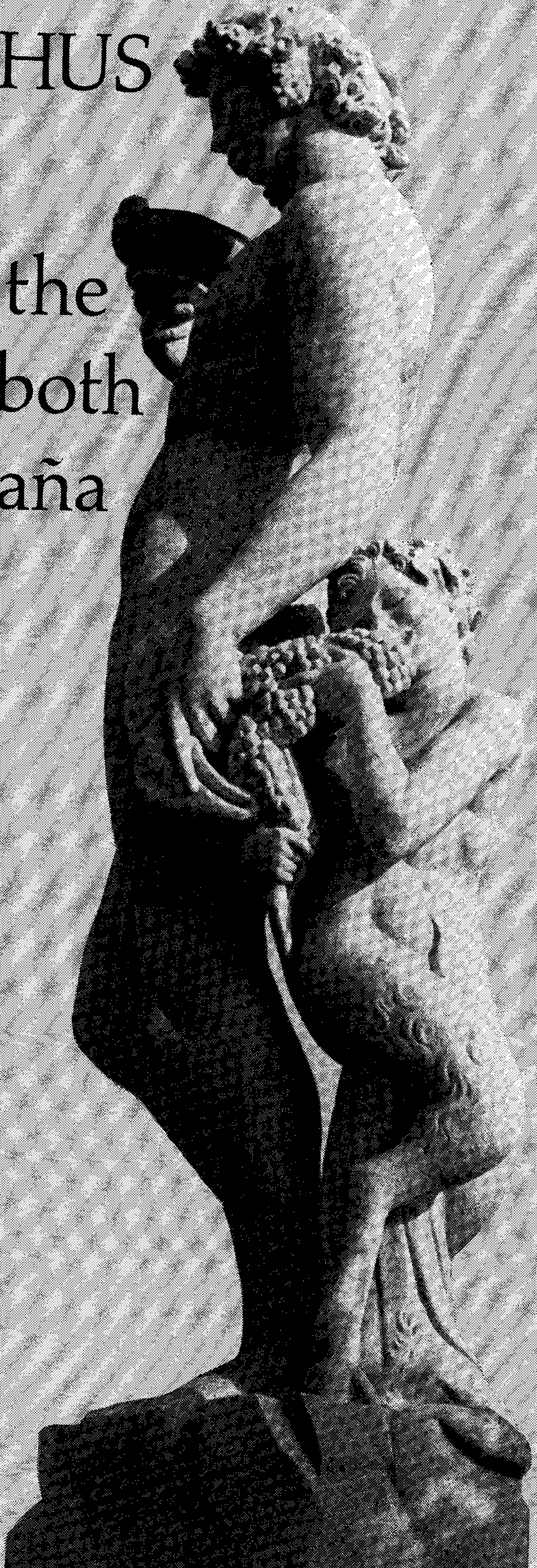

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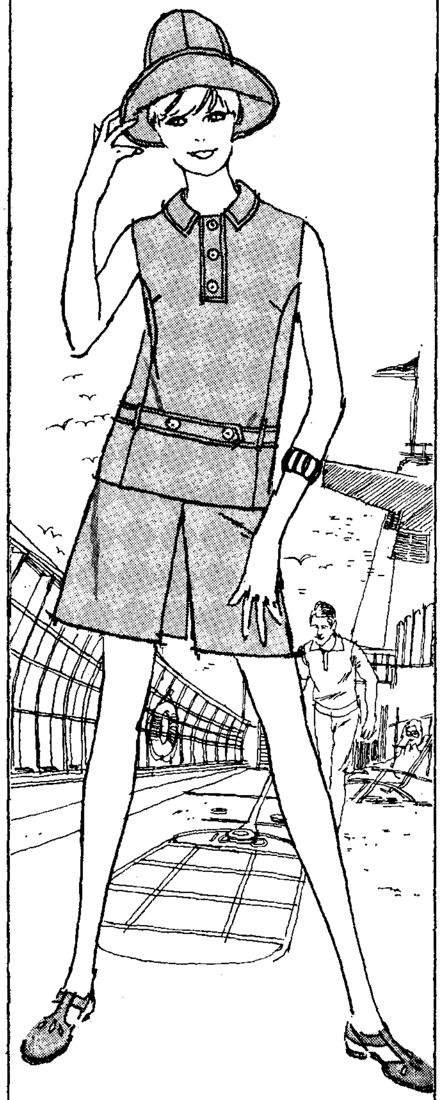

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his own environment. At the Balustrade man is a puppet; at the Actors' Club he is autonomous. The former is a director's theatre, with Grossman's stamp on every performance, and the latter (as its title proclaims) is an actors' theatre, with the emphasis on the ensemble. The intellectuals at the Balustrade, who inhabit what a critic described to me as "an abstract, watertight world," are contrasted with the humanists at the Actors' Club. So the argument runs, and it does far less than justice to Grossman, who gently points out that he isn't inhuman; he simply likes drama that studies the details of human behavior not for their own sake but as evidence on which useful generalizations can be based. And if ensemble acting is the criterion, Grossman's permanent company of fourteen easily outnumbers the one at the Actors' Club, which depends largely on stray guest stars from the cinema.

The star turn at the Balustrade is its *Dramaturg*, or house playwright, Václav Havel, whose work has been seen and applauded throughout Central Europe and Scandinavia. He is a dapper, utterly assured man of thirty with straw-colored hair and the physical shape of a bullet. In a well-kempt way, he exudes integrity and moral resilience. Until the Czech government became Communist, in 1948, his parents were rich, and it took him a long time to live down his middle-class background. In 1962, when the Academy of Dramatic Arts agreed to enroll him as a student, he had already found a job on the literary staff of the Balustrade. His first play, "The Garden Party" (1963), was an acid comment on bureaucracy and the hopes raised by de-Stalinization. One of the characters—Hugo by name—becomes head of the Liquidation Department, in order to inaugurate the liquidation of the Inauguration Department. Hugo emits verbal smokescreens that can shroud any subject in total confusion. Talking about the relativism of Party doctrine, he says, "Today it is necessary somehow to try to understand that which was yesterday, because—who knows?—it may come back tomorrow." And here is Hugo on technology and art:

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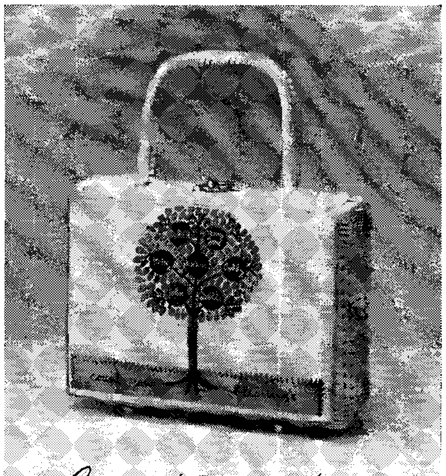

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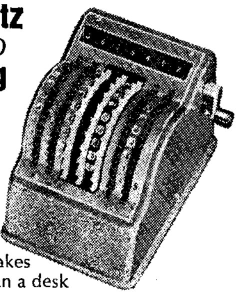

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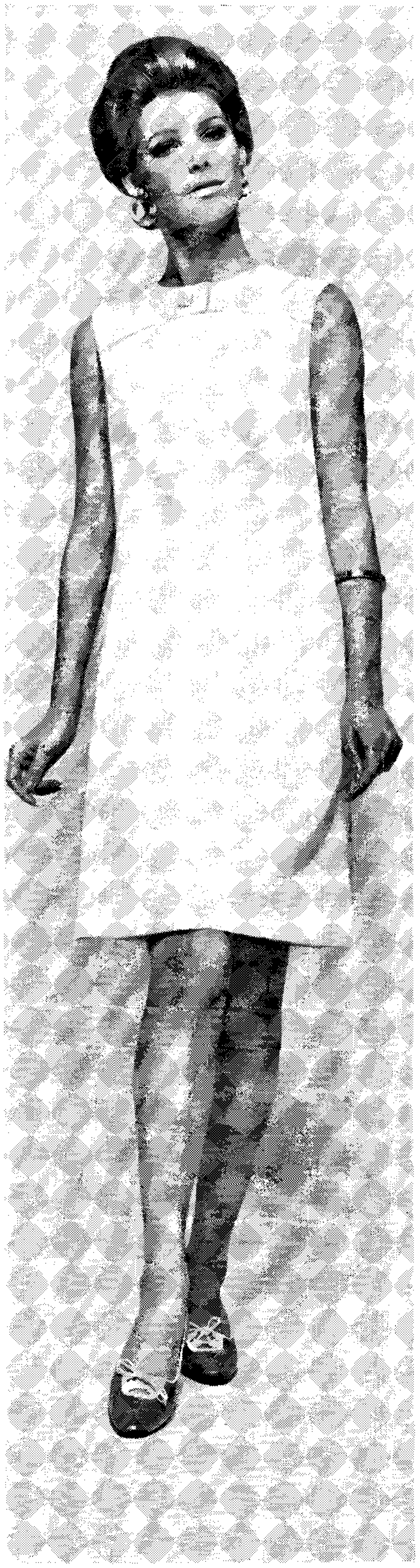

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theatres—and in them differential equations will be recited in verses forged in plastic—and all this in a humanistic sort of way. Right?

Another prominent figure in the play is a breezy de-Stalinized official who proves by his pronouncements (e.g., "I'm glad you hold contrary opinions—everyone should have from one to three contrary opinions") that a thaw can be regulated just as strictly as a freeze. There is also a bumbling middle-aged conformist who converses in mock-Khrushchev proverbs (e.g., "He who argues with a mosquito net will never dance with a goat near Podmokly"). Havel followed "The Garden Party" with "The Memorandum" (1965), a verbal tour de force in which a synthetic language invented by the rulers of a vast organization spreads among the employees like a plague and paralyzes their powers of independent thought. You cannot survive without learning Ptydepe, as the language is called, but applications to learn Ptydepe are answered only if they are written in Ptydepe. Havel's wit is frosty and transfixing; apart from plays he composes "typographical poems," a collection of which was published in Prague last autumn. In a characteristic sample of the genre, he covers a page with seven columns of percentages. All but one of the figures are 100%, and the solitary exception is 99%. The title of the poem is "Constructive Satire." On the cover of the book there is a well-known government slogan: "We must strive for a harmonious and many-sided life." It is repeated dozens of times in the same type face.

The Balustrade's latest success, Kafka's "The Trial," was adapted and directed by Grossman. It seems to me as nearly definitive as any stage version could be. A bleak opening statement names the work we are about to witness, and describes it as "the story of a man who died like a dog." Thus succinctly, the theme of impending death is announced. The décor is a revolving maze of scaffolding through which Joseph K. fastidiously picks his way to summary execution. When Orson Welles filmed the novel, he gave it the fragmented, chaotic quality of a nightmare. Grossman chooses a cooler approach. The production style is objective, temperate, detached, and by contrast the sudden acts of arbitrary violence seem all the more shocking. So calm is the climate that when Jan Libíček (Prague's answer to Sydney Greenstreet) quite casually annexes the hero's breakfast crockery you feel personally outraged. Similarly, the gam-

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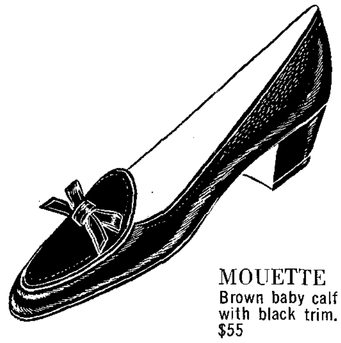

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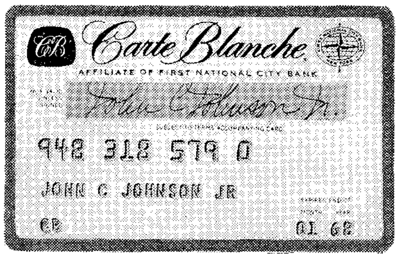

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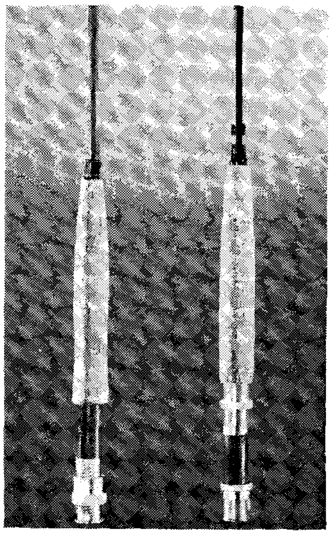

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bolling schoolgirls who infest the studio of Titorelli the painter take on a lurid and intense erotic significance. Now and then—in the long sessions with the Advocate, for example—Grossman's loyalty to Kafka runs the risk of inducing boredom, but he never falls into the more dangerous trap of melodrama. Three notes—an ominous triplet—are sounded on an organ whenever anything particularly menacing is said or done; otherwise music is chastely eschewed. Above all, Jan Přeucil's performance as K. keeps the show on course. This is no quivering victim of persecution but a punctilious young clerk, neatly dressed and entirely untragic, and as the roof of his life caves in on him he betrays nothing more extreme than puzzled concern. The less he pities himself (as Grossman knows), the more we will pity him. In this production, K. is not the prey of a bureaucratic machine. He accepts the machine from the very beginning, because he regards himself as inherently blameworthy. A comparable situation exists in Havel's "The Memorandum;" if the central character were to say no when pressure is first brought to bear on him, the play would end at that point, but because he feels too guilty to resist, it continues. Grossman wants the audience to query the hero's culpability: Is he right to acquiesce, or should he challenge the established order? To succeed the theatre of cruelty, Grossman offers us the theatre of guilt.

At the Actors' Club, which opened its doors in 1965, the worlds of stage and screen overlap and cross-fertilize. Among the productions in its repertory are Machiavelli's comedy "Mandragola," directed by a rising young *cinéaste* named Jiří Menzel, and "Picnic," by Ladislav Smoček, who is now directing the film version of his own play. (It deals with a squad of beleaguered G.I.s on a Pacific island in 1945, and contains not a whisper of anti-Americanism.) Movie actors constantly work at the Club, and its tiny theatre suits them. Here they can perform in close-up, and vary their vocal range from fortissimo to pianissimo without having to worry about loss of audibility in intimate passages. As opposed to the Balustrade, where the big names are Jarry, Ionesco, and Beckett, the Actors' Club emblazons its playbills with Camus, O'Casey, and Albee. And Dostoevski. I saw Jan Kačer, the leader of the troupe, as Raskolnikov in a memorable adaptation of "Crime and Punishment," staged with the starkest simplicity under glaring floodlights, which

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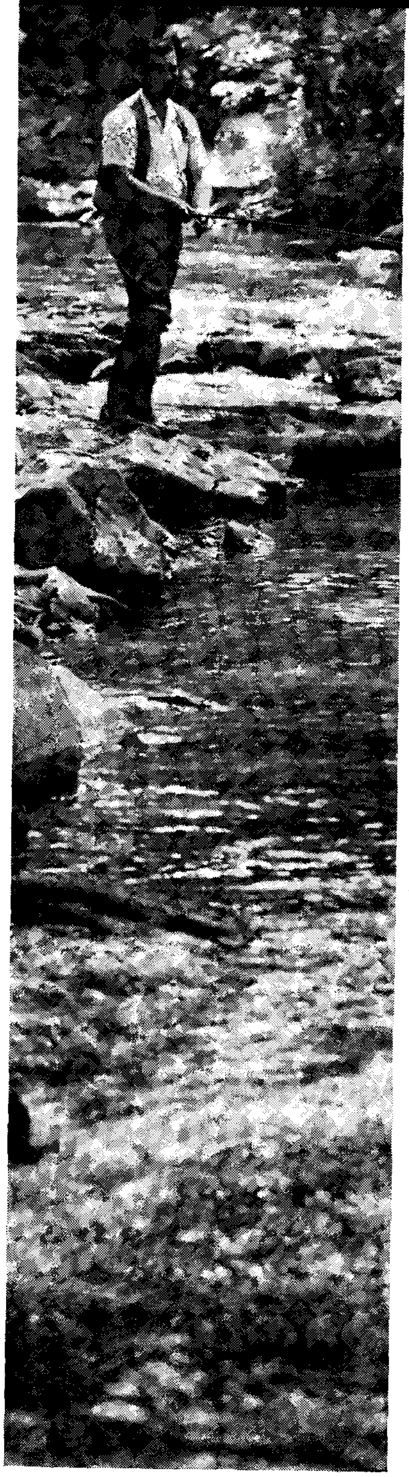

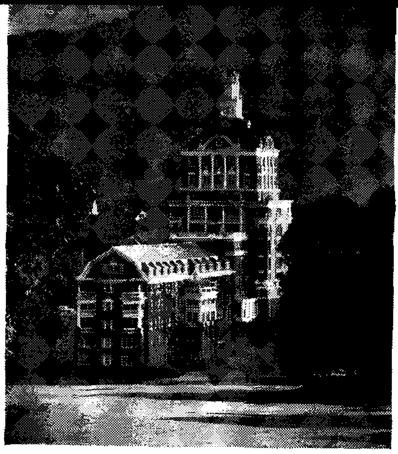

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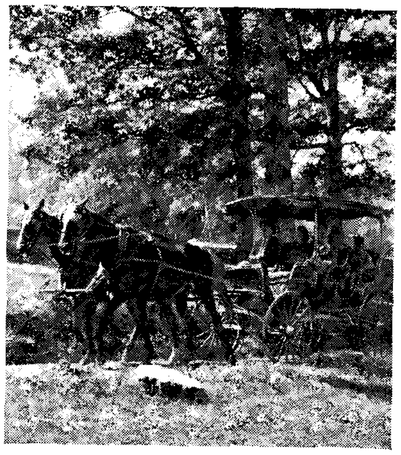

were snapped off and on between scenes with deliberately audible clicks, as if to jerk the audience back to normal between spells of fever. From moments of quietism the acting would erupt with no sense of strain into prodigies of physical abandon and emotional commitment. The director was Evald Schorm, who looks like a worker-priest and inspires in those who work for him—whether in the theatre or in the cinema—something not far from awe. Schorm's first feature film, "Courage for Every Day" (1965), was a landmark of prophetic audacity in Eastern European cinema. Kačer played the leading role, that of a sexually attractive young factory worker who is publicized throughout the mass media of his country as a hero of Socialist labor. By consenting to this exploitation, he disgusts his friends and loses his mistress, and he ends up in a frenzy of self-obliterating drunkenness. Heretically, Schorm was hinting that devotion to Marxism might sometimes be the cause of alienation from one's fellow-men—and not, as advertised, the cure for it.

Some weeks ago, I saw in Prague a rough cut of Schorm's second full-length movie, "The Return of the Prodigal." It has not yet been publicly screened, and the authorities may find reasons for delaying its release, but I have no doubt that it will be recognized sooner or later as a masterpiece. Mortality, which we can choose now or ignore until it chooses us, resounds through every sequence. The protagonist (Kačer again) is a young architect, happily married and successful in his job, yet just before the film starts he has tried to kill himself. Why? He enters a mental home in search of the answer. Perhaps he is too sensitive to cope with the friction of modern urban life; perhaps he suffers from the deathly virtue of excessive purity, which makes even the smallest, most venial compromise seem like a moral rape. From time to time he leaves the institution, but always he returns, shattered by some violation or other of human dignity, and unable to decide whether he or society is at fault. In the final sequence, he is still wondering why he doesn't fit in. He talks through the night to the head psychiatrist (himself a deeply unhappy man), from whose windows the camera pulls slowly away, leaving behind it a great unfinished debate.

Schorm turns up as an actor in another formidable movie—"A Report on the Party and the Guests," directed by Jan Němec. This grimly ironic *conte* was written by Němec's wife, Ester Krumbachová, who has summed up its

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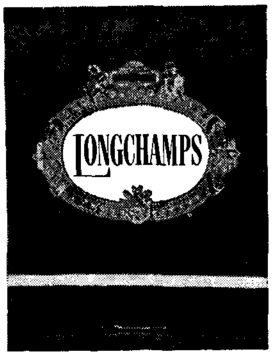

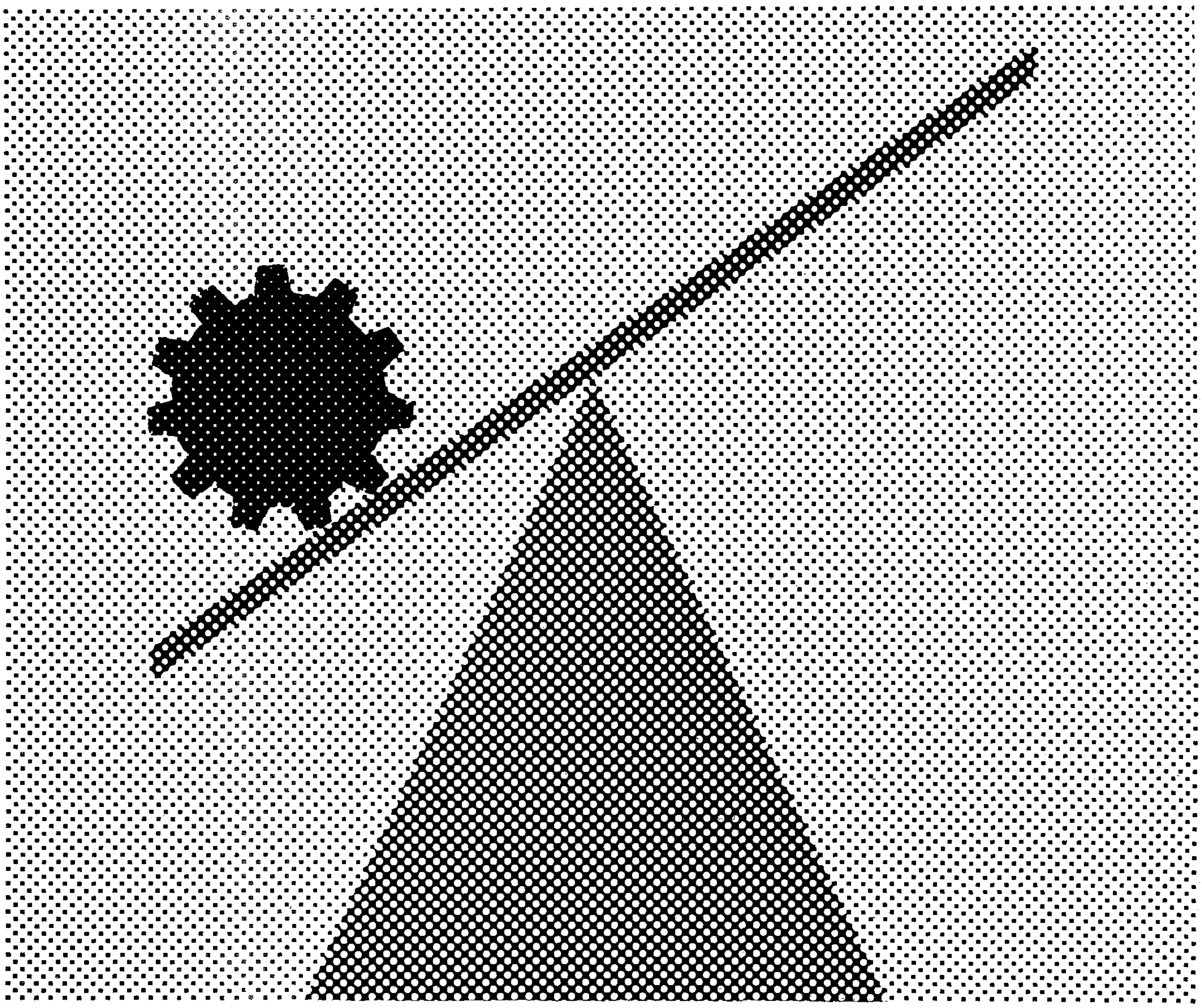

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theme in a single phrase: "Indifference to one's fate or dignity." Wearing their best clothes, a group of affluent intellectuals are trudging along a woodland path to attend a birthday party, given by the owner of the surrounding domain. None of them is played by a professional actor, and one of them is Schorm, looking gloomy and apprehensive. All of a sudden, they are halted by a grinning young man with a platoon of brawny minions. He lines the intellectuals up according to sex, and orders them not to break ranks without permission. He explains that it's only a game, but one of the men, not relishing the rules, decides to go home. His way is blocked by the minions, who jostle him jovially but not without genuine roughness. Nobody makes a move to help him. Then the host arrives, courteous and infinitely civilized. Appalled by the treatment to which his guests have been subjected, he personally escorts them to places of honor at the al-fresco banquet that has been laid out on the shore of his private lake. No two chairs, he proudly announces, are identical; let it never be said that he imposes uniformity on his friends. And all goes well until he finds that there is an empty seat. Another guest (this time it is Schorm) has walked out on the feast. Although the host shrinks from brutality, he abominates bad manners, and when one of his henchmen begs permission to hunt down the truant, he cannot in conscience deny the request. As the film ends, the screen fades to black and we hear the clamor of baying hounds. The relevance of the message extends far beyond Czech audiences. Would you, despite the fact that you disapprove of American policy in Vietnam, nevertheless accept an invitation to dinner at the White House or No. 10 Downing Street? If so, Němec is looking in your direction, and you may very well be the first to blink.

The latest success at the Actors' Club is a double bill by Ladislav Smoček, the management's most highly prized discovery. It starts with "The Labyrinth," a symbolic farce inspired by a visit the author once paid to the maze at Hampton Court, on the outskirts of London. A uniformed attendant sits at the entrance to Smoček's maze, selling tickets; once inside, the customers can never get out. Brass bands march interminably through its corridors of greenery with no hope of egress, and when a human arm is tossed over the boundary hedge to freedom, the attendant instantly picks it up and flings it back. The play is a

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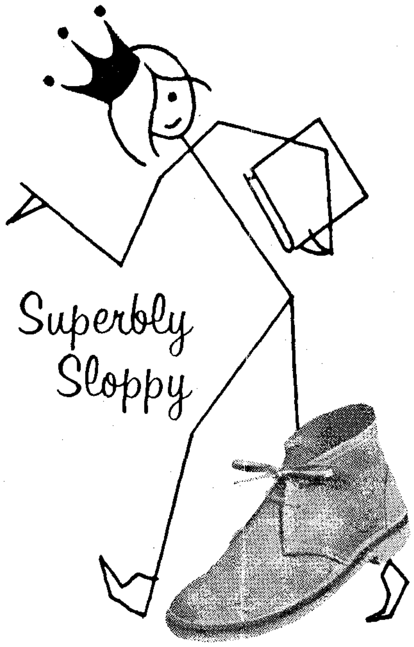

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very professional piece of comic pessimism but little more; I doubt whether the payoff line—"Maybe there is a way out," addressed by the attendant to the audience—is seriously intended as a comment on the Czech political scene. The second half of the program is devoted to "The Strange Afternoon of Dr. Burke," a realistic farce of magnificent eccentricity. Its plot can be covered in a sentence or two: Apprised that his landlady is planning to evict him, the genial Dr. Burke decides to murder any visitor to the house who might conceivably replace him as a lodger. This swiftly lands him with a wardrobeful of corpses. To compound the wildness of the situation, the author (who is his own director) has cast a brilliant male comedian as the landlady and a popular young film star as the grotesquely senile doctor. The latter is Vladimír Pucholt, the gawky, wide-eyed hero of "Loves of a Blonde." Made up to resemble Joseph Cotten in the wheelchair sequences of "Citizen Kane," he gives a wholeheartedly odd performance. Now and then, stalking around his bed-sitter in an ankle-length plastic raincoat, he succumbs to sudden accesses of violent energy, during one of which he unaccountably turns a handspring. Pucholt is a unique creature, extremely pure-souled and possessed of boundless curiosity. In his spare time, he manufactures fireworks, as I learned soon after I first met him, two years ago. Consignments of minuscule homemade bombs began to arrive at my London flat, with instructions stating that if I felt at all frustrated, I should set one of them on the kitchen table, light the fuse, and "run many metres away." Several times I did as I was told, and the cathartic effect of the resultant bangs was immense. Smoček, a great Pucholt fan, is dark-haired, crew-cut, and thirtyish. After the show, he asked me which of the two plays I preferred. "Dr. Burke," I said. "Thank God," he said. "Because when they were done in Germany, the critics all raved about 'The Labyrinth.' I'm glad we both know they were wrong."

It is this kind of cool self-appraisal, as much as anything else, that gives one faith in the staying power of the Czech renaissance. —KENNETH TYNAN

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Lafayette (La.) Daily Advertiser*]

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MUSICAL EVENTS

For Better or Worse

THE unique importance—the indispensability, in fact—of the American Opera Society lies in its introduction of important new singers, in its expert casting by the impresario Allen Sven Oxenburg, and, above all, in its production of works that are not to be heard in the ordinary course of operatic events. Handel's "Giulio Cesare" no longer falls into this category, since it is in the current repertoire of the New York City Opera, and has been given a stunning production there. "Giulio Cesare" as presented in concert form by the Society in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week was something of a letdown for those who had seen the New York City Opera version. One was left with a score that certainly has its claims to nobility, and a group of singers, some of them unfamiliar and more or less interesting, in an environment a bit too suggestive of oratorio for the comfort of real opera buffs. Among the new singers were Kostas Paskalis, a good, virile-sounding baritone, who took the role of Caesar adequately; Amin Feres, a bass with a large, deep, but somewhat uncontrolled voice, who was the Ptolemy; and Frederick Mayer, an acceptable light, though slightly explosive, tenor, who served as Sextus. The Cornelia, Huguette Tourangeau, was not exactly new, since she had appeared with the New York City Opera company as Carmen, but she was new to me, and the Cleopatra was the now famous Montserrat Caballé. Miss Tourangeau had a lot of trouble with her Italian enunciation but sang, on the whole, creditably. Miss Caballé seemed to approach her part with great caution. Her style was excellent, and she produced a great many beautiful high pianissimos. But she produced little else. Not until the ensemble with which the opera, in this version, ends did she allow herself to sing full voice, and her full voice at that point was not any too well focussed. A narrator, Simon Estes, singing in English, held the story together, and he sang ably enough, but I found the intrusion of English narration into an otherwise Italian opera a bit jarring. Arnold Gamson had returned to the Society's podium, after a long absence, to conduct the score. I wish I could report that the playing of the orchestra was especially inspired, but, aside from a fine horn solo preceding Caesar's "Va tacito è nascosto," it was not. Altogether, "Giulio Cesare" made a dull evening—something that is unusual in the record of the Society's productions.

ON Wednesday night, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House, somewhat curious about the cast that was being presented in "La Bohème." Marie Collier, who had sung the role of Christine in "Mourning Becomes Electra," was to be the Musetta. Renata Tebaldi was to sing Mimi, for what must have been the several-hundredth time in her life. And Franco Corelli, he of the magnificently powerful Italian tenor voice, was to be the Rodolfo. Anybody experienced in opera hereabouts could have forecast some of the result, but since Mr. Corelli has recently been making conspicuous gestures in the direction of artistry, as opposed to mere sonority, I was quite ready to cheer things on. I was disappointed. Part of the trouble was simple miscasting. Rodolfo is not—and I suspect never will be—one of the roles appropriate to Mr. Corelli. He sang it more like a bullfighter than like a poet. Miss Tebaldi did rather badly. Her top notes were either gritty or out of tune. All this did not prevent the Tebaldi-Corelli faction in the audience from clapping, pounding the floor, and yelling itself hoarse with bravos. Miss Collier was visually a perfect Musetta, but her voice sounded a bit harsh, and though everything she sang was in tune, *her* upper notes were a bit hard to take, too. Mario Sereni's Marcello was animated, as usual, and vocally unimpressive, as usual. The rest of the cast—Robert Goodloe as Schaunard, Bonaldo Giaiotti as Colline, Fernando Corena as Benoit—was admirable. Fausto Cleva conducted. By the end of the second act, realizing that I had better things to do, I left.

IT is only a few steps from the Opera House to Philharmonic Hall—a great convenience for music critics—and I took those steps now, arriving in time to hear the last half of a recital by the pianist John Browning. Mr. Browning is now a performer of predictable habits, and they are very good ones. At the time I arrived, he was just finishing off Schubert's posthumous Sonata in A Major in a manner that seemed perhaps a bit meticulous for so romantic a work. Aaron Copland's knotty Piano Varia-

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Well anyway that's enough about cameras in general. Now lets talk about cameras in specific. There are literally hundreds of cameras on the market. Maybe that's why you never bought one... the whole thing seemed just too confusing. Really it's all very simple... there are small cameras and big cameras. The Hasselblad is an in-between camera. This means that the pictures you take with a Hasselblad don't have to be looked at through a magnifying glass. So when you have enlargements of your best shots made, the quality is superb. There are very simple cameras and very complicated cameras. The Hasselblad is an in-between camera. What we mean by this is that the Hasselblad could not be operated by a five year old child... but after five minutes with the instruction booklet it could be operated by you. Proof of this is the fact that most of the NASA space pictures taken to date, have been taken with a Hasselblad. You see when you are an astronaut, you don't have time to mess about with complicated cameras. You just want the best pictures it's humanly possible to take, and you want to be able to take them as simply as possible. (Incidentally the pictures were not taken with a specially built camera, but with a slightly modified, off the shelf Hasselblad.)

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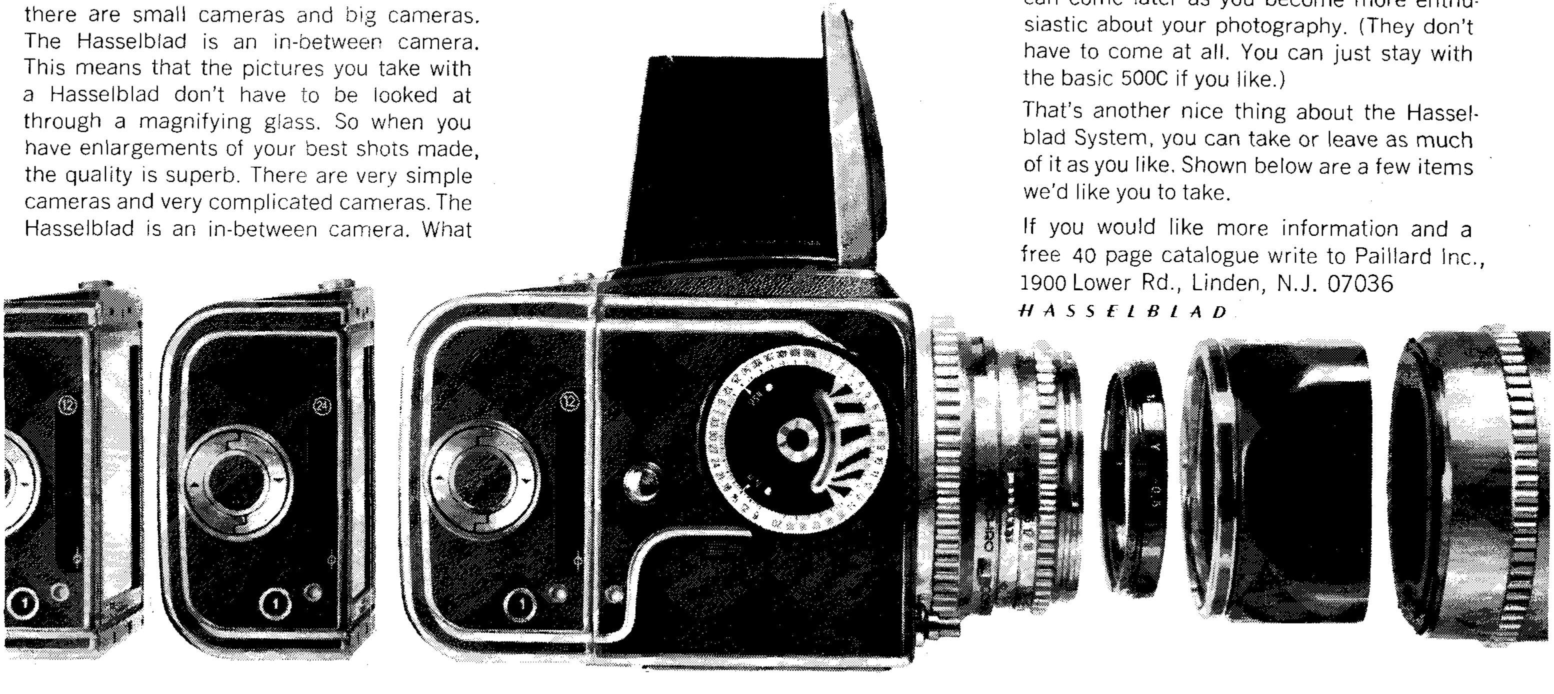

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tions followed, and were done with technical precision and with a remarkable understanding of their complexities. Then came Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," in which Mr. Browning appeared to be an ideal interpreter. I waited for the first encore, Chopin's familiar Nocturne in D Flat, and was rewarded with as fine a piece of Chopin playing as I have ever heard.

ON Thursday night, in Philharmonic Hall, the three assistant conductors of the New York Philharmonic had a rare chance to exhibit their talents. They were the Swiss lady conductor Sylvia Caduff, the Chilean Juan Pablo Izquierdo, and the Frenchman Alain Lombard, all gifted and quite experienced maestros. Miss Caduff conducted David Amram's "King Lear" Variations and Schumann's Fourth Symphony. Her conducting style is very much like that of Herbert von Karajan—high elbows and gathering-in movements—which is not surprising, since she has studied with the celebrated Austrian maestro. She gave both works clean and vigorous readings—not sensational in any way, but faithful and pleasing. Mr. Lombard had a somewhat more complex assignment—Debussy's "La Mer," a work which requires the most mature and intricate musical thinking, and which has been so memorably done by a whole generation of past conductors, including Toscanini and Koussevitzky, that nearly any present-day performance of it is apt to arouse unfavorable comparisons. Mr. Lombard's performance of it was just a trifle awkwardly youthful, with emphasis on its rhythmic elements and a failure to realize all the fantasy and atmosphere that the work should project. The last, and most impressive, of the young conductors was Mr. Izquierdo, who performed a new work called "Elegía a Machu Picchu," by the Peruvian composer Celso Garrido-Lecca, and then topped off the evening with a fine reading of Ravel's "La Valse." Mr. Izquierdo's impressiveness lay in his ability to rouse the orchestra to extra effort, in his familiarity with different styles of music, and in the poise with which he calculated the impressionistic effects of the Ravel work.

As for the two contemporary compositions, most auditors probably found them pleasing or unpleasing according to what have become ideological as well as purely aesthetic considerations. To me, David Amram is a serious composer, independent of passing fads. His "King Lear" Variations is an unpretentious but valuable work—valuable

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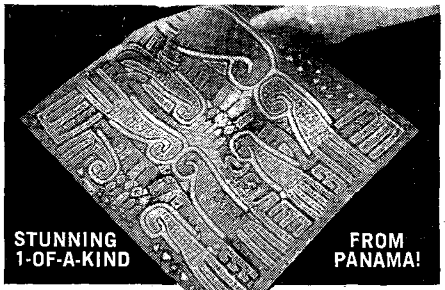

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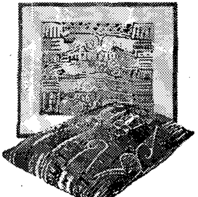

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because it prefigures something of what the future of musical composition is going to be like after people grow tired of the so-called experimental style. I found it a pleasure to listen to. Mr. Garrido-Lecca's Machu Picchu elegy, on the other hand, is full of glissandi, spook effects, flutter-tonguing in the brass, and serial techniques. It was said in the program notes to reflect here and there the sounds produced by ancient Inca instruments. Now, in my time I have done considerable study in the field of Peruvian musical ethnology, and have examined literally thousands of these instruments. I have never found any that produced sounds resembling anything that Mr. Garrido-Lecca presented us with. This, however, is really beside the point. The point is that I found Mr. Garrido-Lecca's composition uninteresting.

IT is a good idea, once in a while, for a critic to revisit the scene of the crime, just to check up on things. On Friday night, having nothing better to do, I revisited the New York City Opera's production of "Der Rosenkavalier." In the course of several performances, it had smoothed out. Its singers were relaxed, and the orchestra, under Julius Rudel, played with subtlety and clarity. Marguerite Willauer was new in the role of Octavian. Her soprano voice is a little light but is nevertheless pleasing in this part, and she acted well. Elisabeth Grümmer's Marschallin, much more at ease than it was on opening night, proved to be one of the most impressive I have seen since Lotte Lehmann's, and the performance as a whole was a distinguished one by any standards. Perhaps this is the place to apologize for an error I made in my original review—an error to which some of my readers have called my attention with unconcealed glee. I protested against the raucousness of the first phrase of the three orphans' little song in Act I, and irately suggested that the children—and their singing—were all right "as Strauss conceived them." Well, the error was in the last four words. Strauss directed that the phrase be sung "*schreiend*," which can be translated as anything from "crying" to "screaming." All I can say is that it is sung louder at the State Theatre than I have ever heard it sung in any other opera house.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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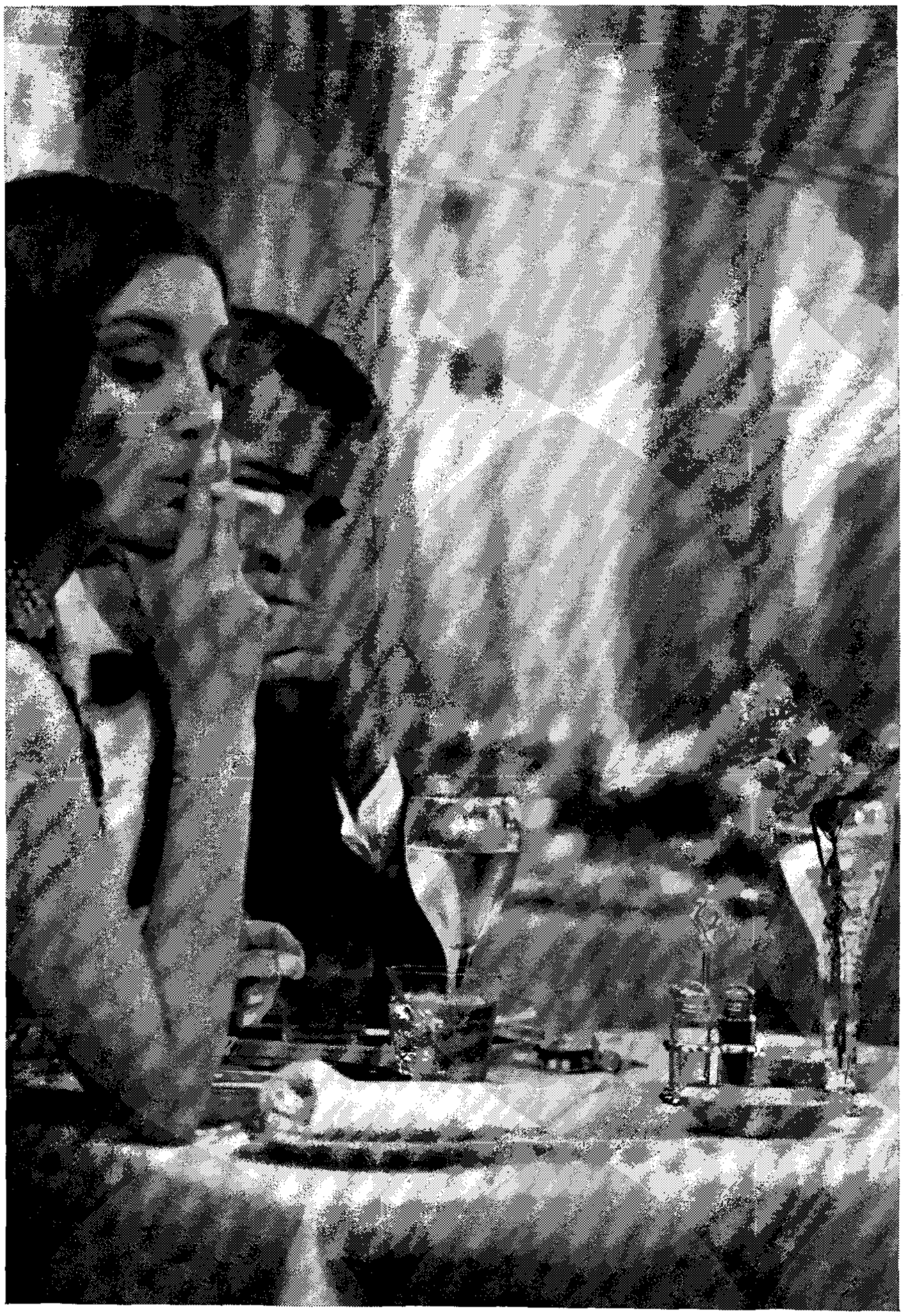

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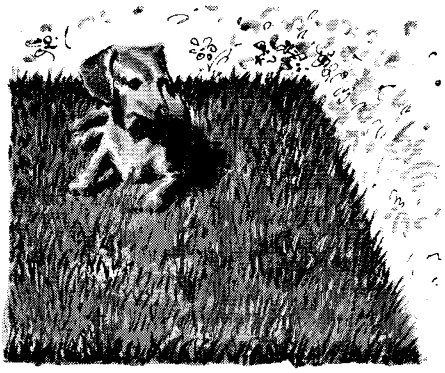
NEW YORK HARBOR took on a holiday air today. Scattered cheering, broken by an occasional deep shout from a tug whistle, began early this morning at the Verrazano Bridge and then, as the day advanced, moved toward Battery Park and on up the North River. Playful sprays from fireboats helped spread the good news: an authentic hero had won his battle with the North Atlantic. LeRoy Dork had come home.

The distinctive outlines of Dork's frail craft, familiar to those who had followed his long voyage in the newspapers, were first spotted off the Narrows at 5:17 A.M. today, as dawn broke. The word swept quickly up the harbor, for everyone who heard it knew that history was being made, that LeRoy Dork had become the first man to make a solo crossing of the Atlantic, east to west, on an inflated rubber horse.

But to Captain Dork—and this is typical of the man—the battle was not yet won. Refusing a Coast Guard tow, Dork kicked his way up to Pier 23, his avowed goal, arriving at 6:57 P.M. Only then did the eighty-three-year-old mariner pronounce his journey over. Looking somewhat tired, and a shade thinner than the 127 pounds at which he began his journey at the Bournemouth, England, breakwater four years and eight months ago, the six-foot Dork waved cheerfully for the television cameras, appearing to be in remarkably good spirits. Only his rubber horse, asprawl on the pier, served as mute evidence of an ordeal at sea. Virtually all of the craft's paint had weathered off, except for a faint suggestion of a round blue eye on the port side, and a fragment of red saddle where Dork's body, in its customary astride position, had shielded it from the elements.

After a catnap and a shower at the Hotel Manhattan, the voyager received half a dozen reporters in his modest room, where he submitted with admirable forbearance to a barrage of questions while carefully masticating a hot turkey sandwich—his first warm food since the bowl of brown Windsor soup he had consumed before casting off at Bournemouth. The first question from the reporters was: What had LeRoy Dork missed most during those years alone at sea?

"That's easy," said Captain Dork in the almost inaudible voice of a man who has had little need of late to make



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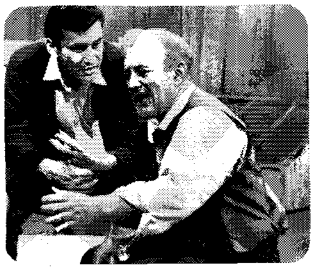
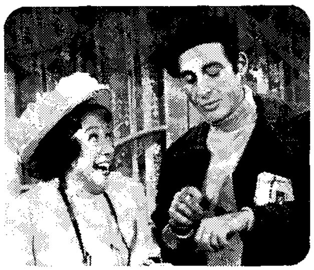


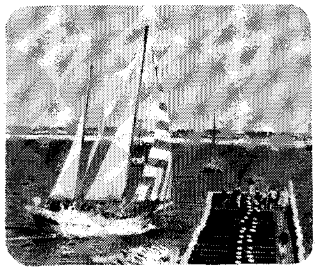
Death of a Salesman
Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock in the Arthur Miller drama. Sunday, April 2 (9-11 pm)

The National Science Test
Viewers will learn how scientific they are in relation to everyday experiences. Tuesday, April 4 (10-11 pm)

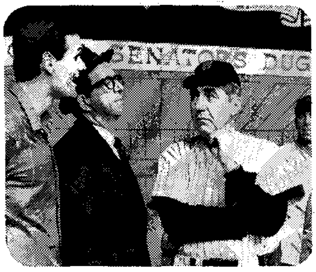


Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris
The stars of "Your Show of Shows" reunited. Wednesday, April 5 (8:30- 9:30 pm)

A Time for Laughter: A Look at Negro Humor
ABC Stage 67: With Sidney Poitier, Harry Belafonte, Diahann Carroll, Dick Gregory, Godfrey Cambridge, others. Thursday, April 6 (10-11 pm)



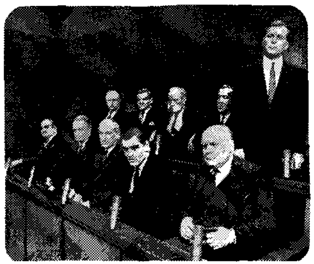
Yankee Sails Across Europe
National Geographic Society Special follows American ketch sailing around Europe. Saturday April 8 (8:30-9:30 pm)



Damn Yankees
Phil Silvers, Lee Remick, Jim Backus and Ray Middleton in the musical comedy. Saturday, April 8 (9-11 pm)

Hall of Kings
James Mason traces the 900-year-long history of Westminster Abbey. Sunday, April 9 (4-5 pm)

The Academy Awards
Bob Hope hosts the annual Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presentation. Monday, April 10 (10 pm to conclusion)

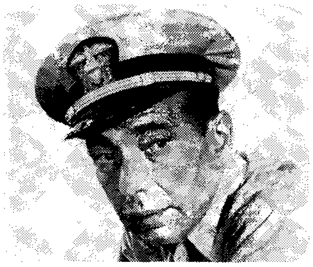


The Investigation
Peter Weiss's controversial drama about the guards at Auschwitz concentration camp. Friday, April 14 (9:30-11 pm) Repeated Sunday, April 16 (3:30-5 pm)

Robert Scott and the Race for the Pole
Saga of Western Man traces the explorer's trek. Monday, April 17 (8:30-9:30 pm)

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein
Three successful young alumni return. Wednesday, April 19 (7:30-8:30 pm)

El Prado: Masterpieces and Music
Bell Telephone Hour: Andres Segovia and other Spanish artists. Sunday, April 23 (6:30-7:30 pm)



Bogart
The life and legend of Humphrey Bogart. Sunday, April 23 (8-9 pm)

The Law and the Prophets
Project 20: Stories from the Old Testament told through religious art. Sunday, April 23 (10-11 pm)

Soldier In Love
Hallmark Hall of Fame: Jean Simmons, Claire Bloom, Basil Rathbone in drama about the Duke of Marlborough. Wednesday, April 26 (7:30-9pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs *Monday through Friday:* **Captain Kangaroo / Today / Sunrise Semester** *Tuesdays:* **CBS News Hour** *Thursdays:* **ABC Stage 67** *Saturdays:* **Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian**—*last broadcast April 8* / **Animal Secrets**—*last broadcast April 8* / **Wide World of Sports / Vietnam Weekly Review / CBS Golf Classic / ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam** *Sundays:* **Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up and Live / Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / Frontiers of Faith / Issues and Answers / CBS Sports Spectacular / NBA Basketball**—*last broadcast April 23* / **College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report / The 21st Century / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.**

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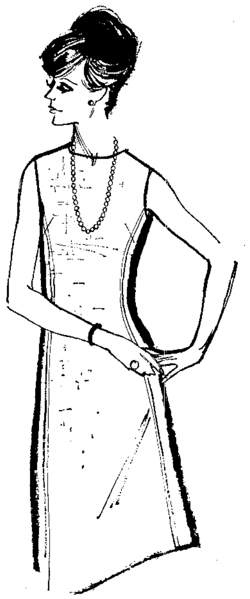
himself heard. "Conversation. Time would have passed a good deal more slowly for me were it not for an occasional exchange of words with vessels whose path I was lucky enough to cross. I was barely five months out when I met up with my first—a fifteen-foot sloop, with a fellow attempting a solo passage from the Hebrides to Cape Town. We were within hailing distance for over an hour. Then, no more than seven or eight months later, I raised two men who were rowing from Reykjavík to Rio de Janeiro. That's pretty much a milk run these days, but they were a pair of nice fellows. We had a good visit that lasted almost all morning. And then, within the year, I ran into a nine-foot bamboo raft carrying a man I hit it off with very nicely. We drifted side by side most of the day. I don't know where he was headed. He couldn't seem to recall during the time we were together."

Dork chewed and swallowed a bite of turkey before going on. "There were two or three similar encounters, but during the last eighteen months—nothing. I was so hungry for talk that I considered lassoing a gull, just to hear him scream. But of course I couldn't take the chance." In answer to questioning looks from the reporters, Dork explained, "One good peck by a seagull in the wrong place, and *pow!*" He sipped his Ovaltine. "I carried a rubber-patch kit, but let me be frank to say that during the period when I felt poorly, from last February through August, I couldn't have mustered the wind to blow a penny's worth of bubble gum. I just about managed the weekly puff my horsie required to maintain normal firmness."

WHAT were the forces that compelled Captain Dork to undertake his hazardous test of body and spirit? While he considered the question, the voyager pushed the cranberry sauce to the side of his plate and got down a few peas. At last he said thoughtfully, "I suppose every man who has ever wondered about his worth has thought of testing himself unaided—without the tools and props of civilization. 'The world is too much with us' applies, I am ashamed to admit, as much to us 'seafaring men' as to anyone else. Take, for instance, my Boston-to-Auckland sail, a few years back. Now, why, for God's sake, should a man alone need fourteen feet of boat to rattle around in, with two nylon sails manufactured at City Island? So help me, I felt like a weekend sportsman on Chesapeake Bay, and by the time I



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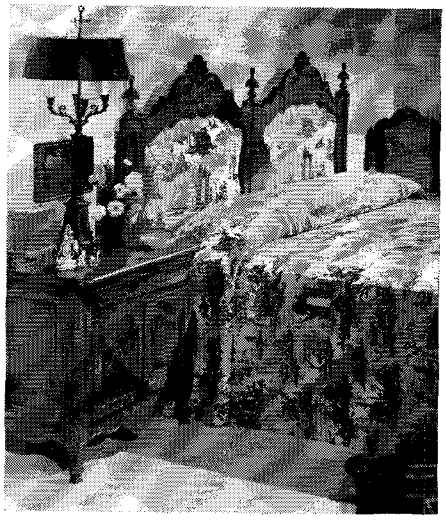

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reached Tristan da Cunha I'd gone flabby. Or consider my friend Zeb Stornaway, whom you all know for his solo raft journey from Kiev to St. Kitts—as respectable a drift as we've had for some time. There's no question that Zeb's an able sailor, but I'm not about to characterize a trip that includes a transistor radio, four tins of Sterno, and half a case of canned ravioli as 'man against the elements.' Same goes for the boys who've done the rows—Holmquist, from Seattle to the Society Islands; Cohn and Grey, Haifa to Halifax; Mergdahler, across the Indian Ocean; and the rest. Good sturdy lads all, but I mean—an aluminum boat made in Perth Amboy, and a pair of *oars!* Doesn't it make you think of a shipping clerk's Sunday in Central Park? No more cushy excursions for me, I decided. I wanted an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with nature; me and my lung power, so to speak, with no more manufactured goods than I could stuff in my pockets: that rubber-patch kit, a tea strainer for gathering plankton, a copy of the *Partisan Review*—autumn issue of 1957, I think it was; I never did get around to reading it—and a couple of pairs of socks. If a man is to live with himself, now and then he's got to shuck the handy-dandy appurtenances of civilization."

The hour was late, but before leaving, the reporters were keen to have the now tiring Dork recall his hairiest moment on the historic North Atlantic crossing. He thought a moment. "The appendectomy itself went well," he said slowly. "No sweat there. But there *was* something—afterward. For a period of a month, maybe two, I had these—well, fevered nightmares." The pain of recollection showed on his lean face, and it was with some effort that he continued. "The dream was always the same. I was on this luxurious ship, a Liberian harbor tug maybe sixty feet long. My back was propped for support against a solid-steel bulkhead, and the cook was placing a tin bowl of oatmeal on the deck beside me. I always woke at the same point—just as he put a spoon in my hand. 'Get away from me, you bastard!' I would shout. It was hideous."

The gentlemen of the press began to say their good-nights. Dork would need all the rest he could get. In a couple of days, as soon as his craft had been overhauled, he would be heading downriver again for the Tierra del Fuego leg of his round-the-world journey. The reporters shook him firmly by the hand and wished him well. To the last man, their hearts, if not their bodies, would go with him.

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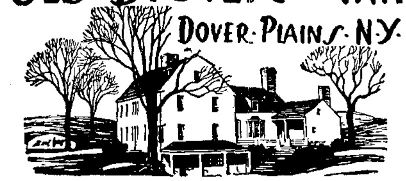

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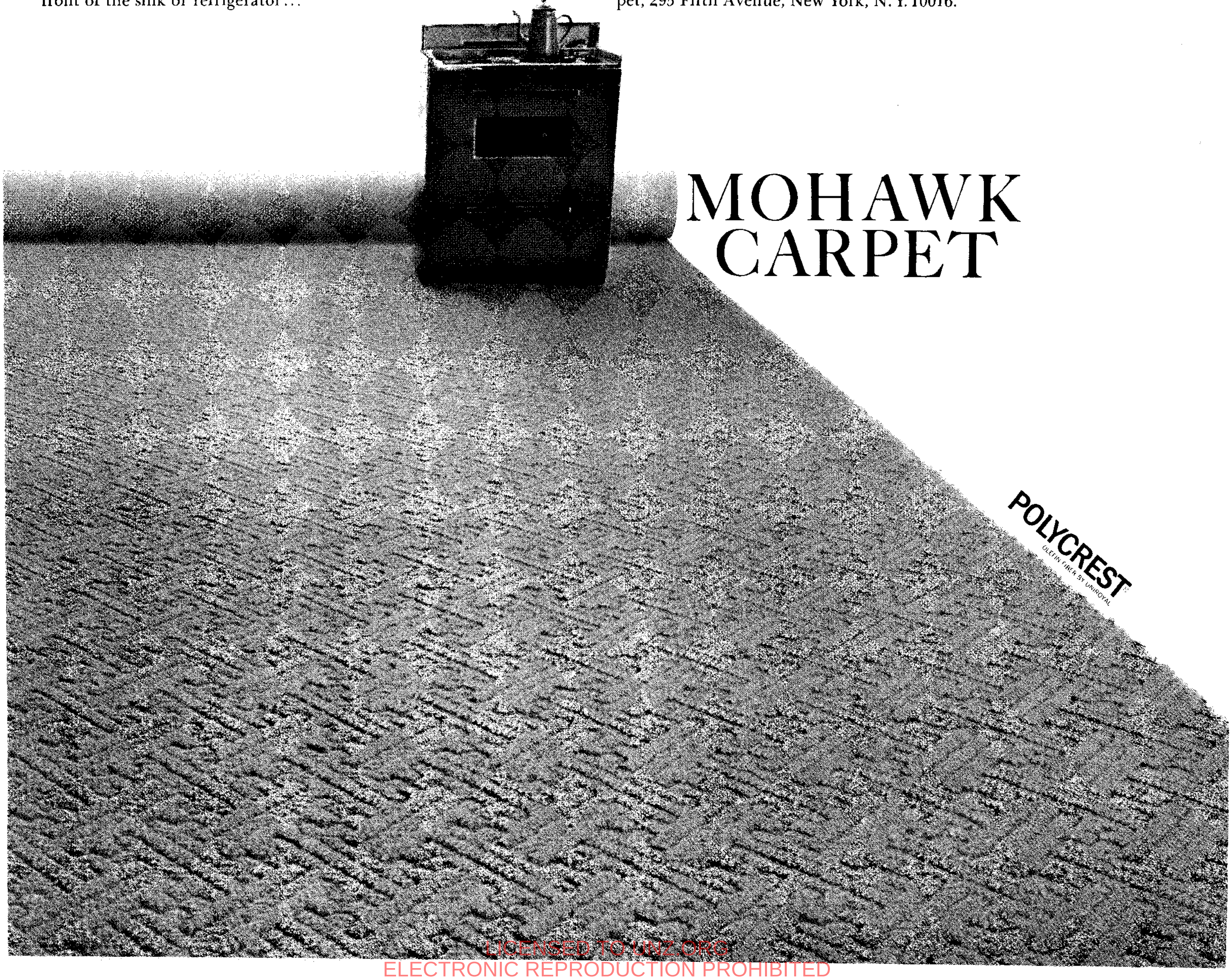

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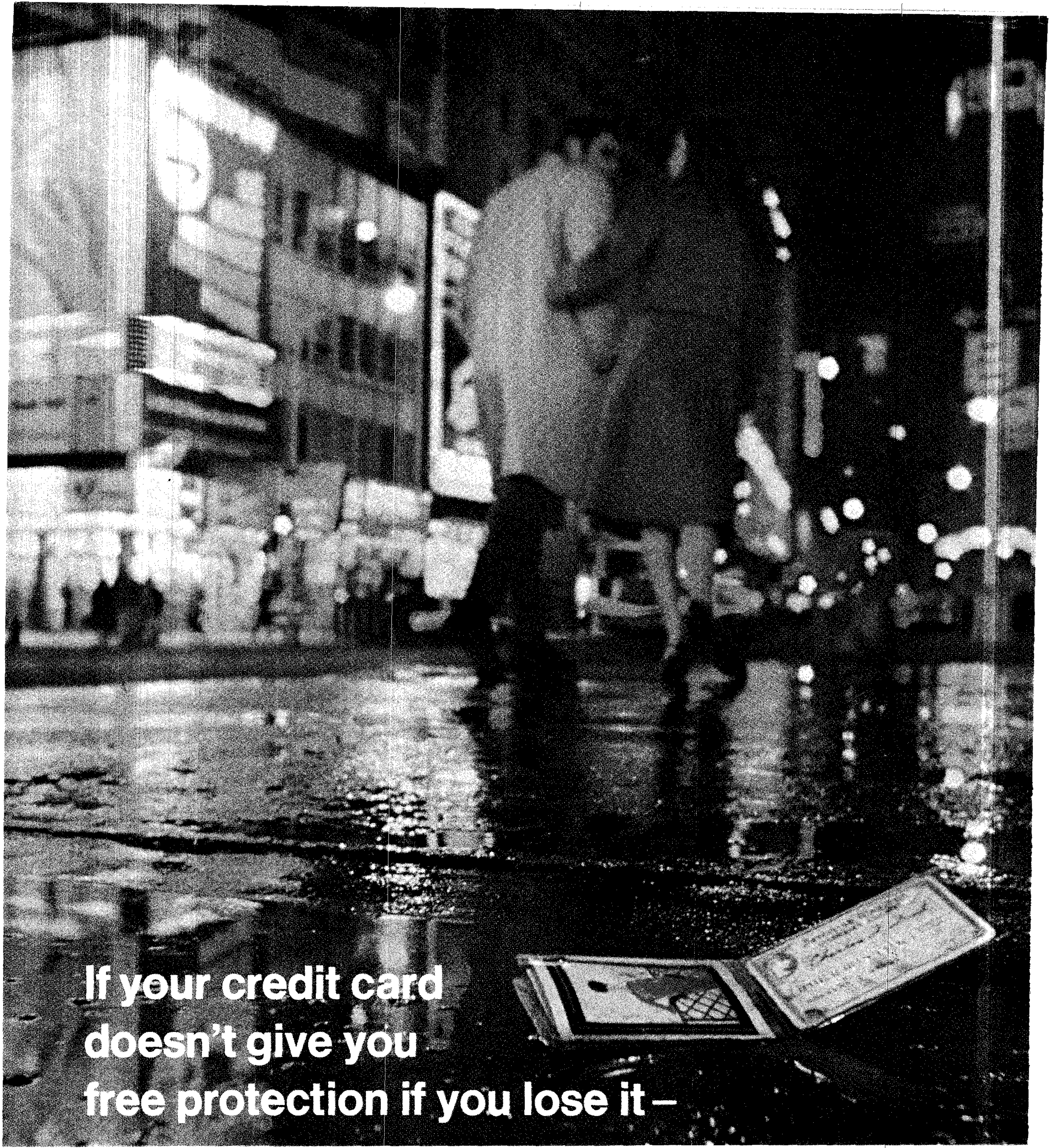

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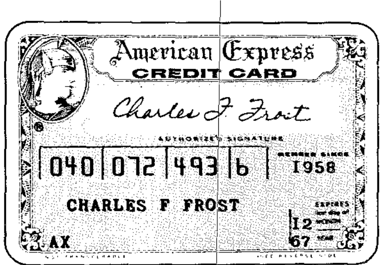
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Marshall McLuhan & the Technological Embrace

RADIO-TELEVISION

MARSHALL McLUHAN, who, as just about everybody ought to know by now, is the Canadian agricultural expert and author of "The Romance of Wheat"— No. I am mistaken. Marshall McLuhan, who, as just about everybody ought to know by now, is the Canadian communications whizbang and author of a number of books about media, was on TV the other Sunday afternoon, on one of the new "N.B.C. Experiment in Television" programs, and although McLuhan didn't say anything he hasn't said before (actually, he almost never says anything he hasn't said before, although sometimes he says it differently, and very reassuring is this note of constancy in a world gone mad), it was a mighty hippy, moderny, zim-zam-zap performance all the same, complete with the full Pop ritual of flashy, splashy lighting, electronic sound, fancy cutting, zooms, lots of stop action—in fact, the whole art-director's kit of exciting-visual-effects: go-go girls zazzing away but as if the film ran sidewise (why do they never show go-go girls dancing straight up, the way their mothers would want them to?), and, toward the end, a cute little bit of I-can-be-as-cool-as-you-are-buddy contemporary graphics showing an H-bomb exploding in the shape of an exclamation point as the narrator intoned, "The hydrogen bomb is history's exclamation point." (Once, I remember, McLuhan was pleased to describe a hydrogen-bomb explosion as "information," which goes to show you the sort of pressure the dictionary-revision people have to work under.) It was a snappy show, really. Interesting. But, for all its snap and flash, it was awfully reverential in tone—reverential toward McLuhan and reverential, more especially, toward the whole idea of modernism and technology. I don't know that it was supposed to work out that way. I don't know that McLuhanism is supposed to work out that way. Now and then, McLuhan will waft out to us a sentence ("There is absolutely no inevitability as long as there is a willingness to contemplate what is happening") that gives the impression, or maybe gives *him* the impression, that he is making some sort of evaluative confrontation of the onrush of technology. But a sentence like that doesn't ever appear to be connected to anything else, to any other thought—to any other sentence, even—and when you get right down to cases, it seems to me, the confrontation turns out to be largely illusory, turns out to be instead an almost bland embrace. The N.B.C. program provided a fairly broad embrace, as these things go. "The electric age is having a profound effect on us," intoned the narrator, paraphrasing McLuhan. "We are in a period of fantastic change . . . that is coming about at fantastic speed. Your life is changing dramatically! You are numb to it!" And "The walls of your rooms are coming down. It is becoming a simple matter to wire and pick out of your homes your private, once solely personal life and record it. Bugging is the new means for gathering information." And "The family circle has widened, Mom and Dad! The world-pool of information constantly pouring in on your closely knit family is influencing them a lot more than you think." Well, O.K. But it all sounds rather too much like the revival preacher, who doesn't really tell you anything about hellfire you didn't know before but who tells it to you more forcefully, with all the right, meliorative vogue words ("fantastic change . . . fantastic speed . . . dramatically . . . numb"), and so makes you feel appropriately important and guilty in the process. In this instance, McLuhan tells us, the fire next time will be technological and lit by an electric circuit, but, having told us that, the preacher seems content to take up the collection and walk out of the church, leaving us with happy, flagellated expressions and a vague sense of having been in touch with an important truth—if we could only remember what it was.

For myself, I'm not so sure about McLuhan's truths. He has the Big Idea, which he pushes, about the effects on Western man of the alphabet, movable type, print—how this visual-mental dependence on little letters all in a row, lines of type, lines, one word right after another, has created in man a linear response to the world, has created specialization, compartmentaliza-

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tion, civilization even, mass production, and sundry other evils. It's an interesting idea, all right, and there's a lot of substance to it, but, in the first place, it seems plain foolish to try to rest the full breadth and weight of man's linear sense of order on a single factor even as large as the alphabet and print. Art, after all, imitates life, and life is surely, among other things, intrinsically geometric. Nature is geometric. Trees, tides, plants, planets don't move psychedelically, they move geometrically, and as long as nature exists in any recognizable form the paths of force and tension and, consequently, the order that man intuitively responds to will in the main be linear, too. In the second place, it seems worse than plain foolish to be so modernistically airy about man's sense of logic. McLuhan seems to have the idea that man's dependence on print has been constricting and unnatural and has resulted in an imbalance of the senses, and that, with the disappearance of print and the concomitant rise of electronic information-feeding technology, man will once again come into a fuller life of the senses. "Television . . . reintegrates the human senses, thereby making books obsolete" is one of the ways he put it that afternoon. Oh, boy, some life of the senses is my thought for the week, with Brother and Sis upstairs in the kids' communication room watching "Uncle Don's Visit to the Fulton Fish Market," which they can't smell, and Mom and Dad curled up on acrilan grass in Dad's windowless information center holding hands and watching a twenty-four-hour weather program. In any case, just because an electronic circuit looks circular, or sounds circular, and just because the hippy teenagers that McLuhan admires so much (by gosh, fellows, I admire them, too) go floating about absorbing sense impressions and otherwise having a fine old time doesn't seem to me much of a reason for supposing that we're going to start wanting to do without logic—intuitive, deductive, analytical, linear, call it what you will. After all, logic, brains, intellect, sustained formal thought are how we splendid, wonderful people got to be so splendid and wonderful in the first place, and when a philosopher-king like McLuhan starts saying things like "The way you react to them [television and computers] is what is important, not what is in them or on them," it's hard to forget that the first thing that boring old Gutenberg printed was the Bible and the first thing television gave us was Uncle Miltie—and, on present evidence,

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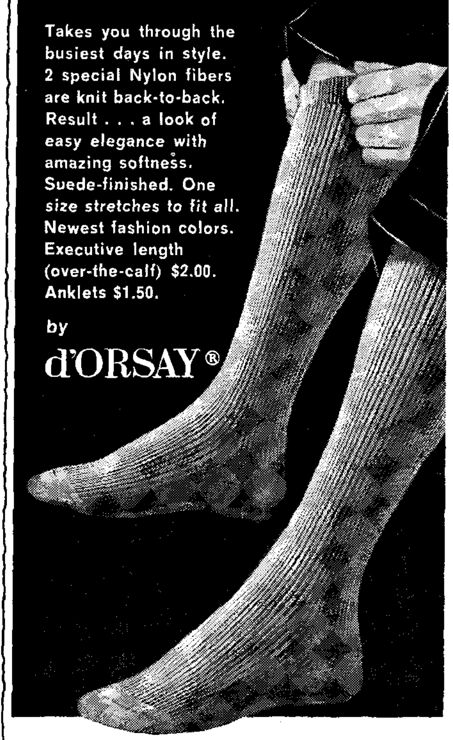
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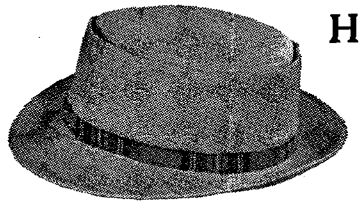
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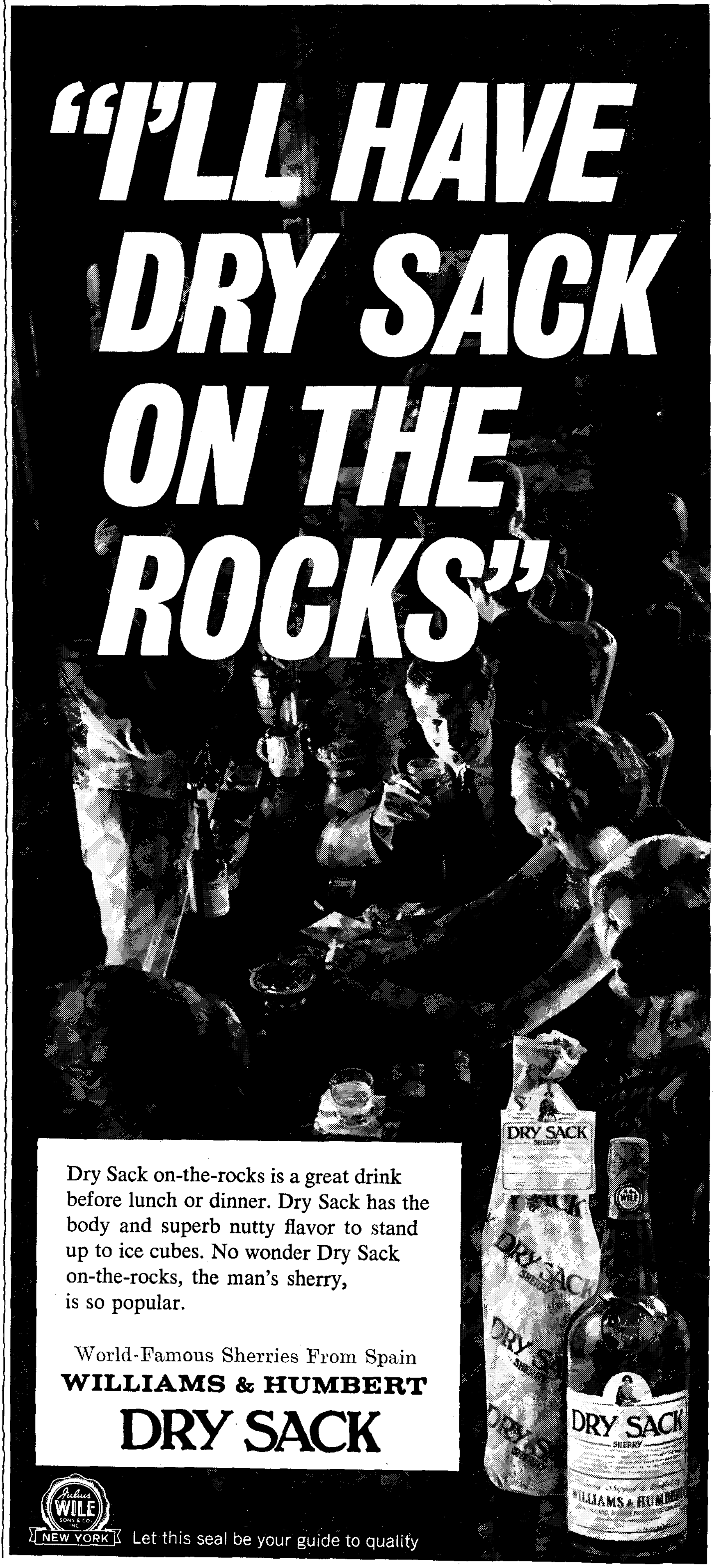
there doesn't seem to be any very pressing basis for tossing out the first because of the second. McLuhan is so cheery and accommodating to the hard bewilderments of technology. I don't know, maybe he worries like hell about them, but he comes on cheery and accommodating. ("There is nothing sterile about television, except in the eye of the beholder.") I guess if you live here and now, you might as well enjoy it. Still, there's an appalling inevitability to this onrush of technology, and since much of it is likely to bring secondary effects that will just as inevitably diminish the possibilities of natural human life, I don't really see that you're doing much of anything when you toss up a line like "The new electronic interdependence recreates the world in the image of a global village," or "We have begun again to structure the primordial feeling," or "Our new environment compels commitment and participation," and leave it hanging. I don't really see that you're doing much of anything except, possibly, trying to ride with the winners.

It seems a pity, because McLuhan is an original man. A lot of people, I know, are down on him these days, because he's been so much in the public eye (all those cover stories; even *Family Circle* had something on him this month, in which it referred to McLuhan as "the most sought-after dinner guest of our time in New York") and because, they say, he's inconsistent, which he is, and often wrong, which he is, and unfunny, which he certainly is, and even (they say) unoriginal. The thing is, about fifteen years ago, when McLuhan—then, as now, a teacher of undergraduate English courses—began writing about print and communications and media, he didn't claim to be entirely original. Most of these notions about print and type and Western man had been written about for a number of years by a number of people (even though the editors of *Life* may not have been reading them then). What McLuhan did that *was* original was to put them together in a new way and add a sort of twist of his own that gave them relevance—and expansiveness. One got a feeling, in reading those earlier books, of rooms being opened up. But that was a while ago. These days, I get the feeling, especially watching McLuhan on something like the N.B.C. show, which was content to present his views pretty much at face value (as, indeed, most of the mass magazines have been), that, for all his talk about how he's mainly an investigator, a prober, how he's in-



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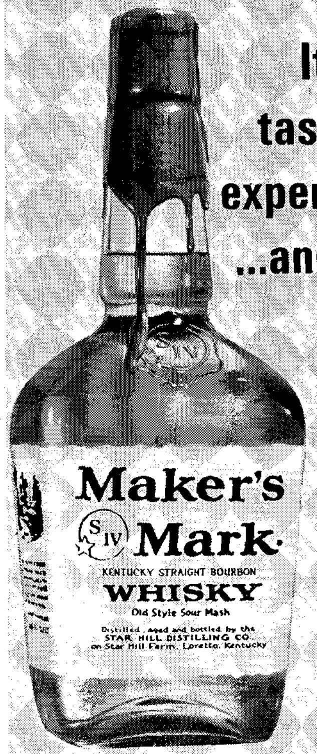
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terested in getting people to think about their environment, the principal result of what he writes and speaks—partly because of what he says, partly because of how he says it—has been to diminish discussion. When he touches something ("The technology of the railway created the myth of a green-pasture world of innocence." "Pop Art simply tells you the only art form left for you today is your own natural environment"), he seems to do it in such a way that although there's often substance or interest in his thought, the effect is somehow to close the subject off, to leave it in the end (despite the aphoristic crackle) more dead than alive. At least, it's odd that for all the talk of controversy surrounding his work, most people trying to come to grips with it, in conversation or in print, rarely ever seem to do much more than helplessly paraphrase what he's already said. On the N.B.C. program that afternoon, he appeared sometimes in darkness, sometimes in light, sometimes with a red light flickering on his face. He appeared, disappeared. Sentences hung in the air. Print. Electronics. Technology. The alphabet. Western man. Life. Death. Pop Art. The motorcar. The Beatles. Gutenberg. Civilization. Quite some time ago, Archimedes said, "Give me a lever long enough, and a place to stand, and I will move the world." McLuhan seems to be intent on moving the world, all right, and thinks he has found the lever—"the clash between print and electric technologies." But the lever keeps bending, and it's hard to find a place to stand. At least, he hasn't found one yet, which is perhaps why he keeps skittering all over the place. Maybe, one day, he'll settle for something less.
—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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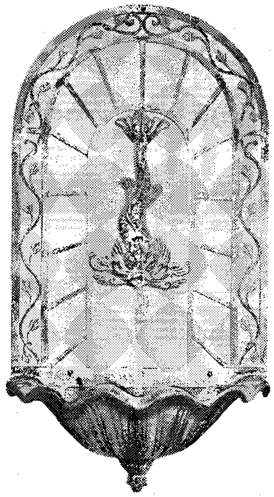

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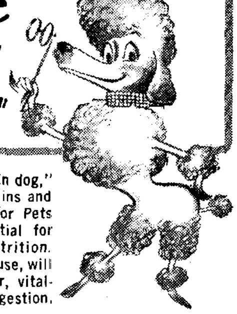

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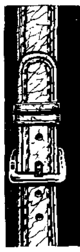

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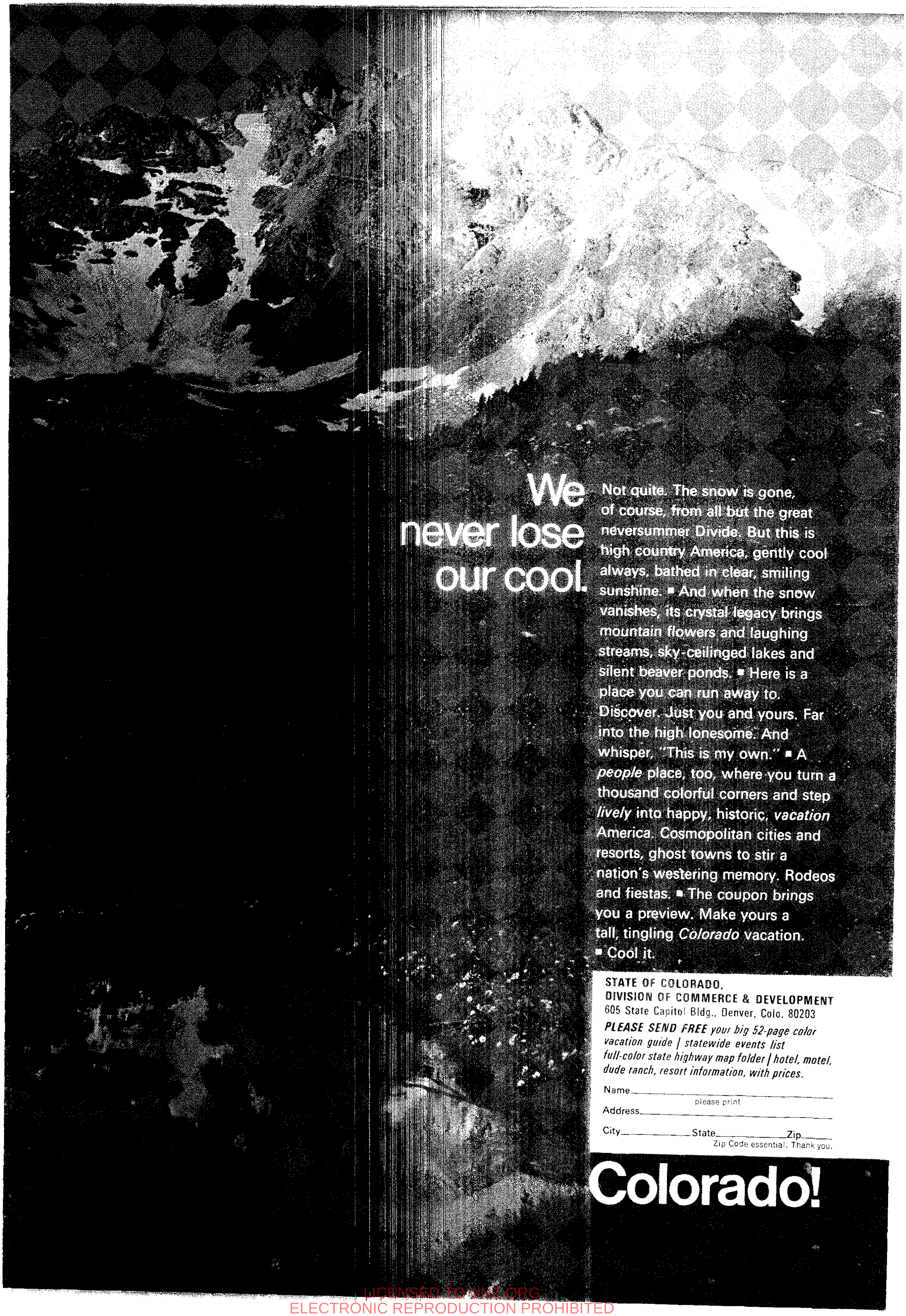

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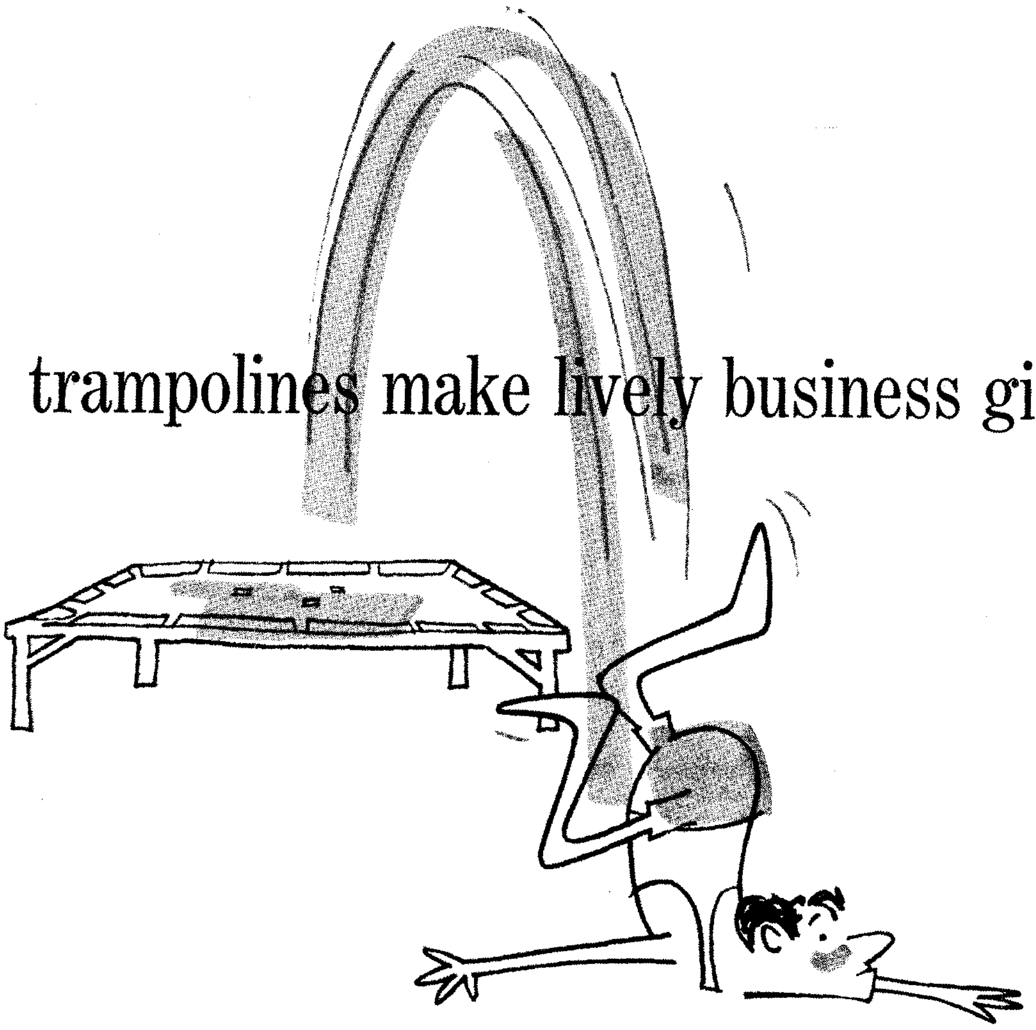

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THE RACE TRACK

On Again

THE sun shone and they were off and running again at Aqueduct last weekend. On Friday, a crowd of 42,157 saw the Correction Handicap, won by Miss Moona, and eight other races, and on Saturday a crowd of 47,366 filled the stand for a double feature—the Paumonok Handicap, which had been postponed twice and was finally won by Our Michael, and the Bay Shore Stakes, won by Damascus. Many racegoers left the course after the Bay Shore convinced that in Damascus they'd seen one of the top three-year-olds. Shoemaker, who rode him, said, "That's my Derby horse." The foundation for this view was the style in which Damascus achieved his victory. After galloping not far behind the pace of Disciplinarian to the turn for home, he disposed of the Wheatley Stable speedster in a dozen strides and went under the wire ahead by nearly three lengths. The Bay Shore is at seven furlongs, and it was plain to anyone with half an eye that Damascus was better suited to longer races. Nehoc's Bullet ("Nehoc" is "Cohen" spelled backward) was third, and Solo Landing, winner of the Swift Stakes on opening day and the odds-on favorite in the Bay Shore, was fourth. Damascus, a bay colt by Sword Dancer out of Kerala, is as handsome as Successor, but a different type. He is owned by Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft and trained by Frank Whiteley, Jr., who developed Raymond Guest's Tom Rolfe, a star of two seasons ago. Whiteley, who seldom discloses his plans, was mum about what he intends to do with Damascus.

AQUEDUCT lost two more days last week in the flurry of snow that turned into a blizzard. When racing was resumed, the track couldn't have been muddier. Horses slid on it, and bumped one another. In fact, Miss Moona was lucky to escape disqualification after winning the Correction Handicap. The charge of foul against her was dismissed, but Holly-O, who finished second, had her number taken down for crowding. The Paumonok the following day was also a scramble; to win it, Ussery took the overland route—on the outside, where the footing was firmer—with Our Michael.

HORSEPLAYERS at the Big A who bet on jockeys have a new idol—Laffit Pincay, Jr. On the third day of the meeting, he rode the winners of the daily double, and the following afternoon he had a triple. Last week, he had two more triples and a double, and he now has a total of thirteen firsts in thirty-seven tries at the meeting. Pincay is under contract to Fred Hooper, a leading owner and breeder, who gets his jockeys from Panama. One of them was Baeza, who bought his contract back a few years ago for $100,000, and another was Velasquez, who was second on the winning list here last season. It seems that Hooper has a friend down there who tips him off to likely prospects. So when Pincay was running a total of four hundred and sixty-six winners in two seasons, Hooper knew about him. The boy joined the Hooper stable last July. At Santa Anita this winter, he had sixty-three winners. Recently, Shoemaker said that Pincay would be one of the great race riders—that he made all the right moves, sat still on a horse, was a good judge of pace, and finished well. Who could ask for anything more?

YOU can count on your thumbs the winners of the Santa Anita Handicap who have come East and picked off first money in Florida's Gulfstream Park Handicap. Round Table did it in 1958, and Pretense did it last Saturday. I watched the race on TV, and I must say that although Pretense won comfortably, with Amberoid second and Quinta third, it was a lively affair all the way. I can also say that Pretense was much the best, for he gave ten pounds to Amberoid, nine to Quinta, and big weight to the seven other runners, and was in rather close quarters on the rail for much of the ten furlongs. But I can't agree with Mrs. Cloyce Tippett, who owns him, that Buckpasser has anything to worry about from that quarter. Still, Pretense has won four of his seven starts and $278,400 in prize money since the first of the year.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The Linebackers, a singing-comedy trio which is billed as "One-half Ton of Fun and Music," will appear at 8 p.m. Friday, February 17, at the Mormon Temple, Oakland.

The three men weigh a total of 765 pounds. A half-ton is 1000 pounds. There is no known explanation for this apparent discrepancy.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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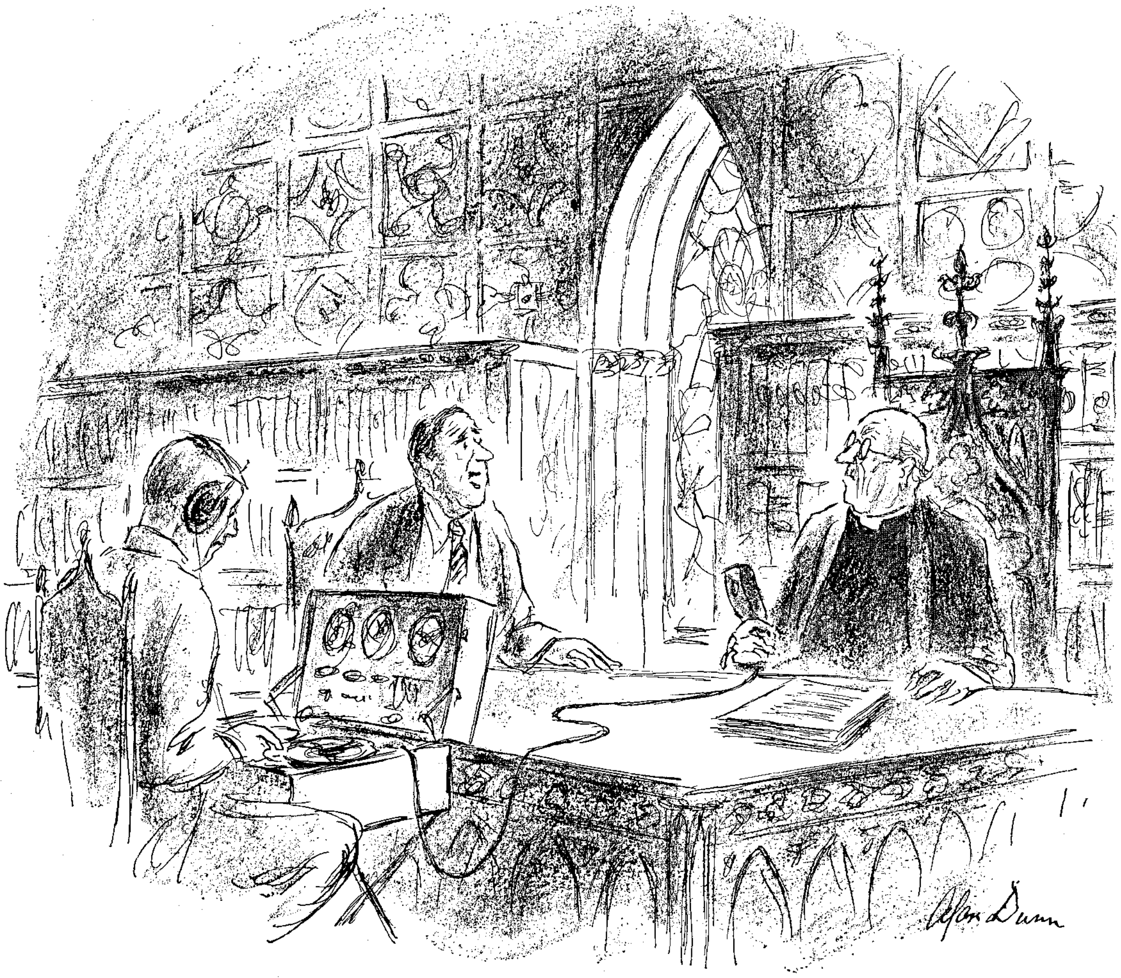
BOOKS

The Great Uncommoner

“HE who would only recollect,” wrote Kierkegaard, “is a voluptuary.” Today a touch of this hedonism infects England. It is not the miniculture that subverts but the long look back into the dusty mirror, the fine lust of nostalgia that dwells in the rose garden where it is always that blazing July of 1914, on the gazebo and wrought-iron railings of the condemned Edwardian hotel, on the red of the fusiliers’ tunics in Portobello Road, and on the velvet black—more lustrous than any since—of Beardsley. One English novelist entitles his *roman-fleuve* “The Music of Time;” another has written twelve volumes of “A Chronicle of Ancient Sunlight.” There is an autumn in the English sensibility as there is in the blown grass, often russet as with a memory of fire, of the bombed-out sites. Auden is sixty, and the London *Times* has changed countenance; Mr. Kosygin wore a business suit to the Palace, and a soft-drink dispenser clangs mournfully in the basement of one of London’s noblest clubs. This is the paradox of the present mood. So the mind turns back, and glimpses the bright shadow of the past still within easy reach. The poet laureate, Mr. Masefield, remembers hearing as a boy the crack of whip and bells as the last mail coach passed his window on its run from London to Gloucester.

To the present the Victorian age is more than museum. From it an England, at moments bone-tired and diminished, draws a complex solace. Recollections of sheer economic power, of social and psychological stabilities as warming as suet, and of the easy arrogance of imperial design are there to console national pride now badly bruised. Yet at the same time the social and political exactions on which Victorian opulence was built—the sewerage of common life beneath the park—are being more and more clearly understood. Caught in a very cold wind by economic obsolescence and a crisis of political nerve, today’s England knows that it is far better off in terms of human welfare, education, and relations between classes and between parents and children than was the imperial England of 1867. Thus the Victorian and Edwardian ages offer the English imagination that exact poise between nostalgia and hope, between the hypnotic authority of the past and pride in the social revolution of the last two decades, which it requires. Hence the wide popularity of Betjeman’s verse and the revival of Art Nouveau. Hence the odd spell of “My Secret Life”—that leviathan of gaslit incontinence—and the resurgence of Kipling and Shaw. (Prices for first editions of Tennyson are in the ascendant.) And hence the superb insight, the sense of a complete vision mastered by irony and remembrance, of Robert Blake’s “Disraeli” (St. Martin’s).

Monypenny and Buckle’s biography, six volumes advancing like paddle steamers, was completed nearly half a century ago and is itself one of the late-Victorian monuments. It remains irreplaceable, both because it is crammed with Disraeli’s letters and because its subtle malaise, the mixture of awe and fastidious dubiety with which it places its subject, is unrecapturable in our cooler age. But a great deal has been added to our knowledge of Disraeli’s personal life, particularly by B. R. Jerman’s distinguished study “The Young Disraeli” (1960), and the rapid decline of the empire that Disraeli helped establish has set him in a new light. Nothing in the somewhat ceremonious range of Monypenny and Buckle would allow for the gloss on Disraeli’s dreams offered in a current issue of the *Psycho-*

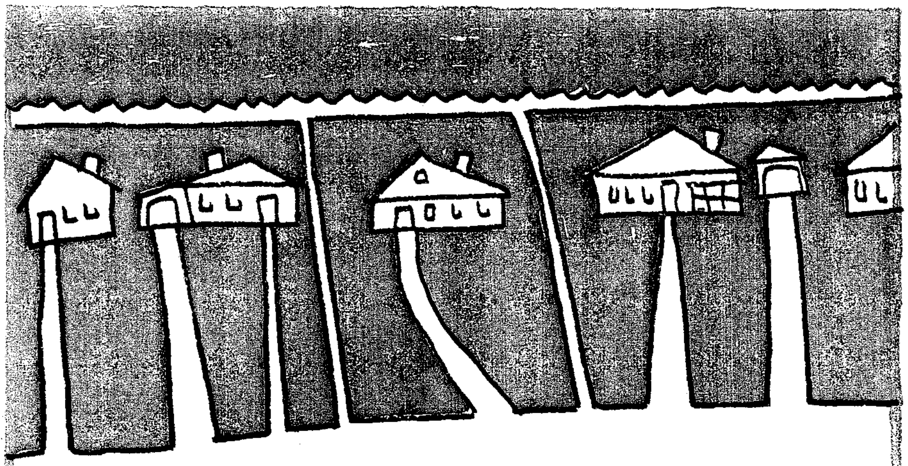


“If you don’t mind my saying so, Doctor, ‘Exegetical Dissertations on Theosophical Redirections in the Twentieth Century’ won’t have quite the impact of ‘Keep the Faith, Baby.’ ”

analytic Review. Mr. Blake's perceptions and judgments are above shock.

This is important, because there was in Disraeli, during the years of his scramble, a touch of the blackguard. The young journalist and persistently rebuffed parliamentary candidate wanted money, fame, and the solicitude of women, preferably older than he was and with an entrée into the right circles. His want was fierce. He pursued its satisfaction with panache and occasional lack of scruple. Mr. Blake disentangles with precisely the right note of watchful urbanity the cat's cradle of debt, sexual imbroglio, stock-market melodrama, and political mendacity in which Disraeli moved during the late eighteen-twenties. The end of the Napoleonic wars had left European society in a queer state of nervous excitement. Bourse, drawing room, and printing press lay open to the private raider. That is the theme of the art of Balzac, Stendhal, and Thackeray. Dandyism, in the special guise it assumed between the eighteen-twenties and the new stability of the forties, was a mask for rapacity. Like Balzac's de Rubempré, the young Disraeli was often on the verge of ruin. Debts incurred during his repeated attempts to storm Westminster were to plague him for the rest of his life. He brushed too near the world of Effie Bond, the keeper of a bagnio in St. James's Street, and found himself, in the early eighteen-thirties, involved in a *ménage à quatre*. He escaped to marriage as to solvency. At least twice, the future leader of Conservative England was about to fight an unsavory duel. An aura of raffishness hung about "young Disraeli the Jew," the avid climber who wrote, in an epigram all too memorable, "Every woman should marry—and no man."

Harried by debt, seeking a vent for his quicksilver energies, the frustrated politician and stock-market speculator invested in literature. To reread "Vivian Grey" and the trilogy—"Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred"—in the light of Mr. Blake's acute literary and political analysis is a fascinating exercise. Disraeli's novels, especially "Coningsby" and "Sybil," refuse to lie down and die under the weight of their own florid vulgarity. On the contrary, they have a store of life very rare in political fiction. (Compare the noble inertness of that much finer novel Henry Adams' "Democracy.") One part of Disraeli's rhetoric and melodrama is pure Regency, a throwback to that zestful farrago of eighteenth-century satire and Byronic attitudes that we find in Thackeray. But, as Mr. Blake points



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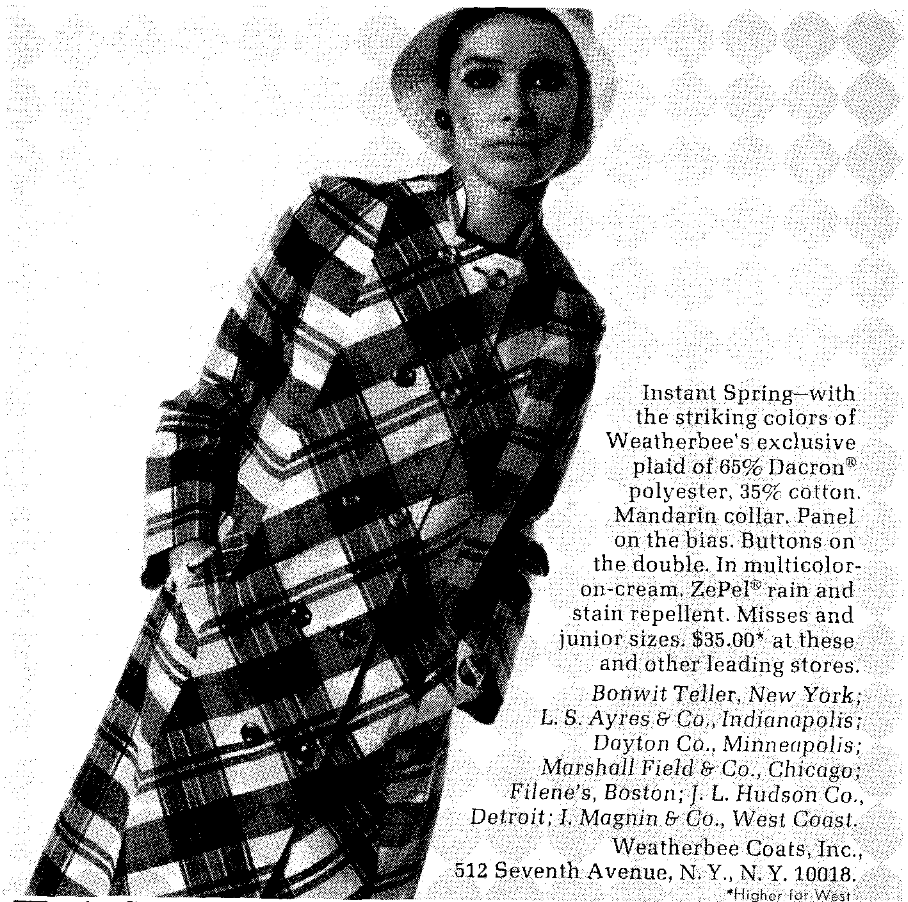

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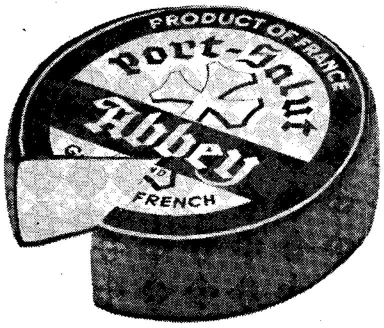

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out, there is also a prophetic modishness, an elaborate undercutting of one's own seriousness and style, that anticipates Oscar Wilde and the genius of Saki and Max Beerbohm. Mr. Mountchesney's celebrated opening in "Sybil"—"I rather like bad wine. . . . One gets so bored with good wine"—is the kind of thing that drove Trollope to a fury: "The wit has been the wit of hairdressers, and the enterprise the enterprise of mountebanks." But, flimsy as it is, the quip sticks in one's mind; it has the recherché flatness that today is called Camp.

Disraeli's novels, pilloried by the fastidious, denounced by the political and literary personages whom they used for models, did much to enhance both his private and his public fortunes. Precisely as did the historical writings of Winston Churchill, Disraeli's fictions established the style of the man and made it widely recognizable. The blend of heraldic reverie and shrewd radicalism, the interplay of oracular mystery and brusque irony were articulate in the famous motif of the Two Nations in "Sybil" and in the exoticism of Tancred's voyage to Jerusalem long before their author could exhibit them in the supreme game of power. "Disraeli was all of a piece," writes Mr. Blake. "His novels are part of his politics, and his politics at times seem to be an emanation of his novels. . . . Their flavour is unique."

The analysis of that flavor, of its historical and psychological origins, is one of the chief merits of this enthralling biography. Disraeli's conservatism, like Edmund Burke's and that of the Fugitive poets in the American South, was a complex posture, drawing its vital principles from remembrance—partially fictionalized—of history and from love of the agrarian setting. The vision of Disraeli's Young England movement was in some respects a golden pastoral, in others an astute attempt to restore the cohesion of a common dream to a society splintered by the individual dynamics of capitalism and the atomization of the industrial slum. It is, paradoxically, in one of the manuscripts of the young Marx, composed in the same year as "Sybil," that we find the most concise formulation of the Young England ideal: "Assume *man* to be *man* and his relationship to the world to be a human one: then you can exchange love only for love, trust for trust." Disraeli saw man's relationship to the world as organic, animated by emotional loyalties—by the rootedness of each individual in race, history, and physical locale. For all its vices, an

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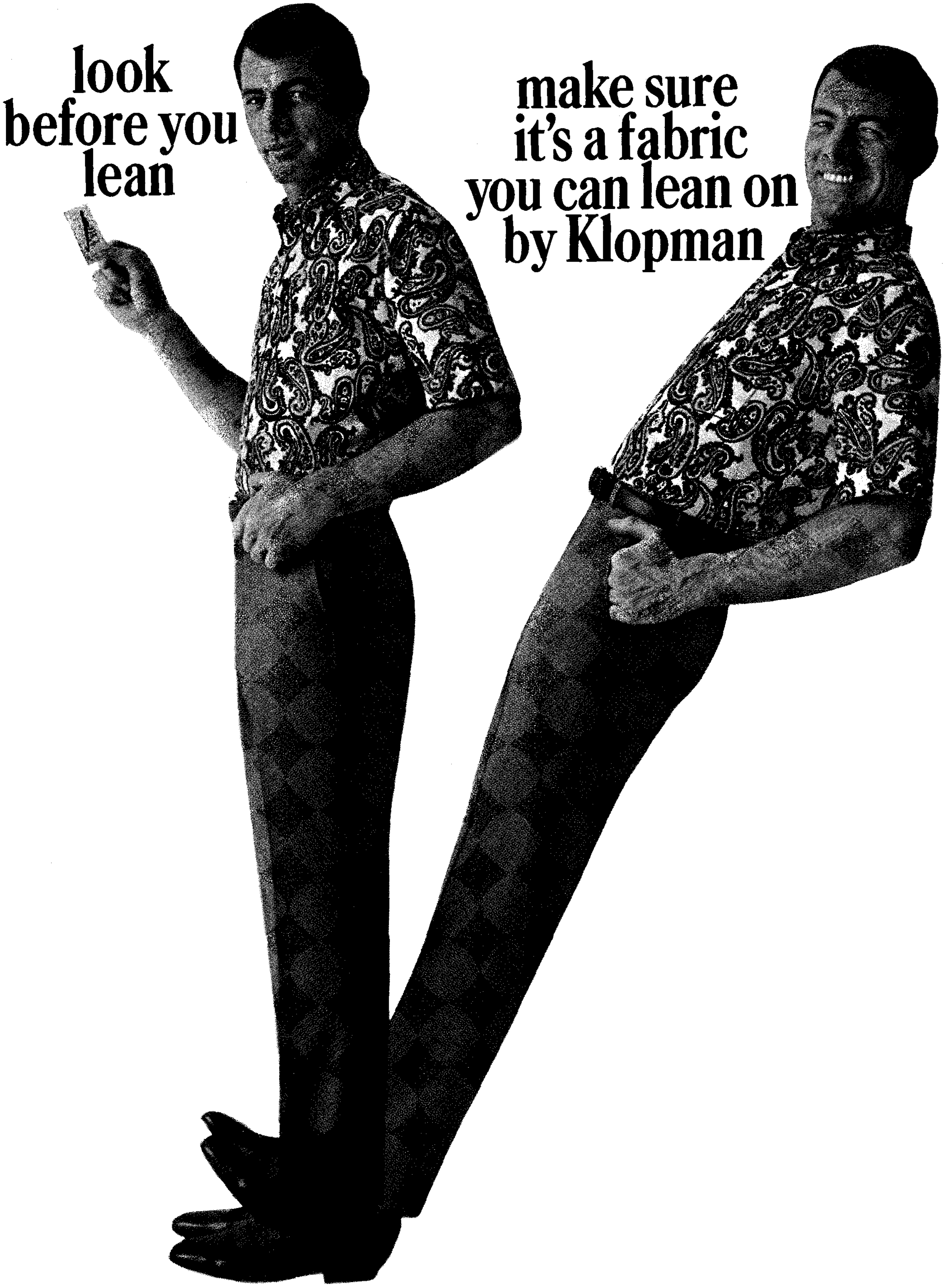
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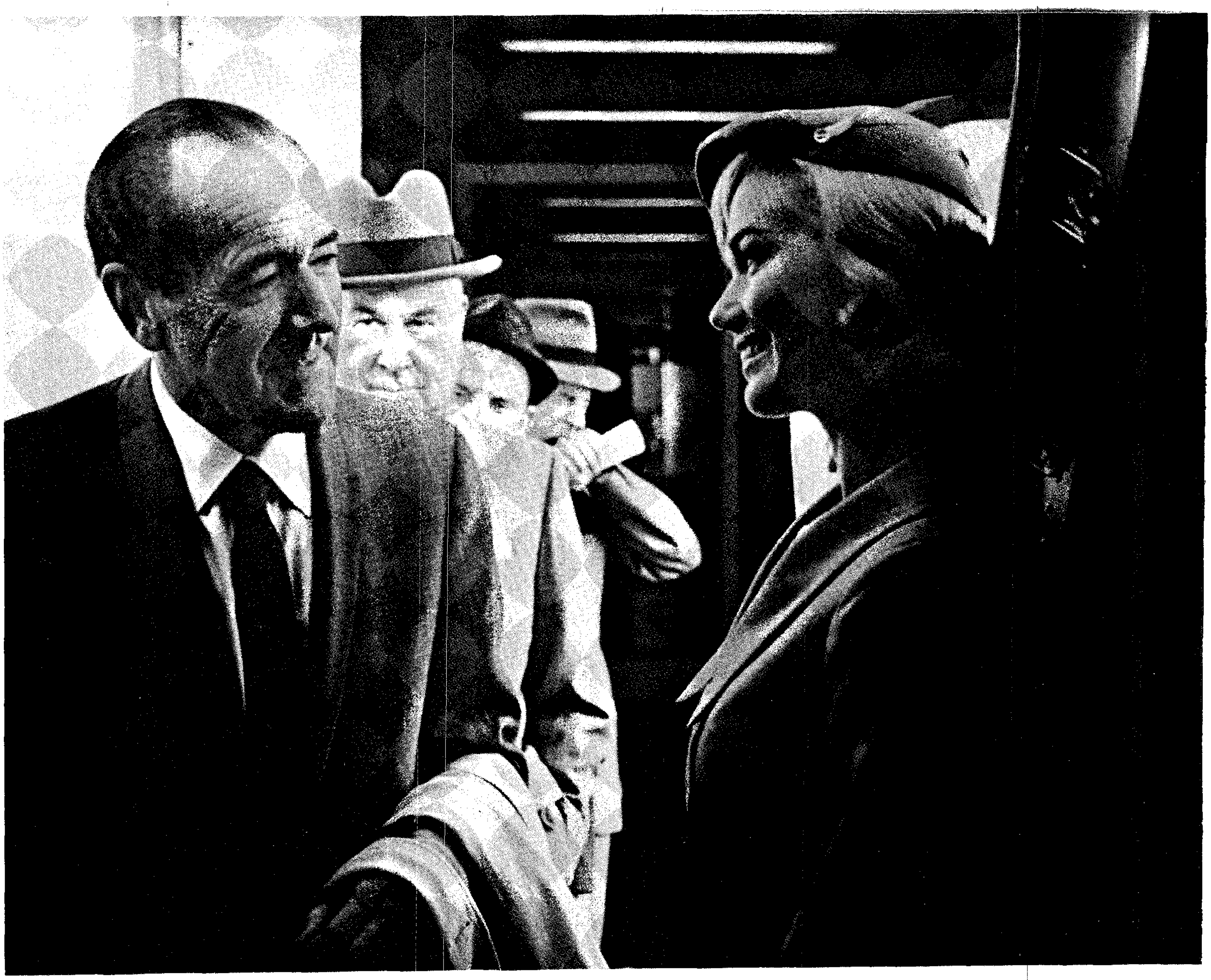

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aristocratic society, and an aristocratic society alone, could preserve the immediacies of personal encounter, of direct reciprocity between leader and led—immediacies that the bureaucratic anonymities and centralization of mass democracy erode. Justly conceived, moreover, and given confidence in its own survival, a responsible aristocracy would open its doors when talent knocked: "The aristocracy of England absorbs all aristocracies, and receives every man in every order and every class who defers to the principle of our society, which is to aspire and to excel." Or, more simply, it is one that receives as Earl of Beaconsfield the son of Isaac D'Israeli and Miriam Basevi.

Yet, as Mr. Blake shows in his formidably detailed study of Disraeli's domestic policies, the mystique of Tory democracy more often than not resolved itself in essentially liberal, and even radical, legislation. "Disraeli, more than any other statesman of his day, had the imagination to adapt himself to this new situation and to discern, dimly and hesitantly perhaps, what the artisan class wanted from Parliament." This curious conjunction of traditionalism and expediency—this capacity for steeplechasing by moonlight, not caring very much where he was heading as long as he got there first and well in the saddle—is the key to Disraeli's political genius. He could yield to the seductions of the political moment, as was shown during his rhetorically magnificent yet fundamentally opportunistic assault on Peel. He could disguise retreat as advance, or vice versa, because he felt, in an almost physical sense, the flow of history. Like all true conservatives, from Burke to de Gaulle, Disraeli doubted whether the human intellect could—indeed, whether it was entitled to—fully understand the dim tides of destiny and racial consciousness. He could afford to be an improviser of sinuous political tactics as long as he heard below the racket of party opportunism the organ-voice that was England.

This, of course, is where Benjamin Disraeli's Jewishness matters. Mr. Blake's treatment of this theme is informed by rare humor and perception. Disraeli's ignorance of Jewish history and practice was egregious, but he made of his ethnic inheritance a substitute aristocracy. Through the fictional character of Sidonia in "Coningsby," he realized his own outrageously romantic daydreams of ancient lineage and cabalistic mystery. Nearly subconsciously, the ambitious convert could use intimations of a regal past to match—and, in

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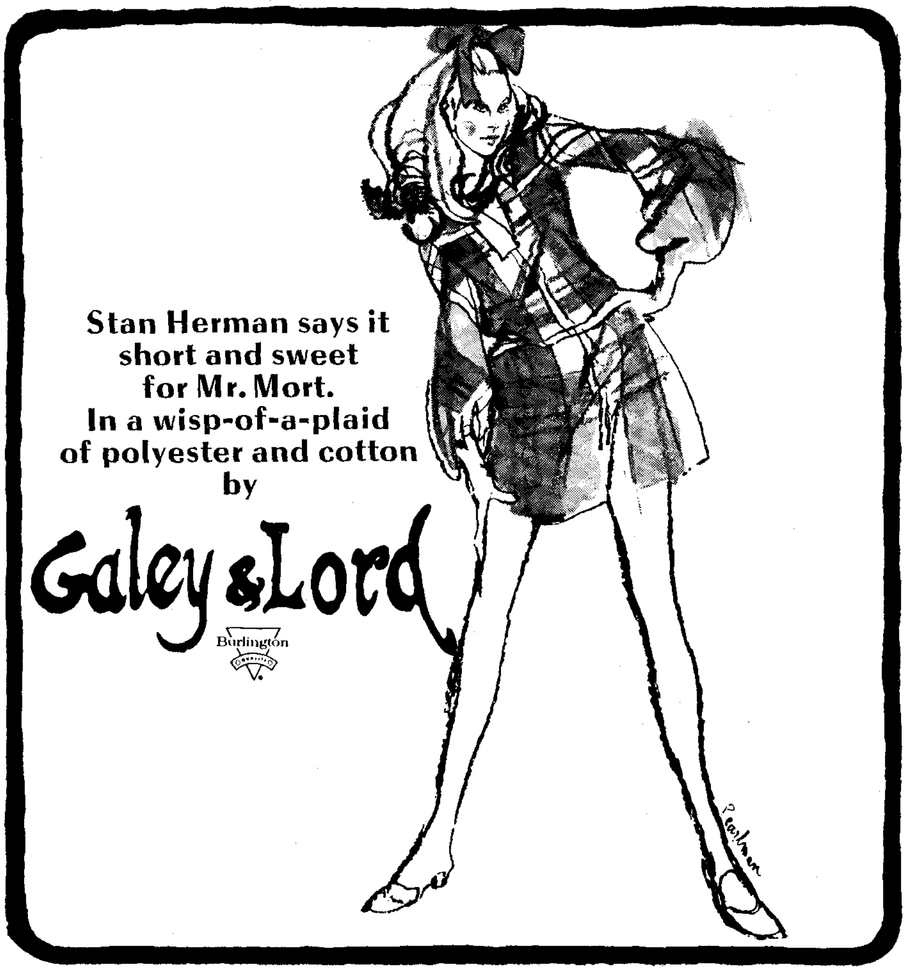

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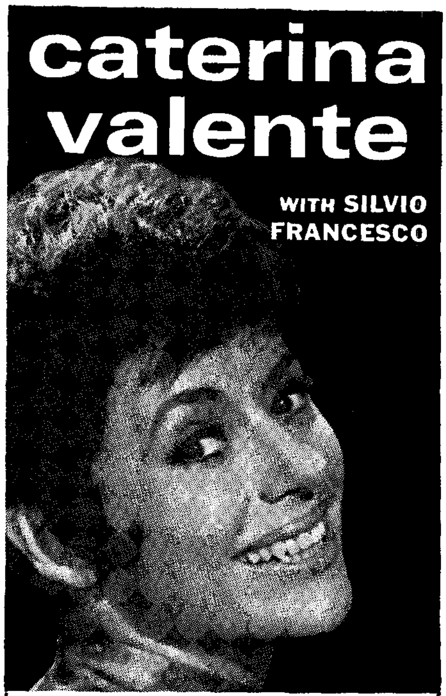

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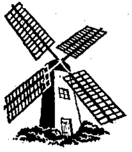
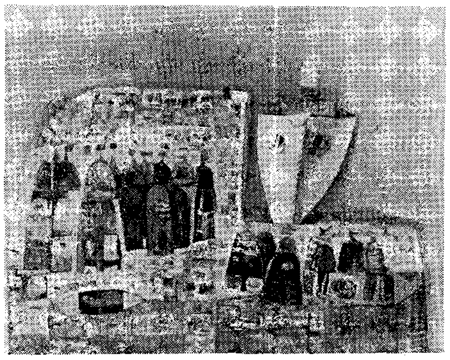


fact, trump—the historical snobberies and sense of election of the landed élite he sought to penetrate and command. To those who taunted, as late as 1877, that the Queen was going "to eat with Disraeli in his ghetto," the Prime Minister could oppose, as he did throughout his extraordinary climb to the top, shadowy but grandiloquent claims to a heritage more ancient, more crowded with history than that of the Plantagenets. Mr. Blake puts it well: "Sidonia is Disraeli's revenge for Fagin."

Yet Disraeli remained, in some essential way, an outsider. It was that which gave his vision of England its anxious, persistently renewed, and sensuous vitality. "England," he proclaimed, "is the only important European community that is still governed by traditionary influences, and amid the shameless wreck of nations she alone has maintained her honour, her liberty, her order, her authority, and her wealth." Only an outsider would have striven with a tenacity bordering on rapture to strike root in the heart of rural England, amid the landed gentry and the parsons. In Queen Victoria, whose essential dowdiness and intellectual limitations he so clearly perceived, Disraeli found, or deliberately located, the tangible expression of his long love affair with the realm. To the child of Italian Sephardim, the manor houses and orchards of Buckinghamshire and political power in Westminster were profoundly feminine objects, to be charmed and to be possessed.

This fascinating theme has one aspect with which Mr. Blake does not have occasion to deal. That a man of Disraeli's name and origin could become Prime Minister of England and could, with the almost fairy-tale financial help of a Rothschild, present Victoria with the Suez Canal and then make her Empress of India electrified the imagination of scorned or oppressed Jews throughout Eastern and Central Europe. The figure of Disraeli, large-nosed and black-hatted, like the stock Jewish stage character, yet maker of bishops and earls, assumed a mythological stature in the dreams of the ghetto. It created a deep, if often uninformed, allegiance to England in the consciousness of European Jewry. Here was the land in which the bright young man from Vilna or Dolin could gain intellectual and political acceptance. From this conviction (reinforced by the steadfastness of England in 1940) stems that richly creative infatuation with England of the Central European Jew, that desire to reveal the virtues of English history, political



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thought, or art to the English themselves which characterizes the lives and achievements of Sir Lewis Namier, of Harold Laski, of Nikolaus Pevsner. Hence the deep-seated belief still held by many a Jewish guest or wanderer that England, despite its decline, is a nation like no other, a reinsurance for man.

Robert Blake's "Disraeli" is a political and psychological portrait on the grand scale. Only those who have burrowed in the labyrinthine archives of English nineteenth-century economics and politics will fully gauge the mastery of his narrative. No aspect of European power politics in the eighteen-seventies is more entangled than the Eastern Question, which foreshadowed both the future Anglo-German rivalry and the dilemma, still obstructive, of Russia's influence over the Balkans. Mr. Blake not only clarifies the marches and countermarches of old-style diplomacy but shows how the perennial touch of cynicism in Disraeli's intelligence made him misjudge the moral explosiveness of the Ottoman treatment of Bulgaria. When Gladstone seized hold of the issue and transmuted prophetic fury into electoral politics, Disraeli was caught off guard. Distant atrocities, insofar as he credited them at all, merely confirmed his views on the barbarism and bad taste of life outside England. His Queen—"the Faery," as he came to call her—happily concurred. Only Mr. Gladstone had the boorishness to set the claims of humanity against national interest. Mr. Blake's reading of this famous political duel supersedes the many previous treatments.

Even where Mr. Blake's "Disraeli" is most technical, as in its detailed study of the 1852 Budget or of the Irish Church controversy, it holds one with the glitter of life across the page. "It is a privilege to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events," wrote Disraeli in December, 1862. "What an error to consider it an utilitarian age! It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down and crowns are offered, like a fairy tale, and the most powerful people in the world, male and female, a few years back, were adventurers, exiles and demireps." This ironic gusto gives to Disraeli's career and to the Victorian era their lasting fascination. In Mr. Blake's superb biography both are recaptured.

—George Steiner

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Goodbye, by William Sansom (New American Library). Anthony Lyle, a forty-five-year-old investment

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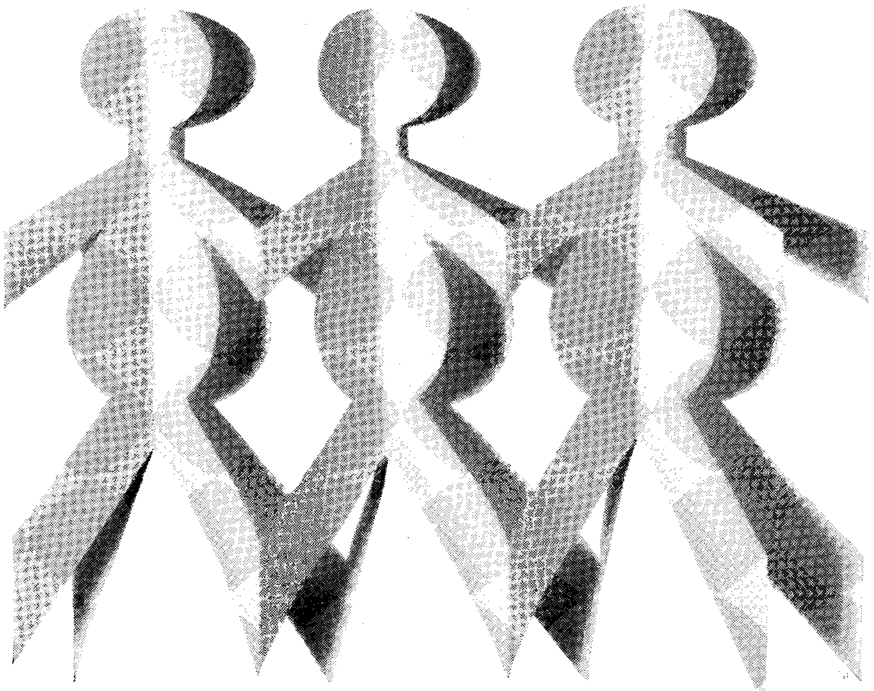

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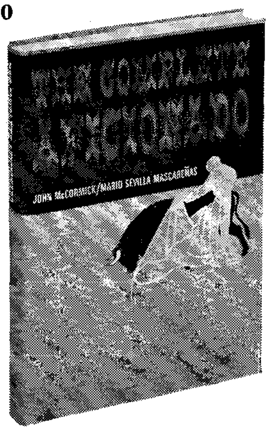

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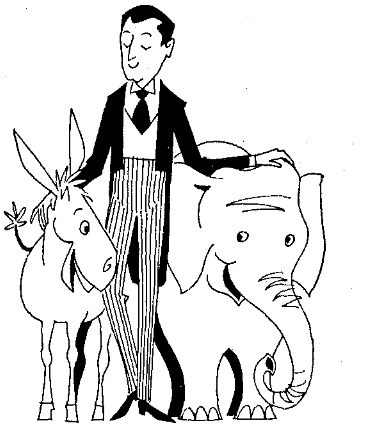
banker, finds that with the open collapse of his marriage his own façade collapses, too, and reveals nothing and nobody—no man, no husband, no father (the Lyles have one grown son who is away at sea), no philosopher, no humorist, no handy-about-the-house man, not even an investment banker. There is only a creature so buried in routine that when the routine falls away from him he begins to disintegrate quickly from exposure. The Lyles have been married for over twenty years, and in his despair Anthony tries to think of some ending, some goodbye, that would mean something in itself and so would confer meaning at least on the shared past, since the present and future cannot be saved at any price. He thinks of an ending, of course. Mr. Sansom is a really good writer. The comic points in this painful novel are very comical, and the old family dog, Mange, is unforgettable. Zoë Lyle, the wife who has really and truly *had* it, becomes a stranger to her husband at the very start of the book, and she remains a stranger to us, but she colors the silhouette of a woman made ruthless by boredom and the onset of middle age very well, and the characterization of poor, bewildered, comfort-loving Anthony is superb. The scene is a comfy London suburb.

A Personal Anthology, by Jorge Luis Borges, edited and with a foreword by Anthony Kerrigan (Grove). A selection of stories, essays, and poems chosen by their author to be the quintessential one-volume Borges. (Some have appeared in earlier English-language collections.) The book is both a delight for Borges fans and an introduction for Borges tyros. It splendidly displays the various facets of a remarkable, original literary personality—gravity, skepticism, wit, fantasy, playfulness, and an affectionate, sorrowful concern for the human race.

GENERAL

Ten Vietnamese, by Susan Sheehan (Knopf). The subjects of these character sketches greatly vary. Some are politically articulate (a Saigon doctor, a North Vietnamese prisoner of war), and some are not (an old peasant woman whose knowledge of history, geography, and current events is limited to what happened in her hamlet). Some have suffered from the war (a Catholic family



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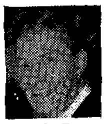

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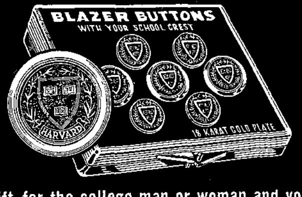

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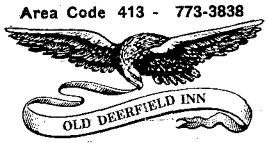

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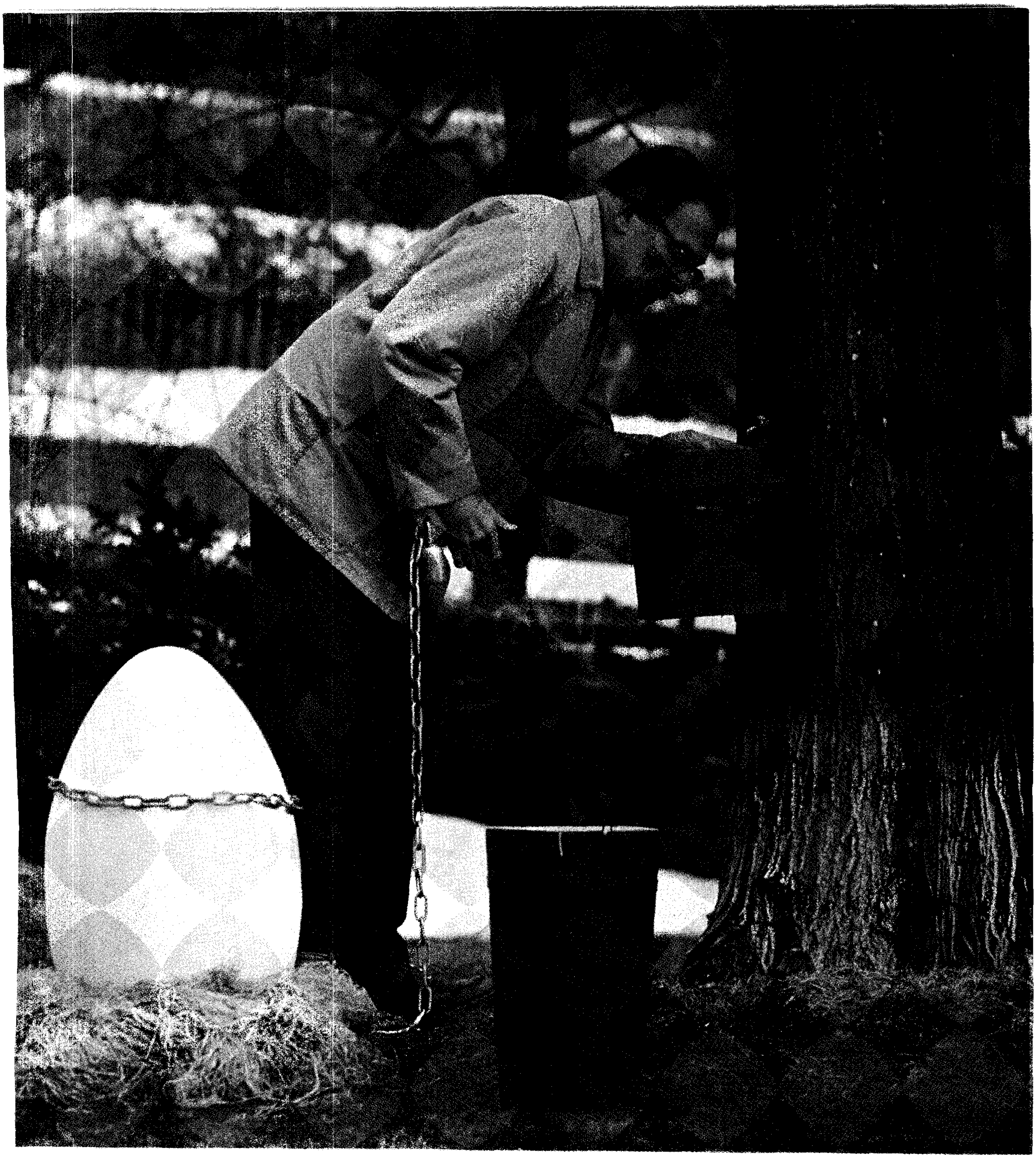

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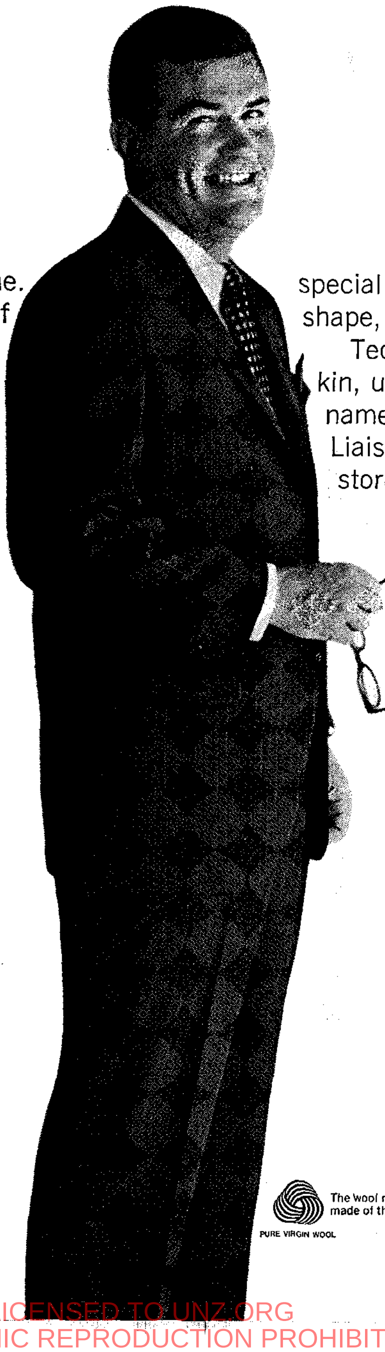
Ted was so interested, he wrote to Henry Rankin, up there at Michaels/Stern & Company, for names of stores near him that sold Michaels/Stern Liaison suits. Got prompt letter back, went in to store nearby, had a look. Came out very satisfied. That's him on the left. Ted ("Lean Look") Parker, they call him.



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who fled the Vietcong and now live in a refugee camp); one has avoided it (a young Buddhist monk); and one has made a very good thing out of it (a sergeant who has acquired a couple of rental houses in Saigon). Mrs. Sheehan's portrait gallery gives the reader a remarkable sense of the humanity—pep, spunk, brains, doggedness, and occasional uncertainty—of these faraway individuals. Two chapters first appeared in this magazine.

Russia 1917: The February Revolution, by George Katkov (Harper & Row). This remarkable book combines the historian's art with the watchmaker's craft. Mr. Katkov has assembled minute particles of fact into the most satisfactory account, so far, of the events that culminated in the abdication of Czar Nicholas II and his replacement by the short-lived provisional government. The author, who teaches at Oxford, explains that eyewitnesses and participants were often under too great a strain to be able to recall accurately what happened—and, of course, many of them, all across the political spectrum, wanted to deceive themselves or their readers when they wrote later. (Bolsheviks, for example, wrote to hide their initial foot-dragging and pessimism.) Mr. Katkov's laborious, critical cross-checking arrives at a story that is unromantic and gratifies no ideologist but that is extremely plausible. One interesting by the bye is a notion he gives of the Czar: though Nicholas resisted constitutional change because he believed that God had entrusted him with autocratic powers, he actually seems to have had the personality of the modern constitutional monarch. He was dutiful, diligent, kindly, of medium intelligence—not stupid but not too smart to be bored by ceremonial—and totally lacking in the bloody-minded will that is necessary to wield immense power.

Peary: The Explorer and the Man, by John Edward Weems (Houghton Mifflin). A biography of the discoverer (on April 6, 1909) of the North Pole, and a good one. It is, in a sense, an autobiography, for the largest part of it is composed of Peary's own letters, diaries, and reports. Mr. Weems is the first to have unlimited access to this material, and it has enabled him to give us what we have never had before—a portrait of the man that explains the triumphant determination of the explorer. Peary emerges here on his

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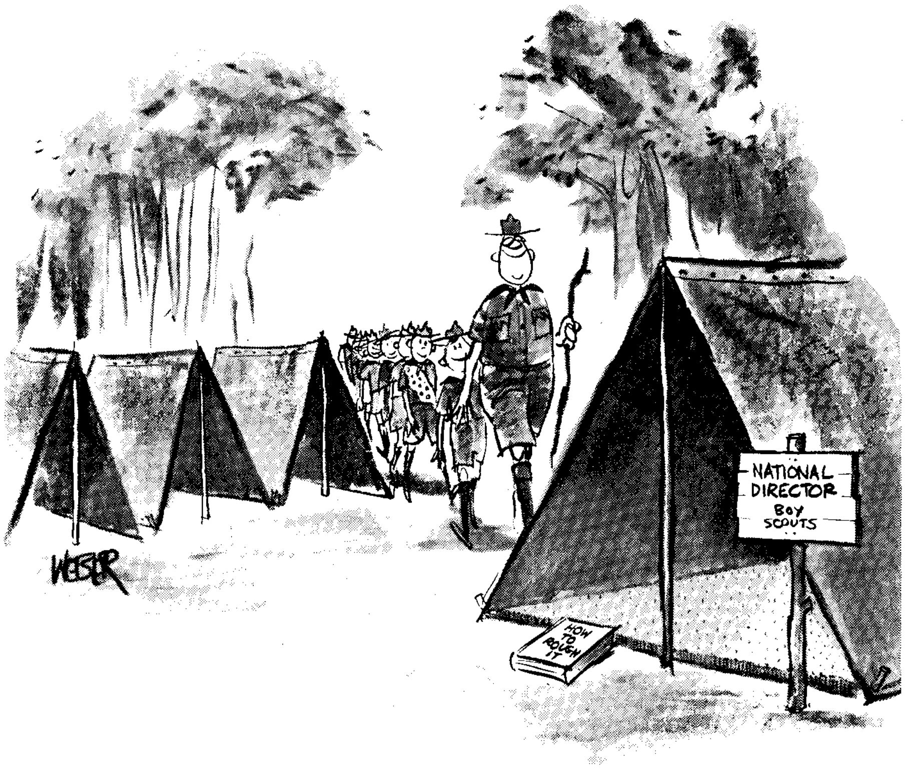

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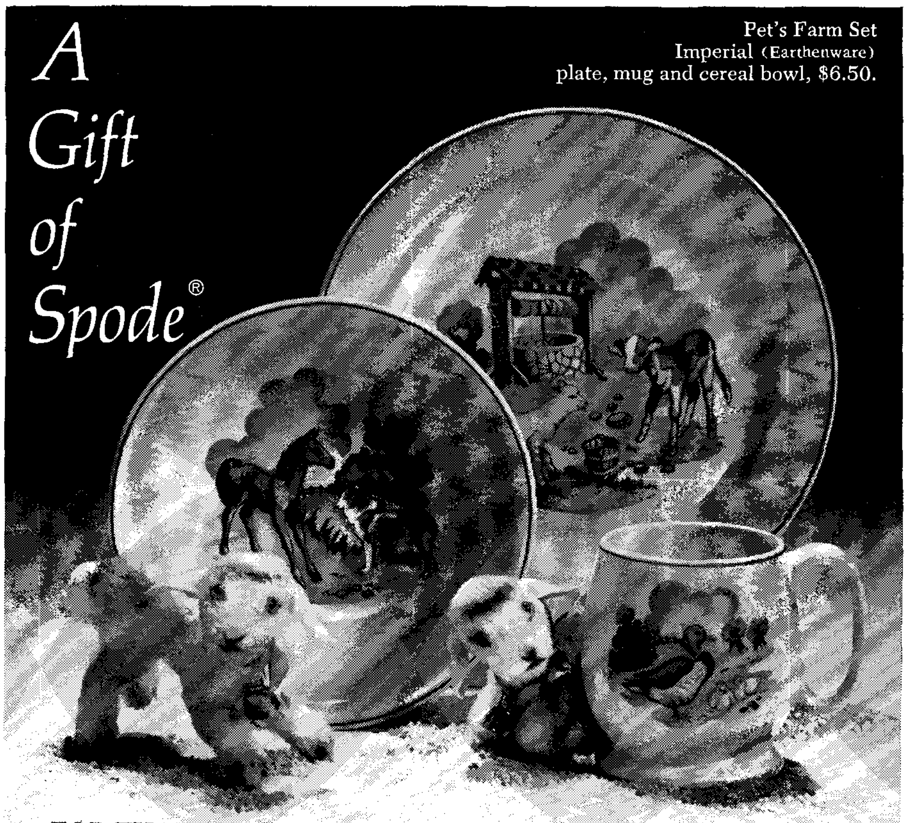

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own testimony as a compulsive winner, a man obsessed with fame. As an undergraduate at Bowdoin, he dropped off his class crew because it looked a loser, later noting with satisfaction in his diary, "My philosophy was correct. If I had pulled this year, it would have taken the shine off my former laurels." A few years later, he wrote, "I cannot bear to associate with people who, age and advantages being equal, are my superiors. I must be the peer or superior of those about me to be comfortable." And as early as 1886, when he was just thirty, he knew where his attempt at immortality would lie: "I am too impatient to reach that northern region which holds my future name . . . I *must* have fame." All of which lifts almost to tragedy the fraudulent claim of Dr. Cook that so tarnished Peary's achievement. Photographs and an endpaper map.

DIVISION STREET: AMERICA, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon). This book, the work of a Chicago radio journalist, consists of the more or less autobiographical reflections of seventy Chicagoans of various ages, races, and classes. It is not intended to be a portrait of Chicago, and it isn't; it is far too random and inconclusive. It is, however, a totally absorbing book, a book of revelations—numbing, maddening, exhilarating—about mid-twentieth-century Americans. There is a white career girl ("I don't notice the world. I'm very bored") and a young Negro businessman ("Nobody wants me down as much as I want up"), a woman who operates a neighborhood tavern ("If you talk about improvements, your neighborhood, or anything, right away they're afraid of being called a Communist. That is the word they're afraid of"), an advertising copywriter ("It takes a great deal of con to sound honest in this world"), and a retired ballplayer ("The hardest ball I ever hit, and I felt the zest of it, the ball was caught. But . . . inside me, I felt good. I pleased *myself*").

BYZANTIUM: THE IMPERIAL CENTURIES A.D. 610-1071, by Romilly Jenkins (Random House). The author, who teaches at Harvard, explains that he has selected this period as *the* Byzantine epoch. Earlier, he believes, the state that was ruled from Constantinople was the continuation of Rome it claimed to be; after the Turks won the Battle of Manzikert, Byzantine history, he

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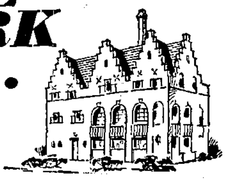

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tells us, was downhill all the way. His book is fascinating, whether it describes battles, theological debates, or the never quite abandoned attempts at reunion between the eastern and western halves of the Roman Empire, sometimes by dynastic intermarriages, sometimes by ecclesiastical rearrangements. Like other contemporary scholars, Mr. Jenkins criticizes the millennial Western, or Latin, contempt for Eastern Christendom, but he never claims more for Byzantium than seems plausible. He has crammed an immense amount of scholarly information into a strong, speedy narrative.

KING COHN, by Bob Thomas (Putnam). A very good biography of Harry Cohn (1891-1958), one of the founders of Columbia Pictures and, for most of his career, the studio's head. The author believes that Cohn's achievements were impressive, and the long, long catalogue of these achievements includes people (Frank Capra, Jack Lemmon) who flourished under Cohn's despotism, and films ("The Awful Truth," "All the King's Men") that were made under his chieftainship. Mr. Thomas explains that Columbia was a relatively poor company that was able to compete with giants because of Cohn's economy and shrewdness; his petty sense of a bargain was allied to a kind of inventiveness or creativity. He assembled disparate parts—a fading actor, a star on loan, an out-of-the-way literary property, a new director—and then sometimes interfered, sometimes not, as these were made into a whole, which frequently was a trend-setting film of high quality. Cohn himself was vulgar and rude; nothing about him suggests that he had any taste—except his work. The personality, then, may not be wholly comprehensible, but it is describable, and Mr. Thomas describes it convincingly. The author's leavening of anecdotes makes an essentially serious book entertaining.

TURNED ON, by Dick Schaap (New American Library). A cautionary tale about narcotic drugs. The setting is the lower East Side and the upper East Side. The story relates the short, untidy life of a wellborn girl named Celeste Crenshaw who died on January 25, 1966, of an unintentional overdose of heroin administered by a rich young man named Robert Friede. Mr. Schaap is intelligent, articulate, and well informed, and he has written a truly

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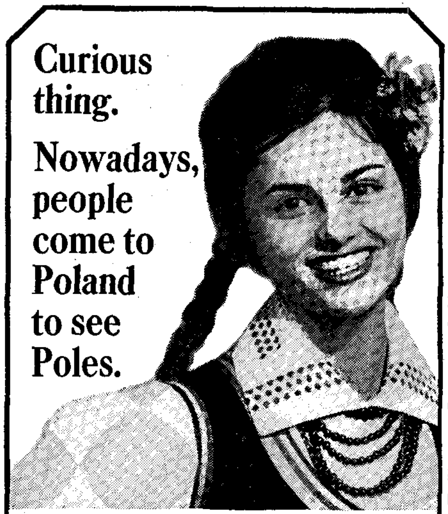

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ECHOES OF REVOLT: THE MASSES 1911-17, edited by William L. O'Neill (Quadrangle Books). An anthology from the old *Masses*, with a somewhat gushy introduction by Irving Howe envying the contributors their innocent "rumpus of revolt." The *Masses* was spirited and sometimes savage (as in George Bellows' caricature of Anthony Comstock naked), and it printed some good things (among them Sherwood Anderson's story "Hands"), but much of it now seems childishly oversimplified (as in the constant reiteration that poverty is the sole cause of prostitution), and some of it now seems funny in a fashion that could not have been intended (for example, the Sarah N. Cleghorn poem that ends "Ah, let no Local him refuse;/ Comrade Jesus hath paid his dues./ Whatever other be debarred,/ Comrade Jesus hath his red card"). Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER FOR ART'S SAKE, by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). Mr. Lockridge is at the top of his form in this account of the murder of a handsome, healthy, successful artist, Shackleford Jones, who is found shot to death in his Greenwich Village studio. There is an attempt to make poor Shackleford's death look like suicide, but Captain William Weigand and Detective Lieutenant Nathan Shapiro, of the homicide department, and beautiful Mrs. Dorian Weigand all know differently, and the murderer never has much of a chance. A very satisfactory point about this story is that the murderer turns out to be exactly the person one would like to see behind bars.

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[*From the Times*]

TOKYO, Feb. 16 (Reuters)—The Japanese news agency Kyodo corrected today a report in which it said Chairman Mao's wife, Chiang Ching, was appointed to direct the cultural revolution in national party and government agencies.

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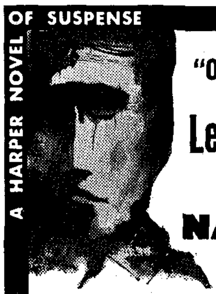

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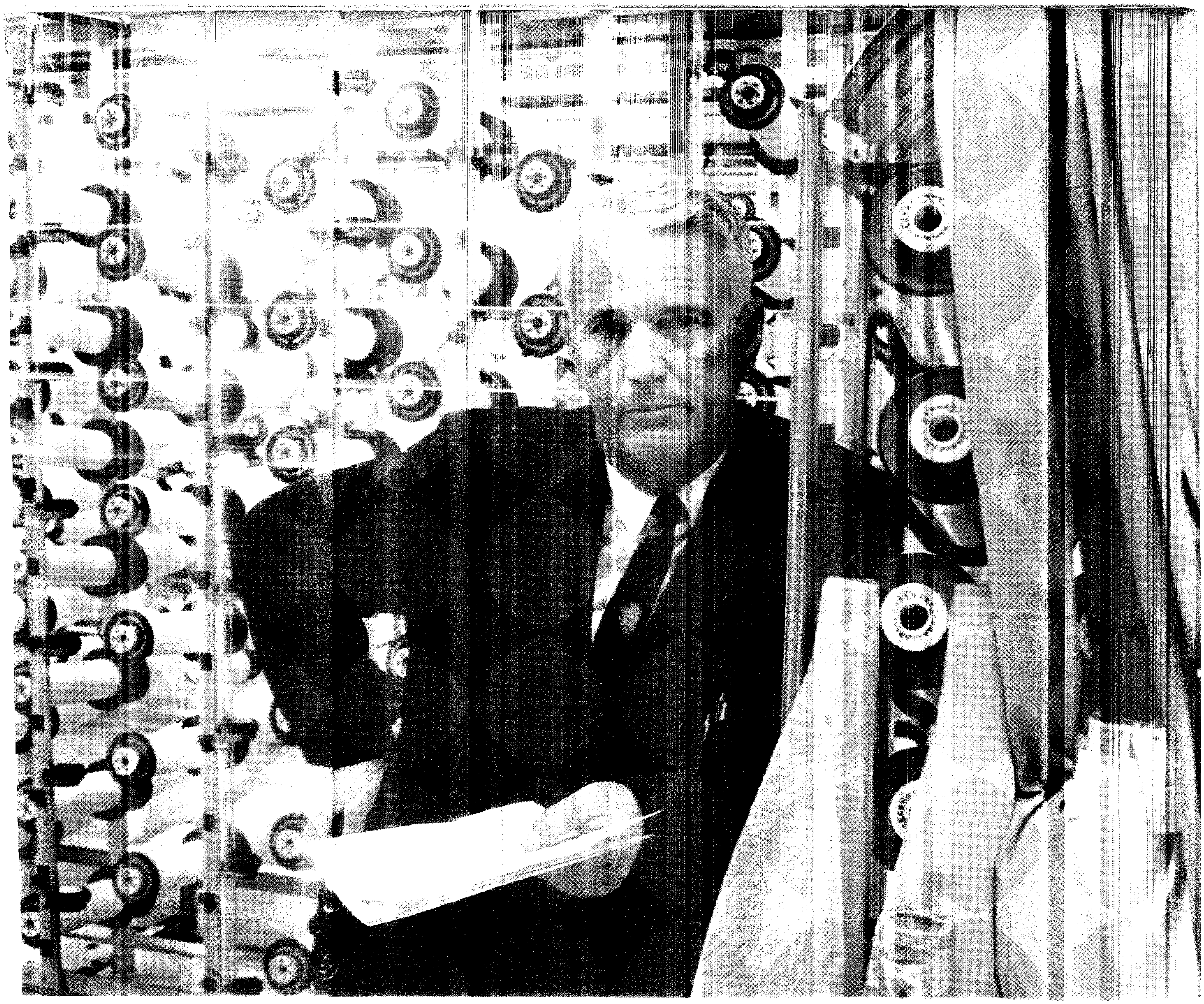

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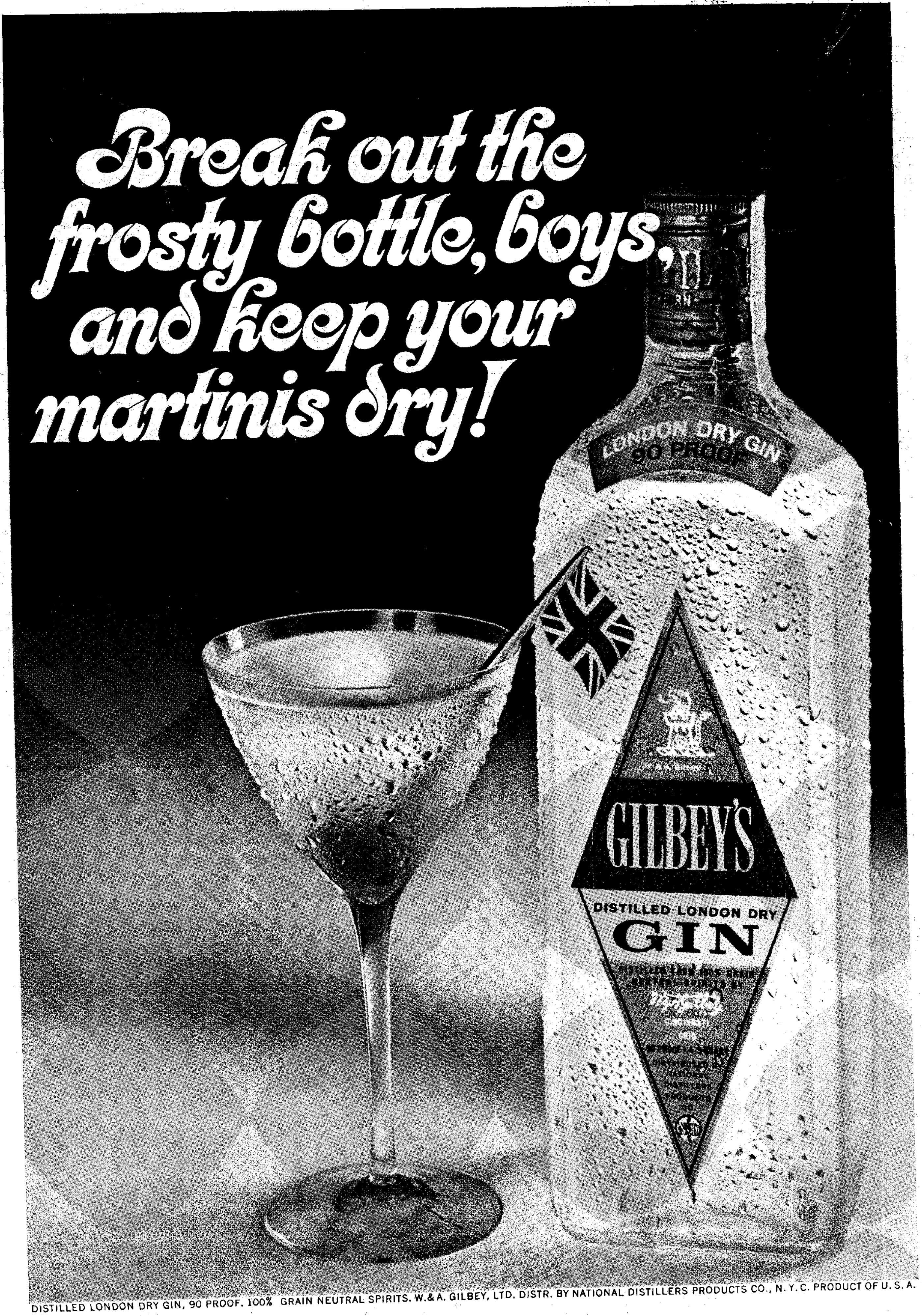
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